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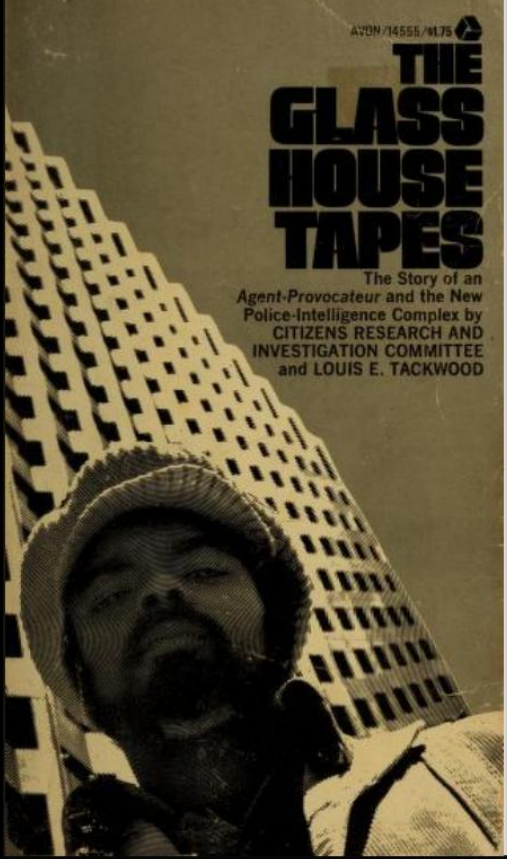
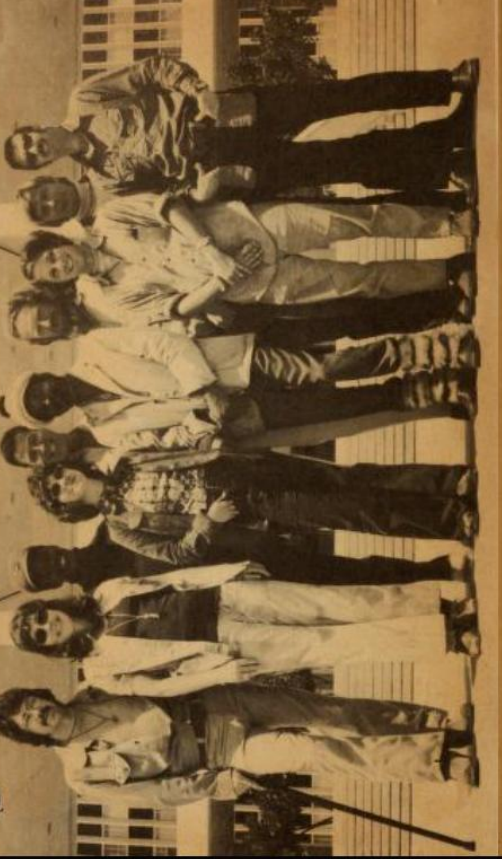
THE GLASS HOUSE TAPES

The Story of an *Agent-Provocateur* and the New Police-Intelligence Complex by

CITIZENS RESEARCH AND INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE
and LOUIS E. TACKWOOD





"Read This Book and Tremble!"

—Huey P. Newton

Investigators of a frightening, New America!

Shown opposite are members of Citizens Research and Investigation Committee (C.R.I.C.) and Louis E. Tackwood, who fled from the world of police intelligence to reveal the shape of things that are and things that could come to be. Tackwood is in the center in white hat and jacket. In the first row, left to right, are Michael McCarthy, Barboura Morris Freed, Marilyn Katz, Rick Sinclair, and Ron Ridenour. In the second row are Tackwood's bodyguard "Charles," GLASS HOUSE TAPES editor Donald Freed, Robert Niemann, and Robert Duggan.

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LOUIS E. TACKWOOD

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"An agent-provocateur is a police agent who is introduced into any political organization with instructions to foment discontent . . . or to fake a case in order to give his employers the right to act against the organization in question."

—Victor Kaledin, Colonel
Imperial Russian Military
Intelligence

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INTRODUCTION

A black man, a long-time spy for the police and the F.B.I., reads about the "Pentagon Papers" and decides to confess: "I'm in a prison setting. I'm with a crowd of friends. A fight breaks out. Then my friends start stabbing me."

He defects from police intelligence; contacts a radical research group through an underground press source; tape-records an amazing soliloquy of state power and fear; becomes a double-agent running back and forth between the radicals and the government.

The secret police, he says, have conspired against famous political prisoners and groups (Angela Davis, George Jackson, the Black Panthers, the Black Muslims) and ordinary citizens.

A conspiracy is now afoot, he insists, and he was part of it, to provoke lethal violence in San Diego during the 1972 Republican Convention.

Then, he says, the President would declare a state of "national emergency." Thousands of men and women who have been labeled "subversive" by police intelligence would be rounded up in an electronic and physical dragnet. Then, people would be penned up in camps.

He paints pictures of American *Reichstags* and *Buchenwalds* and one of the nation's outstanding lie detector operators says he is telling the truth.

The oral history of the secret agent runs through this narrative as a motif. Most of the tapes were made while his life was in danger in 1971 and 1972. It still is.

He says, "Let me tell you, I'm a 'double-cross artist'; I have to be to survive. All the partners I came up with are dead or in the joint. This is a war. I became their number one agent at the Glass House. They thought they was

gonna back-stab me, but listen here: I crossed 'em so beautiful until it was pathetic!"

The Glass House is the building that contains the technology and personnel of Los Angeles' new police-intelligence complex. Towering over the old municipal buildings, the Glass House is, in reality, a powerhouse plugged into a network of local, federal, military and credit intelligence systems. In this information net are some 150 million Americans: men, women, and children. C.R.I.C. (Citizens Research and Investigation Committee) has made a first attempt to understand the workings of the Glass House.

The political scientist Robert S. Gerstein has written

> This is the first fact of life in the data prison: The past is inescapable. The computer makes our whole past instantly available to anyone who may be interested. We cannot escape the consequences of our mistakes and our weaknesses, no matter how long ago we overcame them. Our capacity to create ourselves anew, to be what we choose to be without regard to what we may have been, will constantly be limited by the persistence of the image preserved in the computer.

A basic human need—what the ancient Greeks called *Ananke*—is the need to know. Our Constitution gives us "the right to know." Now the question is, simply, whose need to know is greater? The few people with power or the many excluded from and deprived of power? C.R.I.C. is a function of this need of the people to know and to understand those secret forces and official conspiracies that deny most of us the autonomy of our lives and control of our institutions under the guise of "law and order," "national security," "top secret-eyes only" and, always, "need to know." In a state of shock from the dizzying speed of change in our time it is *we* who need to know, literally, to survive.

Louis Tackwood is a creature of the Glass House. He is merely the restless figure in the foreground against the overpowering background of the State. But his lie, through propaganda, becomes our truth, his nightmare our dream.

Tackwood's raw, appalling "Glass House Tapes" stand in the same relationship to the elegant "Pentagon Papers"

as Hell does to Main Street, or, rather, as the ghetto does to Harvard.

The Glass Houses of the nation, like so many domestic Pentagons, are, ultimately, symbols of concentrated power and control. After living in its shadow far too long, C.R.I.C., one day, approached the gate of the labyrinth.

Our guide was a stranger.

—Donald Freed and C.R.I.C.

by ROBERT DUGGAN and MARILYN KATZ

PART I

In the early morning hours of Southern California, in late July, the winds do not stir the Pacific. The sea sits like a lake where it touches the beach at Venice; the surface of the water glistens as a mirror.

Robert Duggan stood alone looking down at the ocean. His blond head poked out the window of the over-priced apartment that he shared with two friends. Sharing rents is common in Venice's high rent, cheaply built ornate wood-frame houses that have been partitioned into apartments; the weather-ridden frames are the remnants of a gilded age long dead in Los Angeles.

He had just returned from a trip to Latin America which had been made on a political impulse of sorts, all part of the deep lingering compulsion to be close to the Latin American revolutionary movement. He was in Chile when the first Marxist to be peacefully elected president of a country anywhere in the world was inaugurated. He danced in the streets with the thousands of people the night Allende was elected, witnessed their mirth, applauded their militancy. He was glad to be home. Venice was home to Duggan even though there was no family to return to, no building he called his home, just a feeling that could not be duplicated anywhere else.

Venice was erected in the early 1920's to fulfill the fantasies of the conspicuously rich. It had canals and arching bridges, a facsimile of what is most superficial in Italy's Venetian culture. Venice was a rather grotesque attempt to imitate the European bourgeoisie and to remind the plebeians of their smallness. It was the playground for the Hollywood luminaries of the period who acted out the public's dreams in imitation gondolas.

Today, Venice is a dank strip of beach south of Santa Monica where the poor have replaced the rich. The canals

are filled with dirt and asphalt, and a ghetto rises out of the debris of the gilded daydreams. Venice's most recent memories are of its Beat Generation who haunted the Gas House and the Venice West Cafe. Those were the places where poets read and wrote their poetry and where "Eric the Red" made charcoal portraits for a dollar each.

Venice is also one of those selected areas of the city where the Metro Squad of the Los Angeles Police Department carries out its dry run riot training. On the last raid, Metro broke through the single-ply veneer doors in "ghost town" (slang for the Black ghetto) and along the beach front where old immigrant Jews from Europe and long-haired youth from almost anywhere share the dubious pleasure of living on the beach, and arrested more than four hundred "suspects." The next day almost all were released with no charges leveled against them except for those who were foolish enough to protest or resist their "arrest." They were charged with assault, resisting, or use of abusive language. But it is the only place in the city where people smile and say "hello" as they pass, or where you can go down to the ocean front and listen to Sam play a funky blues trumpet for nothing, or hear the sounds of harmonicas, guitars, flutes and drums coming from almost any direction.

The telephone in Duggan's apartment shook with a ring. An unfamiliar voice identified itself as Mike McCarthy. "Look, I have an important story under my wing and I want to talk to someone I can trust. We have a mutual friend who recommended you to me. He told me that you were interested in what I just came across. It's urgent that we meet immediately."

"Christ, what is it this time?" Duggan wondered. He was no stranger to requests like McCarthy's. Over the last few years he had gained a reputation in revolutionary circles. He possessed a certain integrity and was considered someone who could be trusted with delicate information. He had no idea what the story entailed, but he had an irresistible temptation to pursue it. It was a sign of his amateurishness; he had to force himself to look back, to

investigate before stepping into the snare. There was never any doubt whether he would go.

Duggan left the apartment and plunged into a story that assaulted the imagination with an imagery that stood in the twilight between fiction and nonfiction: the world of the professional secret-police spy.

The setting for the meeting with McCarthy was incongruous. The house sat on a half acre of land in an exclusive section of Pacific Palisades. A piece of ostentatious colonial architecture in the $100,000 price range, the old mansion was complete with plush carpeting and high ceilings.

For someone who had grown up in a two-car garage, Duggan felt as though he was on alien turf. He wondered to himself why radicals felt the need to surround themselves with such pretentious wealth. It struck him as grotesque to imitate the rich, especially when they obviously were not.

Limping across the room with the aid of crutches, McCarthy approached a couch and sat himself down very gently to protect the leg and ribs recently injured in an automobile accident.

McCarthy was a mentally agile and articulate person who projected an excessive self-confidence. He explained that he was the staff writer on political affairs for the largest underground weekly in the country, the *Los Angeles Free Press*. He recited the story of a man who approached him earlier in the week and who claimed he was an undercover agent for the Criminal Conspiracy Section of the Los Angeles Police Department. McCarthy said he talked of police conspiracies and frame-ups that the police were organizing against militants.

McCarthy then began talking about his own background and how he himself had only recently gotten out of San Quentin where he had been a friend of the Black revolutionaries, George Jackson and Huey P. Newton, and had known Eldridge Cleaver before Cleaver had been granted parole. He had met them during a seven-year period in prison behind a robbery of seven dollars' worth of gasoline at a gas station. He had pulled the robbery out of pure desperation in order to get state aid for psychiatric care. It was an idle gesture. He was given an indeterminate sentence in the state penitentiary. He came out a revolution-

ary. Much of what this police informer had to tell him corresponded to what McCarthy knew to be the mode of operation of "snitches" in the "joint." McCarthy was thus in a unique position to judge the accuracy of parts of the informer's story.

The bizarre logic of random coincidence brought together, for a brief period, the three disparate lives of Robert Eugene Duggan, Michael McCarthy, and Louis E. Tackwood. As the days and weeks of late summer slipped past, Tackwood's revelations would affect an ever larger circle of people.

As McCarthy began to unfold the story, the first thoughts that came to Duggan's mind dwelt on a "set-up." It was possible. Only months before he had narrowly escaped being entrapped by the police undercover agent, James Jarrett. Jarrett was an ex-Green Beret who had joined the L.A.P.D. Intelligence Squad and was assigned to infiltrate Leftist political parties. His conception of the Left was theatrical, borrowed from the "I Led Three Lives" vision of the Fifties, and mixed with a little of the modern "Mission Impossible." Jarrett even covered his masquerade with a costume. He was never seen without his wrap-around dark glasses, his field combat boots, and he always sported a jungle camouflage windbreaker. You always expected the "green beanie" to leave a meeting by helicopter and to arrive accompanied by a squad in assault formation.

Jarrett set up a meeting between himself, Duggan and the author Donald Freed which became the pretext to plant hand grenades on Freed and actress-activist Shirley Douglas Sutherland, the daughter of a famous Canadian political leader. Duggan missed inclusion in the "conspiracy" only by being out of town.

Duggan had learned something since then. The thought of a new entrapment made him wary and toned his reflexes for suspicious patterns. Trying to detect any possible flaw, he listened carefully to McCarthy's story. The risks were obvious: conspiracy to receive stolen documents, bribery, and solicitation of confidential police information. But there was no crime in listening to a police informer tell the story of his life or describe the nature of his work. He felt he had to go ahead.

McCarthy ran through the possibilities. "Tackwood

could be just fishing; you have to remember that when he came to us with his story, he hadn't been on an assignment for the L.A.P.D. or the F.B.I. since the Berkeley councilmanic campaign. It's possible that he's just fishing for a case to give them. But to go fishing blind doesn't make much sense. He had no way of knowing who he would be speaking to. So that doesn't jibe."

"Maybe it's just money?" Duggan wondered.

McCarthy said Tackwood had told him, " 'I don't want no thousands, jus' give me what you think it's worth.' "

"Look, if he is willing to go through an interview under our conditions, the first of which ought to be that he won't get any money for it, that it be held at a place of our selection, and that we make some provisions for taping the interview with or without his permission, I see no reason why we shouldn't go ahead. This thing could be a very big story, and it's conceivable that we'll expose the entire police intelligence operation before it's over."

McCarthy nodded in agreement, "He's met every other condition so far; I think he'll follow through. The thing I am worried about is security. We have to find a secure place, and we need a camera with a telephoto lens so that we can get his picture without his knowing it."

The reality of possible consequences suddenly struck Duggan. He thought to himself, what do you suppose they would do to us if they discovered we were meeting with one of their key agent-provocateurs? He told McCarthy, "Look, we will need to get two tape recorders and a house with two telephones in case he objects to having the conversation taped. You could conduct the interview, while I sat in another room with a telephone and a recorder hooked up to it. I don't want to meet this guy in any case until we can make some assessment of his credibility."

"How are we going to prevent the buzzing signal on the telephone?"

"Easy enough, we can simply call a person we know and have him leave his phone off the hook."

McCarthy toyed with his crutch, "We also need a third person to pick him up. I assume you can arrange that part of it?"

Duggan nodded. "I have a woman in mind."

"We have got to take Tackwood off the staff's hands at the *Free Press*. They're a little nervous; they think Tack-

wood is too hot for them to handle. Mike Blake from the staff can deliver him to a pick-up point and your contact can meet them there."

Duggan walked out the door and down the street to where he had parked his car. His mind was focused on the possibility of penetrating the intelligence apparatus of the Los Angeles Police Department. Not since the La Follette committee investigation in the 30's on the right of labor to organize had there been an exposure of domestic police intelligence surveillance and the infiltration of political organizations.

Beginning to pass through his mind's eye was the image of the faces of his closest friends, those comrades who would need to be brought into his confidence.

The first would be Marilyn Katz. He trusted her most. Her judgment was sound, her intelligence clear and penetrating, her sense of the situation keen. They had lived together for almost two years, and Duggan knew her perhaps better than anyone. Since his return from Latin America the sense of confidence had only deepened. She was attractive: a button nose and almost oriental eyes suggested her Russian-semitic heritage. She was small, almost adolescent in appearance despite her twenty-five years. These qualities had aided her immensely in reaching high school students in Chicago as an SDS organizer, and had won the hatred of Chicago's infamous Red Squad. Nearly every member of the Red Squad (euphemistically called the Gang Intelligence Unit) had a personal lexicon of epithets for Katz. She was impish in their presence, less frightened than many men under similar circumstances. In a situation that was likely to be compromising, she could handle herself, Duggan thought.

The mind's eye searched over many faces in his memory. Again it focused. The face was that of Joan Andersson. A young lawyer who would make an excellent addition to the team. He knew he would need legal advice and Joan Andersson was skilled in the art of asking the right questions. He had known her for some time, since her days with the Lawyers' Guild. Joan had other qualities that made her an ideal choice. She was predisposed to be cautious. He felt a warm compassion for her as one who loves a sister, a comrade. He was comfortable with her.

He thought of Dan Lund. He was a lawyer and a close friend of Joan's. He and Joan belonged to the Bar Sinister Law Collective. Dan was articulate to the point of eloquence without pretentious posturing. Methodical and deliberate, he would add a deeper dimension to the collective.

Duggan drove towards home along the beach road. He stopped in front of the crumbling remains of Pacific Ocean Park behind the cyclone fence that was supposed to keep trespassers out but didn't. He stood watching the gutted buildings that the wreckers had demolished, the long pier that was now breaking up and collapsing into the ocean. He walked along the broken hulk around to the sand and headed for the water and the solitude of the sea.

He thought of the danger of enlarging the list of people who were going to know of the contact. The more people who knew, the greater the danger of a rumor or leak in security and the news getting back to the police. Yet the collective was lacking in experience and access to broad resources. (Later in the adventure the extended group would dub themselves the Citizens Research and Investigation Committee, or C.R.I.C. There would be stormy meetings about problems in "communication," hilarious communal dinners, and a slow but steady growth of trust and talent that made of C.R.I.C., in the end, an anti-conspiracy.)

He also thought of Donald Freed. A social-anthropologist and author, he had a dramatic, creative sensibility quite different from the political world-view of the other members of the group. Freed was capable of mobilizing a variety of human resources; he could orchestrate skillfully, drawing out and clarifying the drama—farce and tragedy—as it unfolded. Even though he was not to meet Tackwood until after the public learned the story, Freed's ideas and criticisms were to come into full play in the months of contact with him.

Lost in the sound of waves crashing against the trembling pilings, Duggan had shut out the world. He was aware of only his inner reflections. Beneath the pier in the deafening roar of tumbling waves, he found silence. His thoughts were now on how to conceal his contact with the

agent. Now he must think of a few simple tests in order to check his credibility. He turned away from the pier and walked back to his car.

Katz stood waiting in front of the Union Bank across the street from the Wiltern theatre, her rendezvous point with Tackwood. The marquee announced some obscure horror flick, but the line was filled with people escaping the heat and boredom of the day.

Where the hell are they, she wondered. They're half an hour late now! I wonder if it's a set-up? She had dressed inconspicuously for the meeting, changing from her usual costume of faded jeans and shirt to the uniform of the secretaries of the world—a minidress, stockings, *et al*. She wanted to look no different than the hundreds of other women passing that corner, hurrying back from lunch to their typewriters. Yet being the only stationary person on the corner for an hour, she began to feel the loss of anonymity.

If they don't show up soon, I'm going to split. If we're going to deal with informers, and intelligence work, we had better become more proficient or we'll all end up in jail.

Peering through her sunglasses she noticed two men near the waiting theatre line. The smaller white guy walked away, leaving the taller, thin black man alone on the corner. Clad in bright purple pants and shirt, holding a small dog in his arms, he stood out among the passing crowd. The young, long-haired one returned and the two resumed their vigil.

They look almost as ridiculous as I do, she thought; they must be the ones. She crossed the street still trying to determine whether the slender, pensive black man fondling the Pekinese could possibly be the secret agent. He had a short afro and a mustache. He wore a long-sleeved shirt, open at the neck, sleeves rolled above the elbows, and his shirt tails hung out concealing his belt.

Well, I suppose I look no more like a "dangerous revolutionary" then he looks like a "double-agent." "Are you the people I'm to meet?" she asked hesitantly. Their laughter answered the question.

"I'm Tackwood," said the young black guy, "and this is Mike."

"I'm Myra Jost, we're late. Let's go." She turned to thank Mike and ushered Tackwood to the little green Fiat conveniently parked on the corner for what was to have been a speedy take-off. She had given Tackwood a false name to make it more difficult for the police to learn her identity in case the whole meeting had been an entrapment.

Driving towards Santa Monica, she once again felt in control. No tail, no trouble, she thought scanning the street through the rear view mirror. "Next time we ought to get our directions together. I was on that corner for an hour. I thought you had been ripped off," Katz said, laughing.

"We were waiting that long in our car," Tackwood said. "You weren't supposed to be on foot. It's okay though. I picked that corner so I could check out the area. Lots of traffic; you can see who's coming from all four directions, too. C.C.S. uses all kinds of cars that look just like everyone else's. But I know them all. I checked it out, they weren't around. We did all right."

"C.C.S., what's that?"

"Criminal Conspiracy Section of the L.A.P.D. Those are the mad dogs who set up Angela, the Panthers—all the militants. They're in charge of all the militants. They've got a room on the eighth floor of the Glass House with files and pictures of all radicals—brothers, brown militants and white boys, too. It's a top secret place where they keep information on everyone. You even need a special pass to get in."

"Files on people in Los Angeles?"

"No, they got files on people all over the country. C.C.S. is a super-police agency. They can go anywhere. Tell you what—I'll take you up there sometime."

"How can you do that, if it's under such tight security?"

"Hey, I'm one of their most trusted men. I'll just tell them you're my new old lady. They won't say nothing."

Katz laughed, thinking to herself that if he knew who she really was he couldn't be making that suggestion. But she said, "Sounds great, just let me know when. If they know so much about everything, weren't you afraid to come to us?"

"Well, that's why I didn't go to the *L.A. Times* or some paper like that. That would be just like going to the cops about the cops. I'd get killed. Like Ellsberg—he trusted that dude from the *New York Times* not to mention his name when he gave them the Pentagon stuff. He should have known better. I figured the *Free Press* was different—that you were my kind of people and would know what I was talking about." (So he thought she worked for the *Free Press*, too.) "You could print the story anonymously, or something like you did that list of narcos last year. Besides after the Angela set-up by C.C.S. I couldn't take it any more. She was a good sister. So I decided to try to help you people after all the things I've done against the 'movement.' Kind of like paying you back. Anyway, look at Ellsberg, they can't convict him, he's got too much support now. The stuff I've got is even better than his. It's about what's coming down now, not three years ago. It'll blow the lid off [Police Chief] Davis and all those mad-dog fools running around up there."

"If they don't blow us away first," Katz said. "We've got to be more careful about contact from now on. It's insane for you to call the *Freep*—the phone is bugged for sure."

"Right on, C.C.S. bugs hundreds of phones, especially out here," he said as they turned off the freeway into Venice. "They think everybody out this way is a militant."

"I wish they were. There are more radicals per square foot out here and less political activity, than in any community I've ever lived in. Anyway, from now on call me at this number at nine in the morning. Leave the message for Myra, and say 'Charlie' called, okay?"

As she and Duggan had arranged earlier in the morning, Katz pulled up to the house in Pacific Palisades and stopped the Fiat between two palm trees. Tackwood got out. She drove down one block, turned around and set up a stake-out of the house.

Tackwood stood in range of the camera that was focusing in on him from the second story window. He stooped down and put his Pekinese on the ground. It defecated. The hidden camera shutter clicked six quick shots. Tackwood saw McCarthy watching from the door, he raised his fist in the symbol of militancy and walked towards the house. The camera clicked once more.

McCarthy and Tackwood greeted each other and sat

down at the table. Tackwood could sense his disadvantage: the table was placed in the kitchen door, the telephone was within reach and a tape recorder sat on the table's edge.

Tackwood picked up the receiver. Upstairs on the extension Duggan answered, "Hello, are you ready?"

"Yeah," his voice trembling noticeably. Tackwood was not in his quarters, he felt uncomfortable dealing with people who had so thoroughly prepared for him.

"How would you like us to refer to you?"

"As Red."

"Is 'Red' your nick-name?"

"No, my code name with the Criminal Conspiracy Section downtown. I have a code name and a file number."

"What is your file number."

"C-14."

McCarthy broke in, "What is your real name?"

"Louis E. Tackwood."

Duggan resumed, "Fine, Red, why don't we begin with some background? We understand that you have worked for the police for nearly ten years in both criminal and political activities, but there must be a history to your becoming a police agent. Do you want to talk about the early years when you were first recruited by the police?" Soon the tapes would be telling his story:

"My first introduction to the Police Department was in 1962 and '63. I was part of a car stealing ring that operated in Los Angeles, and ran them across the Mexican border. In late 1962 I was busted in a stolen car. The arresting officer took me aside and offered me a deal to work with the police department. He said that if I would help them catch another car ring I could continue walking the streets. In fact, he promised that if I cooperated fully with the department I could continue operating without fear of arrest. In exchange for my freedom, though, I had to name my two partners. So they were arrested and convicted of car theft. Then I was asked to help break up another car ring as part of my agreement. My second job for the L.A.P.D. came in 1963 when I was asked to get evidence on a big narcotics pusher, who lived on 111th and Avalon. I knew most of the people he knew, so I was asked to get an agent close to him. I was supplied with some narcotics which I used in a number of sales to mem-

bers of the narc ring. Then I made contact for the ring with the narc agent who made some large purchases from the ring. Afterwards all the members of the gang were busted.

"In 1964 I was still operating in a car ring when I was busted along with some of my partners. I was taken to University Police Station where Williams, the arresting officer, got very pushy and threatened to convict me behind this latest car syndicate bust. After hours of arguing, Williams brought in Sgt. Eddie Watkins and Larry Brown. Watkins and Brown proposed that I go to work for them full time. They promised that I would make more money working for them than I would hustling in the streets, and it would be a lot safer. I did some work in robbery. I was responsible for a set-up in an Inglewood robbery that turned into a shootout and one of the robbery gang members was killed. I only remember his name as Baby Brother."

When they began to enter the area of his political activities, Tackwood suddenly resorted to broad generalizations. When Duggan or McCarthy tried to corner him on details he would slip through their fingers like mercury. He was consciously elusive, the more they pressed the more evasive he became.

Tackwood's voice broke nervously, "Hey man, are you sure that you're not a brother?"

Duggan, amused, replied, "No, I am not a brother."

"Well, you sure sound like a brother. Phew, I don't know, man, you sure sound like someone I know."

Duggan decided the interview could not continue separated by the telephone. He came downstairs, not knowing how to expect an agent to look. Tackwood was deceptive; a thin wiry build, keen expectant eyes, and speaking with a slick rapid ghetto jargon that convinced Duggan that Tackwood was practiced in the art of the street hustler.

McCarthy and Duggan were obviously amateurs in comparison to him. Tackwood was a professional in the ether world of the agent-provocateur. He understood well the art of the innuendo, the subtleties of estimating the personality of an adversary. Ten years of experience stood behind him, and he was still alive. This in itself was incredible, given the fact that he had worked for so many years in criminal activity; had set up and sent to prison so

many dope pushers, car thieves, "candy-stickers" and a few supposed murderers. Tackwood had survived them all. Maybe it was because you could not help but like him. He was clever and persuasive. He was at ease in any grouping; always careful to estimate the situation whether it was with the "red-neck-vultures" of C.C.S. or with his "partners" in the streets.

He said: "I think I'm smarter than any of the officers I've come in contact with. I can survive out there where they can't. I can play the double game. Yet, they looked down on me, and all the time it was tickling me to even play counterplots on them and counterplots on the other side too. These are people who think they can conspire against me—and they're playing with a master of conspiracy. They're just feeding my appetite for conspiracy . . . I finally found somebody who is willing to play a game."

Duggan thought to himself that "the game" seemed to be the one constant thread woven throughout Tackwood's complicated life.

The striking thing about Tackwood, or perhaps the tragedy of Tackwood, he thought, is not how strange he is, or how bizarre the things he had done to others in his life, but rather how perfectly reflective of the larger society he is. How different is it from what is done in the world of the market economy, where production is for profit rather than need, where all human beings are treated as commodities to be bartered and traded, where the ethic is survival of the most powerful at any price? The only difference was that Tackwood is black, grew up in a ghetto and his conspiracies are simply not known to the outside world, and have not gained the air of respectability. Tackwood is an indictment of society, where the only work a man of his skills and intelligence can get is to use them for the destruction and control of other human beings, as the "think tanks" of America use their brainpower to control or destroy whole nations. Duggan considered Tackwood's coming to them signified a change.

McCarthy asked, "When did you transfer from common criminal activities to political organizations?"

"Let me tell you how it all came about. In 1965 Eddie Watkins and Larry Brown were transferred downtown to a special squad called S.I.I., Special Identification and Investigation; I was transferred right along with them. I

worked in that special section for approximately eight months.

"The Watts uprising of August 1965 caused a great shock inside the Los Angeles Police Department. Nobody believed the niggers had it in them. Right away Intelligence Division began a reorganization of the Police Department. I was involved from the beginning. At the time I was still working with S.I.I. under Sgt. Watkins. Watkins called me and told me, 'Hey, man, they're putt'n together a new squad. I've got some people down here who want to talk to ya.' This was a new squad that the L.A.P.D. put together that was to work in the streets and infiltrate militant organizations and they promised me a lot more money.

"My first meeting was held at the Glass House on the third floor where I met the head man in charge of a new department called Criminal Conspiracy Section. His name is Lieutenant Keel. His partner was a Sgt. Sherrett. Before they started talking, they gave me a hundred dollars. Lt. Keel said, 'Listen, man, you're just the man we want. You have all the experience we need. Stop working for S.I.I., and come to work for us.' I said, 'Well, yeah, the money looks good. Who are you?' Keel said, 'Criminal Conspiracy Section.' I found out later that's just what they're doing too. They spend all their time cooking up criminal conspiracies against militants, particularly groups like the Panthers, Angela Davis, and people like that.

"I served as a key instrument to these conspiracies, as did Melvin Smith and lots of others. They elevated a selected number of informers to the level of agents. They no longer called us informers, but special agents who were paid a lot of money for our assignments. One of these early agents to go to work for the special department was Melvin Smith, better known as Cotton, third man in command of the Los Angeles chapter of the Black Panthers. Supposedly, the man in charge of weapons, yeah, he was their weapons expert. He's the one who brought the automatic weapon to the Panther office the day before the raid. It was in his hands all the time when the shootout took place.

"A select group; that's what we were. We were an elite corp. Everything looked great."

His transfer to C.C.S. increased his contact and activity

with political groups. His duties ranged from keeping track of who was influenced by or close to the Panthers, to causing dissension among the various minority groups involved in the Economic Opportunity Programs on campuses. Disruption, entrapment, and information were his daily duties.

His last job for C.C.S. before "defecting" to the "movement" took him to Northern California. He was loaned to the California Identification and Investigation Bureau, centered in Sacramento, for the purpose of infiltrating the electoral campaign of D'army Bailey and Ira Simmons in Berkeley. Bailey and Simmons were part of a liberal-radical coalition reflective of the growing Left in that university community. Their platform included community control of the police, an end to the war in Southeast Asia, and municipally subsidized health and food services.

Many of the campaign workers had been active in campus and community politics and projects for many years, including the Soledad Brothers Defense Committee, Angela Davis Committee, and the campaign to free Huey P. Newton.

Tackwood's job was to keep records of the campaign workers, and financial supporters and to monitor meetings with electronic equipment. A major goal was to link Bailey and Simmons to Angela Davis through common contributors and campaign workers in the hopes of discrediting them through the implications of a grand conspiracy related to the Jackson murders. He spoke with pleasure of the ease with which he penetrated the Soledad Brothers Defense Committee and the Panthers as well as the campaign committee. He bragged of his use of his brother-in-law, James Carr (Newton's bodyguard) to gain credibility among militant circles.

There was a long pause. Then Tackwood said, "You don't believe me, do you? Alright, then, listen, I'm going to call C.C.S. right now. See if I'm jiving.

"The number I'm dialing is 285-2521—it is S.I.I.: I'm talking to Sgt. Brown;

"Sgt. Brown speaking, special investigation section. Sgt. Brown. May I help you?"

"Yeah. I hope the heat kills you."

"Hey, what's happening?"

"Nothing much. Just trying to get ahold of someone. What's happening?"

"Well, I'm just sitting here sweating and perspiring. Waiting to go on my vacation—."

"When's your vacation starting?"

"Starting Friday."

"Good lord."

"That's why I'm not getting involved in anything."

"I talked to Mahonney yesterday."

"Yeah, he mentioned it. This morning just in passing. That you'd called."

"Yeah, he told me what Oston said."

"Who?"

"You remember where I went out and bought that dynamite?"

"Oh yeah. What did he say?"

"He told them, 'Hey, you got a man on your force named Tackwood working for you?' "

"Is that right?"

"That sure kinda hurt me. They should have busted him when I got the dynamite."

"Yeah."

"Then I gonna tell you Gwen going up to see James soon."

"Oh yeah?"

"You know something, old man, they should have killed him."

"Who, James Carr?"

"Yeah."

"Well, it's the only way you're going to stop him."

"They should have killed him when they had a chance to in Los Angeles. I don't know what they were bullshitting about. That dude is dangerous, he's a madman. What I wanted to ask you, old buddy, are you going to leave Friday."

"Actually I start Friday, I'll be here 'bout half day Thursday and that's the end of it. What's up?"

"I'll have to get down before Thursday to see you, huh?"

"Yeah, what's up?"

"Before you go on vacation I want to see you. I got a fifth of the 20-year old Scotch I was going to leave you. I had a case of it, Ambassador Royal. 20-year old fifth."

"Where'd you get that?"

"You know, man, I know everybody in town. When you gonna give me another case to work on?"

"You're out there, man, give us one to work on."

"Can I ask you one thing, I got good reason to be kinda mad about not working, how badly did the C.I.I. fuck up the Angela Davis thing up north? Twice, man, twice on the money."

"Is that right?"

"The first time I went up there, to get Don Nance, they fucked me over on the money—and I cried to come back, and I come back, remember?"

"Oh yeah. That's a deal. I don't like that shit, because of what you were doing I had to let the people upstairs know about it, I don't believe in bringing in other agencies, fuck 'em I don't talk to anybody else you know that."

"Yeah, then they all get together and said they ain't going to fuck over me, and then you called me, they ain't gonna fuck over me any more. And I go back up there and what happens, same thing. You got all kinds of information."

"But you know when you dealt with me directly you didn't get fucked over."

"Yeah you was good people, I ain't never blamed it for you. I'll come in tomorrow or today—tomorrow in the morning and I'll bring the fifth. Connect us with the old goon squad."

"You mean upstairs."

"You mean the madmen upstairs."

"Okay, hold on."

The interview had taken three and one-half hours. Everyone was fatigued but more confident than before. The conversation with Brown was very convincing. But Duggan had one doubt about Tackwood's credibility. He drew up a list of names including his own and Marilyn's. (Tackwood was introduced to Duggan only by his first name and he knew Marilyn only as Myra Jost.) He gave the list to Tackwood and said "Can you tell me who these people are?"

He looked at them intently. "I can the next time I see you."

"All right," Duggan said as he got up from the table, "then let's plan to meet next week. I'll take you home now. Where do you want me to drop you off?"

"Just drop me off on the South side."

Duggan drove him to Vernon and Broadway. "Remember," he said as Tackwood was getting out of the car, "be sure to use the name 'Charley' whenever you call us."

Later Tackwood stood at the corner of Broadway and Vernon for about 15 minutes watching the cars. He took the list of names that the blond dude had given him and looked it over carefully. He recognized none of them. He crossed the street with the traffic, boarded a bus going north, and headed for the Glass House.

"Good afternoon, Myra Jost, or should I call you Marilyn Katz? And to you too, Robert Duggan, karate expert. Aha. I thought that would get you! I've found out a whole lot in two days.

"Let's see now, Marilyn Katz, known Weatherman from Chicago. You haven't been in California too long . . . good friend of Bernadine Dohrn and Susan Sachs . . . what else now . . . ah, yes . . . SDS organizer and dangerous communist . . . known to associate with Robert Duggan.

"Let's see now, Robert Duggan, you're a known Weatherman too, very dangerous, ran a Weatherman training school in Chicago . . . just got back from . . . let me think now, I'll get it . . . Chile? Right? Known to be working with a secret guerrilla organization . . . the . . . it starts with an s . . . um, it's some kind of animal . . . right, it's Sparrows.

"Hey, like if I'd taken you up to C.C.S. we'd both be dead now. Marilyn Katz. Like they got your pictures all over the wall. Both of you. Let me put it to you this way. Like I walked in to C.C.S. with that list you gave me, but I couldn't find Marilyn Katz in the regular file. So I look in the hot file and there it is. What's the hot file? How can I put it to you. That's a file on people who they're watching all the time . . . surveillance from the inside . . .

See my point? Like they got someone real close to you who's working for them . . . I don't know who . . . yet. Anyway, I look into the file and there you are and it says known Weatherman and all that and see such and such and such and such and such and see file on Robert Duggan. Like the two are stapled together. Man, they're watching you all the time. It ain't too bad now cause a lot of them are on vacation but they know all about you, where you go, who you see . . . they know you're working with students for . . . what is it? ACPP or PAC [Peace Action Council]? Why they even know you were working at some bar in Venice. One of them walked in there and pegged you . . . got fired soon after that didn't you. See my point?"

The three rode around the South Side for over an hour, Tackwood continuously feeding them bits of information from his storehouse of knowledge of the Criminal Conspiracy Section of the Los Angeles Police Department. There was no denying his access to such information. Duggan and Marilyn sat stunned listening to details of their past activities which could have come only from police intelligence files. Certainly there were mistakes but they were logical. They had cracked up behind C.C.S.'s idea of what the Sparrows was. Only a group of men whose notion of social change and style of work was conspiratorial could mistake the self-defense class Duggan taught for a group of urban guerrillas. Similarly, because C.C.S. was more interested in eliminating political opposition than in comprehending their politics, it was understandable that they lumped all revolutionaries in the "Weatherman" category. In fact, Duggan and Katz had been in fierce opposition to the Weathermen strategy and tactics because they thought it would defeat rather than build the revolutionary movement in this country. But a police system that relies on paid informers, mercenaries, illicit listening devices and bitter ex-politicos can expect to be misled at times—many times.

Every name on the list had been checked. On names he had no way of knowing two days before, he now had complete political histories. He was a walking encyclopedia of Los Angeles' radicals.

"Charley" had to be taken seriously. He was exactly what he said, an active undercover police agent. He

demonstrated to them what they had refused to believe possible: that an agent provocateur could have access to all the special files kept on political activists.

The collective would have to be put together as rapidly as possible to assess the value of the information and how to handle future relations with "Charley."

Two white people parked in a black neighborhood would have attracted attention from residents and cops alike so they parked in a Jack-in-the-Box drive-in to look less conspicuous. "Charley" got out of the car and said he would meet them in the same spot in a week. Duggan returned to the Harbor Freeway and drove directly to the Bar Sinister Law Offices.

The Sinister was a legal collective of young radical lawyers which had been organized as an alternative to both corporate legal firms and government sponsored legal aid services. They had a radical conception of law and sought ways to erect the concept of human rights above the rights of property in a legal system where property reigns supreme.

The Bar Sinister visiting room had none of the usual office paraphernalia. No lush carpeting, ornate lamps, designer furniture or old copies of popular national magazines. The walls were postered with this generation's revolutionary heroes; Che Guevara, Ho Chi Minh, Malcolm X. The table was littered with a random pile of *Ramparts*, yellowing issues of *The Black Panther* newspapers and a few frayed paperbacks like John Hersey's the *Algiers Motel Incident*. Even the dress of the Sinister members bore the mark of the revolutionary costume once peculiar to the New Left of the '60's. In a culture where "Women's Liberation is Colonel Sander's Kentucky Fried Chicken," and "Black Power" is a new soap, faded blue jeans were one of the few symbols of rebellion not sold back to us as a commodity. Joan Andersson and Dan Lund, members of the Sinister Collective, left their work to meet with Duggan and Katz. The four of them sat around the littered waiting room table discussing "Charley."

Duggan arched his hand back and said, "Listen, our biggest problem is the possibility that Charley is a police plant. Although he had no way of knowing that he was going to be talking to Marilyn or I, he is an agent, after all. Charley is a strange fellow. He takes great professional pride in his conviction record; he said to us this morning, 'I have a buddy I would go to hell and back for, but I still set him up, got him convicted on a dope sale.'"

Katz interjected, "He told us, 'one of these days, after these radical mad-dogs at C.C.S. take over and all black people are in concentration camps, they're going to need someone like me to administer them. People like me always survive.' God, I believe him too. He'll out-survive us all."

"The risks are obvious," Joan said calmly. "C.C.S. knows you both well and will certainly try to set you up if it's possible. In the end, there's no way of knowing whether Charley is working with you or against you. But it is clear you must not accept any documents, files, or papers of any kind from him, not even a blank scrap of paper. He could give you a roll of toilet paper and they could convict you for receiving confidential police information.

"But it's worth it. If Charley is telling the truth, it means we could break the Panther 13 trial wide open. The state's whole case stands on the evidence of 'Cotton' Smith. They're saying he's turning state's evidence. But if we could prove that Smith had been an undercover agent for Intelligence before he joined the Panthers, we could expose the entire plot to destroy them. Remember the raid on the L.A. Panthers occurred within a few days of the attack on the Chicago chapter when they killed Fred Hampton; that might convince a lot of liberals. The best possible thing would be to have Charley up on the stand himself."

"We can't do that," Katz cautioned, "we have to protect his identity."

"Well," Dan said, "we must still try to get the information to the defense lawyers. Do you know Smith's code number with Intelligence?"

"Yes," Duggan answered. "Charley says it's 318, and that R. G. Farwell is his contact man in Intelligence."

"Let's work on getting as much information for the trial as we can. Right now, it and the Angela Davis cases are the most important."

"Charley says," Katz nodded, "That C.C.S. is suppressing information that would prove Angela innocent. But we have to check it out first with her lawyers. Bob is going

north tomorrow to talk to the Angela Davis Defense Committee."

Duggan thought a minute. "If you can get the information to the Panther lawyers, we'll do the rest, and we'll meet back here in a week."

The meeting broke up. They had been sobered but the ground rules were now firmly established, and they had an early warning system that would telegraph every maneuver "Charley" might make in a possible police conspiracy against Marilyn and Bob.

It was also clear that if Tackwood was not a police plant then he ran an even greater risk than the others. He had told them of several incidents in which C.C.S. or some other branch of Intelligence had carried out executions of former or useless agents. The big Los Angeles Panther raid had been one such incident. Tackwood believed that C.C.S. had planned to kill their own agent Melvin Smith in the December, 1969 raid on the Panther headquarters along with every other top leader of the chapter. There had been two attempts on his own life already. Once while he was working to set up a friend for the hijacking of a truck at a Packard Bell plant and once when he had worked with two S.I.I. officers to steal $240,000 in negotiable bonds. They took the money; he kept his life.

Tackwood had also said, "Then like the dynamite deal, you don't know but there's a devil worship cult in Pasadena. Actually in Altadena. They are definitely on the L.A.P.D. payroll cause that's how we set a cat up. That cat with the dynamite. He was kind of leery. But I take him up to the temple and these crazy looking cats come out and say we're going to blow this up and . . . and he's scared to death. We shook him so it was pathetic. And then how you do it is, from this taxi, that car and this car to that car and there's a mystic thing about it and they go for it every time. I don't care if they're the leader of the Weathermen, if you catch them right they fall for it. If you could show 'em like if I caught the leader of the Weatherman clique, and I had a lot of bread and guns and I showed them how they could rip off a million dollars in gold and there wasn't going to be anyone there, I could march a squad in there with enough money and enough

guns, and if you lay it on right and show him how easy it is, he's going to march right in there, and get all shot up.

"First thing is, he'll look at your money and run a few names down to a cat. 'Do you know such and such and such?' cause every time I go somewhere they run a few names down to me that I run down to them. 'Cause people don't like to be ignorant like I might say, 'I'm from back East, do you know so and so?' and the cat will say, 'I know him,' and I just made up a name. And then I'll run down a name I want to know and he'll say, 'Yeah, I know him,' and then I'll say 'Well, you're all right people then,' and we get to rapping from there. It's human nature that fucks them up."

Duggan sat in the Freed's apartment leafing through a manuscript the author had just finished. Duggan and Freed had discussed Charley several times before and he had given Freed information that would affect the "Panther 13" trial that had just begun.

"Our biggest worry at this point," Duggan repeated, "is the threat of a conspiracy setup around stealing information or bribery."

"Let's write a book," Freed said with utter self-confidence. "We can formalize the relationship with a contract and all the information Tackwood gives us will become the material for the book. Then we are simply recorders of a story given to us by an undercover agent, recounting his life. Let him collect money from the royalties. He's bound to prefer a *book* to just an article in the Underground Press."

In the following weeks, Duggan and Katz kept up an exhausting schedule of conversations and recordings with Charley. Tackwood relished the idea of the book not only as a depository for his experiences in the L.A.P.D., but as a place to expound on his philosophy of politics and life. He always insisted they meet on the South side, "It's safer," he said. Because he knew that if it was ever necessary to run, he would know where he was. Sometimes he seemed interested only in seeking a sympathetic audience, some human relationship beyond the realm of hunter and prey.

Underneath his apparent boldness, the bragging of his 100 per cent conviction record, he seemed to have a revulsion for his past and for those who had "handled" him and "run" his life. He seemed to know now, too, that he was the victim as well as the executioner.

Nothing Tackwood did fit into any pattern that could confirm their fears of a possible setup. Although they entered every meeting with great circumvention and anxiety, he never attempted to pass documents and never accepted money, and his signing of the book contract excluded the possibility of framing them with a bribery charge. A strange level of trust and friendship developed between the three.

The contacts had become so consistent that they decided a rationale had to be invented which would explain their frequent meetings. Duggan and Katz thought they would bait C.C.S., using themselves. It was the only plausible argument. Tackwood would have to tell C.C.S. that he was talking to a Marilyn Katz and a Bob Duggan. The story was not very elaborate. Tackwood had met these two militants at a party, had a few drinks with them, and talked of a number of mutual friends in the movement.

C.C.S. showed a keen interest in his new friends. They directed him to follow it up "right now."

Tackwood now had an assignment. There was finally a cover for his calling and meetings. They no longer needed to meet in the dark alleyways of Watts, they could meet in Charley's apartment.

Tackwood was talking now: "Let me tell you. There are three things needed to win a revolution of any type. First of all, you need a cause that everyone believes in—for unity. Second of all you need a song. I don't know why, but you need a song—a song, I'll tell you that's how Hitler got so popular. The Marching Song of the Republic in the Civil War is what kept everybody going. And in World War II it was, you know, the Stars Forever, y'know, the Stars and Stripes Forever.

"You need a motto, and a flag. Now this gives people three things to look up to. The song they can sing, the

motto they can always say. Like King, he had a hell of a motto: 'We shall overcome' and everybody really believed it too. He had people marching in front of fire hydrants, dogs, bullets and they wasn't gonna do no violence on him. He came up with that motto. "We shall overcome." And they had a song, right? Now these three things people can relate to.

"And also you need a program that everyone can agree upon. See you got to show that even for the rich liberal to the rich conservative . . . you got to have something that's in the scope of their . . . you got to promise business something, you got to promise poor people something, you got to back stab over here, and back stab over there. How can I put it? It's all reality.

"You need a strong police force, not this type of police you know. I'm talking about like the black shirts or the brown shirts. You need this to control people. First of all if you place enough fear in people's hearts, they'll go along with anything. This is in the ghettos now, it's the principal that they work on. When they see a black and white pass by—everybody's radios go down, lights go off, everybody's throwing the dope under their chairs. Somebody knock on the door too hard and say 'police,' everybody jumps. This is the fear thing they're working on. What you gotta do is give 'em a counter fear. See my point? All this is completely for the revolution and then after you get your revolution going, you must get rid of all intellectuals. No seriously, to build a new order you have to get rid of all the old intellects and look like I mean national known ones. If I took power they're the first ones I'd have shot. The night I took power I'd put them against the wall and have 'em shot. Cause they're dangerous. So you have all of them shot. See my point? You have to, like, have all books that don't believe in what you're doing . . . like all ideas you got to squash from the start. Cause first of all when you come to power it's a struggle, cause you still have the old power somewhere lurking in the background. So you must destroy it. You got to put enough fear in the people's heart, that they think, 'If we try to take over, phew'!"

Sometime in September, Tackwood indicated he was being prepared for a new assignment, "Squad 19." He said it involved a coordinated contingency plan under the joint

direction of the F.B.I. and C.C.S. A steering committee had been set up, he said, with Edward Birch of the F.B.I. and Sgt. Daniel Mahoney of C.C.S. as liaison officers in planning and coordination. There was more but he could not let it out yet, he said.

The plan entailed planting a number of agents-provocateurs both inside and outside the 1972 Republican Convention in San Diego. Agents were to infiltrate the groups planning demonstrations against the war and poverty. At the time of the demonstrations these agents were to provoke street battles with the police surrounding the convention hall; meanwhile, agents inside the convention hall were to have planted explosives, timed to blow up simultaneously with the "riot in the streets." The result, he claimed, would be to create a nation-wide hysteria that would then provide President Richard M. Nixon with the popular support necessary to declare a state of national emergency; the government could then arrest all "radicals," "militants," and "left-wing revolutionaries."

Duggan and Katz were stunned with disbelief. American history was filled with bloodshed and wholesale round-ups of militants, presidents had even been assassinated; yet, never had the American "ruling class" had the audacity to kill members of their own kind to achieve the elimination of their opposition. Furthermore, it seemed incredible that Tackwood would be included in such a bizarre plot this far in advance of the Republican Convention. The story was too fantastic. Tackwood, though, was willing to remain on the "Squad," until the very moment that the explosives were to go off, and then expose the entire scheme to the press. He would record all progress and plans. No compensation or guarantees were demanded by him. The arrangement was acceptable to both sides. They would protect his identity and he would protect them against any entrapment. No one could afford to ignore the opportunity to view the working of the secret political police of the country from such a vantage point.

On September 15, Tackwood called and said, "I got the plans for San Diego. I'll bring them to your place at six o'clock tonight."

Duggan put the phone down. He could not believe what he had heard. All the trust so carefully developed over the months suddenly evaporated. This was clearly an entrapment. No one in his right mind would use what must be a tapped phone and announce possession of the plans to blow up the Republican Convention and his intentions of delivering them. He had to see Joan and Dan at once to swear out an affidavit declaring his suspicions that C.C.S., through their agent Louis Tackwood, was getting ready to bust him on a charge of receiving stolen documents, or worse.

The affidavit was drawn up at the Sinister office with Dan Lund's help within an hour of the phone call. Duggan then contacted a friend to set up a stakeout of the meeting place. He intended to meet Tackwood outside the house to avoid any search and destroy mission by C.C.S. agents. Marilyn was out of town; it was just as well to have her on the outside where she could do some good.

Tackwood failed to show. He had disappeared.

Later, Duggan would learn about Tackwood's apparent change of plans and about his quandary.

After hanging up the phone, Tackwood lit a cigarette, took a beer out of the refrigerator, and sat down to think about how he could best cover himself. If he gave Duggan everything he knew his usefulness to him might be over. If he didn't—well, he didn't know what to expect, Duggan knowing all that karate.

From the next room he could hear his wife Gwen arguing with her mother about when she and Louis would move out. Tackwood didn't want to hear it. The only time he got on with Gwen's mamma was when he brought her money or beer. "Doesn't matter," he thought as he shut the door to shut out the bickering, "we'll be splitting this place soon and once the book is written we won't have to come back—if they don't cross me."

The ringing of the phone jarred Tackwood from his thoughts.

"Tackwood?" It was Sgt. Stewart from C.C.S. and he didn't sound friendly.

"How ya doing, good buddy? What's going on? Shoot anybody lately?" Tackwood said, trying to feel him out.

"Look, I want to see you downtown in the morning—early."

"Sure. Whatcha got? New job for me?"

"Just be down here."

"What's on that dude's mind, sounds like trouble," he thought as he put down the receiver. There had been none of the usual shared jokes or camaraderie in that call. His fantasies about a "setup" seemed to have some reality. Maybe that was the reason Duggan was so jumpy—maybe Duggan was crossing him. There was no use in panicking, he decided. "I'll check it out in the morning."

Before going to the Glass House, he picked up his grandma. If there was trouble, he'd need money and he could always count on grandma for that. "Look Mamma, before I take you home I got to stop by the Glass House. About a little business."

"You ain't messing around with those policemen again, are you? You know they ain't gonna get you anything but trouble."

"No, Mamma, I just go to do a little business in the building—somebody stole some money from me—that's all," he lied.

He parked across from Parker Center, left his grandma in the car and started to walk in. "Maybe I'd better call up there first, no use asking for trouble."

"Hello, this is Red, is Sgt. Stewart there?"

"One minute, hold on. Hey, Stewart, it's Tackwood."

Through the muffled receiver he heard Stewart reply, "That double-crossing son-of-a-bitch, tell him to wait."

Tackwood hung up quickly. He had heard all he needed to know. Somehow they had found out about him. His suspicion that Duggan was crossing him was steadily taking shape. He got in the car, drove to his mamma's, got some money and rushed home.

"Gwen, we got to get out of this house, they crossed us! Forget about your clothes we'll get 'em later, we can go to Shirley's for awhile."

Gwen was confused and had a lot of questions, but knowing Louis she asked none and went along. She had run with Louis before, not always knowing where they were going or why. She was tired of it, but there just didn't seem to be any other way out. Their belongings were already packed since her mamma had just kicked them out of the house.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon. Louis had taken

Shirley to the market to get some meat. He felt safe, planning the meal he was going to cook and bragging about his ability as a chef.

Gwen came running into the store, "Louis, Duggan's outside, looking for you. You'd better either go out there or do something quick."

"How did he know where I was? Only one way—the police; I got to get some time," he thought as he walked outside. "Hey, man, how ya doing? I got hung up this morning. Mad-dogs downtown wanted to see me. I got to go back there this afternoon. Looks like a big job. Think it has to do with the convention. Could be some important stuff. I'll call you later."

Duggan wasn't sure what to do. He had come across Tackwood's car by chance while looking for him when he didn't show up. If he let him go now, he might never see him again. Was this the setup? Or were there no papers at all? No matter what, there was only one way to find out—play Tackwood's game. "Okay, I'll wait for your call. Everything's all right, isn't it?"

"Sure, better than ever. I'll call this afternoon, no, tonight, when I get back."

Duggan drove off, feeling powerless, not sure what was happening.

Tackwood was now sure it was a double-cross. Duggan's jumpiness last night on the phone, the phone call to C.C.S. that morning, and now Duggan's appearance at a place he couldn't have known about without the help of the police and their omnipresent eyes. But he felt he had won this round, gained some time and he didn't think Duggan knew about Shirley or where she lived. He would have time to think in a safe place. Shirley and her old man were good people. They would take care of Gwen and Tack and never say a word.

When Sgts. Rudy and Stewart showed up at Shirley's house the next morning, his suspicions tripled. There was only one person who knew where they were—Gwen's mamma. "Crosses are coming down all over," he thought, "you can't trust nobody."

They took him downtown.

He sat nervously in a chair in the familiar room on the eighth floor of the Glass House where he'd seen many oth-

ers forced to confess to things they hadn't done or didn't want to admit to.

They let him know they knew everything. Now they would "handle" him again, they promised grimly. "We have a little plan," drawled Rudy.

Tackwood left, glad to be in one piece, but not knowing what to think. They sure knew a lot. But it wasn't Duggan and Katz who crossed him. He didn't know who was giving them information. He had been an informer long enough to know that it was not brilliant police work that solved crimes or gave the police facts. Rather it was informers and double-crossers like himself that gave the police eighty per cent of their information. He was part of the oil that kept the machine working, without them it would break down. Wherever the cross was, Tackwood knew he had only one road to take; he had to lay low and see what moves the cops and Duggan and Katz would make.

He didn't have to wait long, as he later revealed:

"On the 21st, that's when they really started pushing on my ass. Metropolitan gave me a ticket for driving without a license. They'd stopped me for some jive ass thing. So then, on the 22nd, they (C.C.S.) picked me up on some humbug and took me down to Newton Street and kept me there for three days.

" 'We just want you to hold him for a few days,' Mahoney says to the Desk Sergeant. 'He needs a little time to think.'

" 'What's the charge?'

" 'Anything you like, just hold him.'

"They just let me sit there and think. It was a thought thing. They were just saying, 'Think about it, Tackwood, you're in here now and we can get you all the way to the pen, if we want to.'

"I didn't think about it much though, I stayed loaded for three days. They never even bothered to search me.

"Three days later they let me out—that's when they popped me. What they were trying to do was clean up. They wanted me to say I stole some papers to sell to Duggan, Katz, Freed, a whole list of people—get it, conspiring to buy stolen documents. Not the San Diego papers, but a list of police officers they were going to supposedly murder. There was this black dude they wanted to get too—a

pimp—they were in touch with some people he ran with. They were to bust him saying that he stole my briefcase with the papers and some money. The next day they'd arrest a couple of his friends on the same thing, one of them would come up with the papers. Good plan, huh?

"We had it all set up. Mahoney, Beasley and I drove up to the house in the afternoon with a note for Roy. The note gave him 'til ten o'clock that night to have 'the girl' bring the papers down to Newton Street. We knew he couldn't bring 'em down there, cause he didn't have 'em, but this way it would look good in court. You know, we gave the dude a chance to come in on his own. We gave the note to a dude on the street to deliver to Roy. He was part of the setup. It was beautiful.

"That night about eleven o'clock, C.C.S. dropped me off at Newton Street. There were only a few people there that time of night. I walked in and tell the cat I work for C.C.S., give my code name, the whole shot, and I needed some money. The guy goes through all the motions, calls C.C.S., everything. They tell him to give me everything I need.

"No matter what it took, they should go out and arrest these people. Man, the dude snapped to attention when he heard that. There were six cops there just bullshitting on a coffee break. He broke in and told them, 'Hey, go with this man.'

"On the way down to the house, they picked up some more men. They didn't know who I was, just that they were to take orders from me. We set it up real nice. Cordoned off both ends of the street and eight men came with me.

"We walked up to the back apartment building and I knocked. When the lady asked who it is, I said 'The police.' You could hear every apartment door in the building slam shut. So I motion to the cops who came over, cocked their guns, told me to stand back and kicked the outer door in. We got inside but I didn't know which apartment Roy lived in. There were four of them. So, four cops, guns drawn, line up in front of each door, and bust in. There were some old people in one, two were empty, and Roy was in bed with his old lady.

"Cop says, 'Your name Roy, dude?'

"Dude says, 'Yeah.'

" 'Well, you better not breathe.' He turns to me and asks, 'Is that the one?'

"I say, 'Yeah,' but I don't know, I ain't never seen the dude before.

"Cop said, 'We're looking for a briefcase and some papers, right?'

"So we start searching all his stuff. I look in the closet. Roy got mad and said 'What you doing, get out of my stuff.' The cop warned him to shut up if he wanted to stay healthy. Of course we couldn't find the papers so the cop asked me 'What should we do now?'

" 'Arrest him,' I said. 'Handcuff him and take him.'

" 'Her too?'

" 'No, she ain't the right one.'

"We go outside and start asking the neighbors if they've seen Roy with this chick—a Jamaican girl with a cut hand. This one dude pipes up that he remembers her with Roy—saw them together the other day. He's the dude that was setting Roy up. Like I said we had it all worked out.

"We took him down to the station and I sat there for three hours in a room with him. Poor Roy, he was confused. He knew I was the victim but he couldn't figure why the victim was grilling him. It would look beautiful in court. 'Tackwood has change of heart at the last minute. Comes back to C.C.S.' They figured I couldn't turn around again now. Hell, warrants for Duggan and Katz would be out the next day—I'd have no place to run. They had it all sewed up—but I crossed them."

Tackwood left Roy at the station. Tackwood was worried. He knew they were using him and he wasn't sure where he was going to end up. He knew they didn't trust him and he sure as hell did not trust them. He was also afraid of Duggan and Katz. When they found out that he had crossed them, they might do anything. He didn't know. He remembered C.C.S.'s plan to eliminate "Cotton" Smith when they got the Panthers. The idea of meeting the same fate did not appeal to him. Once again he decided to split.

A week went by. He and Gwen were laying low. They were staying with trusted friends, were wound up tight and getting paranoid as hell. Tackwood looked terrible, he needed a shave. Spending most of the time in bars was eating up the little money they had left. One night in a bar

fight he cut a guy up with a bottle—cut him bad, almost killed him. Tackwood got scared that the guy would return with his brothers . . . Feeling trapped he called the only protection he knew—Sgt. Brown, the man who had gotten him out of his first jam.

Tackwood never called. Duggan had half-expected, half-feared this would happen when he left him at the market.

Duggan searched all the old haunts Tackwood frequented: the Jack-in-the-Box, the fifty cent movie theatre downtown, a black go-go bar on the South side. Nothing turned up. His apartment was empty, the phone still in operation.

Two days had passed. Duggan was confused now. He'd put off meetings before, but this was the first time Tackwood had not shown up at all as well as the longest period of time in which he had not made contact with Duggan or Katz. He was disappointed too. It seemed a waste to have come so close to learning the inner workings of the police and have lost their only guide.

It simply did not make sense. Tackwood had nothing to gain by disappearing now. If he was a double agent, he would have followed through on the meeting. If not, there was no reason to leave now and endanger the new relationship. The most logical explanation was that the C.C.S. had discovered Tackwood's duplicity and ripped him off. "The phone call must have done it," he thought. "How reckless. We can expect to find him in the Los Angeles River with several .38 slugs in the back of his head. Hell, that's all melodrama. He's probably just hiding somewhere on the South side. Probably just got scared!"

Whatever the truth was, as the days passed, they knew that they must act. Time was precious especially if Tackwood turned up dead. Duggan and Katz would be the most likely candidates for a murder charge. They called together their most trusted confidants in C.R.I.C. After many hours of discussion it was decided that the press had to be brought into this incredibility. They must get the truth out publicly before the Police Department had a

chance for a political heyday raving about "Terror on the Left."

Reporters from the *Washington Post*, *Newsweek* and the *Los Angeles Times* were invited to a meeting at Duggan and Katz' Venice apartment.

Leroy Aarons, of the *Post* arrived first. He didn't fit the stereotype of establishment press reporters. The faded denims he wore and his graying goatee placed him closer to the cultural revolution of this generation. He slumped down on one of the large, spongy pillows that substituted for chairs and mixed easily into the idle conversation.

Jerry Cohen from the *Times* looked more his part, carrying a briefcase filled with notes and a tape recorder, he was in sharp contrast to the Bohemian setting. He found it difficult to relax and constantly fidgeted, flapping his unoccupied hands in nervous spasms. He was in his forties, balding and smoked a pipe which he was always emptying. He sat uncomfortably on a bar stool that was too high for his short legs. Sensing his awkwardness, the others engaged him in small talk, stalling for time.

Karl Fleming from *Newsweek* limped in late, his sprained foot in a cast. A liberal Southerner, who had been in the South during the civil rights movement of the Sixties; he spoke with a Southern lilt and a caustic humor. His articles on the L.A.P.D. had won him the animosity of its chief, Ed Davis.

C.R.I.C. members had prepared the case history of Tackwood carefully: they had assembled all the tape recordings including an edited version of the most important revelations; there were copies of a citizens' complaint to the District Attorney, the California State Attorney General, and United States Attorney General John Mitchell, accusing C.C.S. of responsibility for Tackwood's disappearance and possible death.

Before the night was over, it appeared there was a story, but the press was ambivalent about the credibility and motives of the young revolutionaries. An agreement was reached between the reporters and C.R.I.C. that they could have several weeks to investigate the story before C.R.I.C. would break it to other media.

The three news units mobilized their resources with speed and efficiency. C.R.I.C. had thought by calling one national news magazine and a major newspaper from each

coast, they would have a good chance of getting national circulation and some protection.

The investigators began to turn up facts corroborating Tackwood's story in most of the crucial areas. Their first concern was to prove that Tackwood was an informer. After running down his long criminal record of arrests and convictions with little time served, the press investigators discovered a parole officer's report that declared Tackwood to be a reliable police informant. They uncovered a newspaper article describing the shooting incident that had killed his father. A report from New Orleans confirmed that he had in fact worked for syndicate head Carlos Marcellos' number two man, and that Tackwood had returned from there to California under suspicious circumstances. Another report indicated that he had indeed worked in the D'Army Bailey and Ira Simmons' Berkeley campaign and that Bailey had known Tackwood was an undercover agent for C.C.S. and C.I.I. The trial transcripts of men in prison and on death row revealed that it was Tackwood's testimony that had convicted them. And his grandmother finally was tracked down, and she confirmed that he worked for the police. Most significant was that information concerning Angela Davis, the Panthers, the Jackson brothers, and Ruchell McGee was being confirmed little by little.

The evidence was convincing to everyone. The melodramatic finale was Tackwood's reappearance as the star performer at a special "news" conference called by the District Attorney, in his office, on October 6. There were even more dramatic media sessions to come.

He later explained: "I waited on the corner for about 15 minutes before Sgt. Brown showed up. He was with another dude. It was just like always. You know, he gave me the ol' 'Hi, good buddy' routine. 'Who'd I cut?' All that stuff. But as we turned the corner, I looked back and saw a car following us—a C.C.S. car. Next, I find that the dude with Brown is from the D.A.'s office. When we were getting out of the car, I can tell that Brown's wearing a fargo and I look back and saw Beasley getting out of the second car with the receiver. I knew this wasn't no social call.

"They took me into the D.A.'s office and into a little room. Man, they pulled out this letter that Duggan and

Katz had sent to the D.A.'s office charging C.C.S. with kidnapping, and it went over all the things I'd told them about C.C.S. Brown says to me, 'Now, Tackwood, you're in a little trouble and there are some people who want to talk to you, but don' worry. Just listen to us and it'll be all right. Understand?' I understood real well.

"It was too late to deny anything. The only way to save my ass was to go along with them—for awhile. The plan was this: Brown would say, 'Mr. Tackwood, did you ever make any tapes with Robert Duggan and Marilyn Katz?' I would say 'No.' He'd say, 'Is it true that you told them that C.C.S. blam de blam blam?' And I'd say, 'No.' Over and over for each part of the statement. Just like a kind of play. So they march me into this room filled with people I don't know. And they hold up the paper, read it off section by section. And every section they say: 'Now, Mr. Tackwood, is anything in this statement true?' And I say, right on cue, 'No, it is not.' And it goes on and on. And then they ask, 'Do you know Robert Duggan and Marilyn Katz?' I say, 'Yes.' So then they say, 'Do you know what these people are involved in?' And like clockwork I say, 'Yeah, buying information so they can carry out their plan to kill police. They are a part of a conspiracy to do this around the country.' "

"Then they call the police photographer and he takes all sorts of pictures. Like with me pointing to the statement and shaking my head no. See my point? And one with us (Brown and me) with our arms around each other, you know to show I'm alive and we're all real friendly like . . . see my point?"

Tackwood was back. He had survived again. His performance at the District Attorney's office was a complete fabrication, under C.C.S. direction for sure, but a command performance nonetheless. The entire charade was put on for the exclusive benefit of one reporter, Jerry Cohen of the *Los Angeles Times*. Cohen had pressed for a reply to C.R.I.C.'s allegations from the District Attorney, so Tackwood's "confession" was quickly staged for Cohen's benefit.

Tackwood did so well that the C.C.S. released him. He was on the streets again.

The next day Cohen had his home address; he drove down to the apartment accompanied by Leroy Aarons of the *Post*. They convinced Tackwood that they knew the declarations given to the District Attorney were false and that they would like to hear his version of the story. They told him that they were working with C.R.I.C., and he could trust them to handle the information with discretion. Tackwood agreed and returned with the reporters to the *Times* building.

The undercover agent had now surfaced to tell his story to the world. He began a seven-hour marathon interrogation with Flemming, Aarons, and Cohen. Armed with the material scoured from the hidden corners of Tackwood's past, they took him back over his ten-year career with the precision of good investigators. No detail of his life as an agent was left out; they had names, dates, and places of incidents in Tackwood's past that had been lost in the recesses of his memory.

At the end of the seven hours the reporters were convinced that there was a big story, perhaps one worth a congressional investigation. They only had to convince their editors to run it, and for that they needed to have Tackwood take a lie detector test.

An examination was set up by Cohen with the well-known polygrapher Chris Gugus in Hollywood. Tackwood came to Gugus' office accompanied by C.R.I.C. members. Gugus was reportedly a trusted professional who had high recommendations. But when C.R.I.C. members learned Gugus was an ex-Sheriff's officer and noticed the framed autographed picture of Gugus and J. Edgar Hoover, they wondered if they had fallen into a trap.

Chris Gugus had more the appearance of a dentist than a polygrapher. He wore a long white smock and horn-rim glasses, and walked with sort of a cock's strut. He kept a secretary who seemed never to have anything to do.

Gugus conducted a preliminary test and decided Tackwood was too high strung and nervous to go through with the examination at the time. He recommended that he be put up overnight to relax—with a private detective to guard him. The press put up the hundred dollars for the

night and everyone returned home wondering what the results would be the next day.

Events began to turn quickly now. C.R.I.C. was beginning to have doubts about what press intentions were, and consequently began to move ahead with plans to break the story open to other media. Arrangements were made with KPFK to have a press conference in their studio where it could be broadcast live in Los Angeles and Pacifica's sister stations in Houston, Berkeley, and New York.

The polygraph test of Tackwood was held the next day. His allegations were vindicated. Under the curious circumstances it was difficult to tell who was more surprised: C.R.I.C. or the press. Yet all the accusations against C.C.S. and their conspiratorial activities were substantially verified by the polygraph. Perhaps more amazed than anyone was Chris Gugus. He asked Tackwood to return the next day in order that other questions concerning his police work could be gone over in more detail.

That night the C.R.I.C. members were meeting again. Life in Venice seemed recently to be an endless series of meetings and traumas. Tonight was a combination of both; they were planning their first press conference. Would the press even attend? How could they deal with the underground press in the same room as the establishment press? Was there a conflict? How could they maintain control of delicate material without stifling Tackwood? They had become painfully aware of their inexperience as spies in the last few months. Now they were confronted with their lack of skills in dealing with the press. They would have to learn fast.

The press conference was the key. Once Tackwood's story was public knowledge, C.C.S. and the D.A.'s office would not be able to suppress it, nor would they so easily be able to frame them for a conspiracy. Forces would be set in motion that were beyond the immediate control of the police. C.R.I.C. advised Tackwood to complete the polygraph test. They didn't want to open up themselves to a kidnapping charge. Dan Lund would go with him to prevent his being kidnapped by the police.

Tackwood was delivered to Gugus' office at the appointed time. Minutes later, four well-armed detectives from the Special Investigations' Division of the District Attorney's office arrived. In a confusing and rancorous

tragi-farce, the four S.I.D. men began unstrapping Tackwood from the polygraph machine while Dan stood helpless outside the room.

Banging on the door, he yelled, "What's going on here? Who are those men? Let me *in*." The door opened abruptly. Gugus was crouched shivering behind the desk, and Fleming and Aarons stood with their mouths gaping. Tackwood made no protest at his seizure by the D.A.'s men.

Why did Tackwood consent to go along? Was he effectively kidnapped? Could C.R.I.C. members expect to be arrested at any moment on conspiracy charges? The questions were many, some remain unsolved to this day, but C.R.I.C.'s choice of action remained clear: plow ahead and hold the press conference, no matter what. Of course they would have to hold the conference missing their star performer; "Charley" was gone again.

Tackwood was in the D.A.'s office signing every statement they put before him. They included a statement releasing Dan Lund as his attorney; a second declaring C.R.I.C. had held him against his will; a third stating that C.R.I.C. was engaged in a conspiracy to receive stolen documents from confidential files. He was promised immunity.

Duggan and Katz were now invited by the District Attorney's office to give statements concerning the original accusations against C.C.S. Dan and Joan from the Bar Sinister accompanied them. It was clear from the trend of the questions that the D.A. was less interested in investigating C.C.S. than in finding out how information about the police domestic intelligence activities was gathered. Charges against them seemed imminent.

The D.A. had released Tackwood under an agreement that he would appear at the D.A.'s office the next day for a lie-detector test and a statement for the press disassociating himself from all the allegations made by C.R.I.C. in his name. The appointed time was coincidental with C.R.I.C.'s press conference. The D.A. was intent upon discrediting C.R.I.C. and all the charges that the L.A.P.D. used its informers as agents provocateurs. He was supremely confident that he had Tackwood in the "bag." But the double-cross is a Tackwood speciality, and everyone had some surprises coming.

Tackwood was waiting for Duggan and Katz when the four returned from the D.A.'s office. Once again, he had crossed sides.

"Hey man, they had me down there all day signing things. They had me fire you, Dan, and what d'ya know," he said turning to Duggan and Katz, "they want you guys for conspiracy to steal police documents. Pretty heavy, huh?"

Duggan broke in with a note of incredulous naiveté, "And you *signed* it?"

"Sure, man, what could I do," Tackwood responded in his plaintive way.

Duggan just shrugged his shoulders and looked at Dan and Joan. As he muttered, "Jesus Christ," he thought, of course, what else could he do other than what he has always done.

"This D.A.," Tackwood went on as though everything was as cool as ever, "I'm going to tell you, is a smart dude. He's slick. He's called a press conference at the same time as your KPFK press conference. Slick, huh? Guess who's supposed to be the star? Me! See my point? That's when he's going to launch his attack."

Who had the double agent, C.C.S. or C.R.I.C.? Nobody? Or was he a free agent, estimating his options, not playing his whole hand at once, but, still, inexorably swept along by the persistence of events? C.R.I.C. had ridden out the worst of the panic. They worked all night preparing elaborate press lists and two press conferences: one, if Louis showed; the other if he came in from the cold to be featured at the D.A.'s press conference.

The press conference was held as scheduled on November 13. Tackwood was a virtuoso. There was no going back for him now. The bridges were burned. The story in print was now irreversible.

Chief of Police Davis's only statement to the press was: "There has been a Bolshevik trying to plant this story on the police for the last two weeks . . . I didn't think the press would take this seriously." Tackwood's candid reply was, "What's a Bullshevik?"

The story was run nationwide in the *Post* and the *Los Angeles Times*, the Left, black and underground press, radio, and television. Tackwood even made a short newsreel with some private film makers. The story was picked up in

Europe and Latin America with great interest. It was a media sensation for a week.

Lund called the District Attorney's office after the press conference and talked briefly to a Mr. Grodin, Assistant District Attorney, who in an obvious state of anger said, "I assume Mr. Tackwood will not be here today?"

"I don't know, you can ask him if you wish," Dan replied, in his soft way. "He's standing right here."

"Never mind. When were you made Mr. Tackwood's lawyer, Mr. Lund?"

"Right after you released him."

It was evident that the D.A.'s office had listened to the live broadcast along with several hundred thousand others. Their frustration had led them into childish spasms. The game was over. They had lost. C.R.I.C. and the public had won.

November 20, 1972, Secret Service agents arrived at KPFK to begin an investigation of the "San Diego Conspiracy."

by LOUIS TACKWOOD
Edited with commentary by
BARBOURA MORRIS FREED

PART II

I was born February 20, 1943, in New Orleans, Louisiana, and until I was 7 years old I lived there with my grandmother. Then I came out here to Los Angeles, California, and moved in with my father. I lived with him until he died in 1954. After that I moved back with my grandmother who was out here. I had a normal childhood. I was arrested on several occasions for gang activities.

I never lived with my mother. My grandmother come and got me out of the hospital when I was very small, when they told her to come and see me. I was getting ready to die. So she come and got me and took me with her and I've been with her ever since ... except for the few years with my old man. We just been together as long as I can remember. You know—and that's been me and her, Mamma—that's all I—Mamma—good old Mamma.

Mamma, Emily Barber, is thin and agile. She is a wiry, wary, keen old woman who has worked hard all her life trying to keep things going and together. When she talks about her grandson, whom she often calls Reese, it is with an unashamed, fierce fondness and love. She enjoys talking about "her baby" and says she was "attached to Louis right off the bat." Her attempts to back him up and protect him throughout the years are evidenced by an anxiety that is motivated by her gathered strength and tough, good humor. There is a durable bond of trust and loyalty between the agent and his grandmother.

One of Emily Barber's burdens was that she could not be in two places at once. When she ponders how "things would have been different" if Louis' father had not been killed, she knows, first of all, that she is right, and, secondly, that equal and more pervasive truths exist. She tells us of the trouble she had raising Louis:

"Well, if you all don't let Louis alone, I say, before you

have my child kilt, I say, I'm gonna have to turn all of you over to the police" . . . because I was gonna sic the dog on 'em. I was gonna sic Adam on 'em and stop 'em for good. They was giving me a hard time, when Louis was small. Yeah—oh yeah—I've had a hard time with Reese and I've been took advantage of with the policemen, that's right.

"They continue after him. They still bugged him. They never given up—ever since his juvenile record—until today. And policemen have not only bugged him, 'cause I have cursed them out myself. One time I put Reese up in the loft to hide him from two policemen. It was two o'clock in the morning—knocking on my door. And I wouldn't give him to them and they sent and got the colored Sergeant, figuring if I'd get him, I would give him up to them. I said, 'I ain't givin' him to nobody. He ain't here'—and he was right up in the loft. That was in the Sixties. He had just made 18. It was in the Sixties, way before Kennedy got killed."

Louis Tackwood "made it" to 18, she says. The term, "made it," used this way to announce the addition of years, has the real ring of survival. In those early days in New Orleans and Franklyn, Louisiana, where Emily Barber was born, she did lean on the Gospels for comfort and support. She took little Louis, she remembers, all starched and ironed to "them old Gospel singings."

Tackwood's recall of early childhood in New Orleans had more of a field approach than did the recollections of later years: like jump cuts in a film, sometimes technicolor, sometimes high contrast black and white. The swift and flickering vignettes unreeled, with a soundtrack of long silences and short sounds.

Ahh—let's see—the first—when I was very, very happy. Ohh, I know. That's a picture you gonna have to get, man. That's a picture you got to get. And it shows—the amazing thing—I look like a little girl. I'm in curls with a Zulu suit. I'm gonna tell you something very interesting. No one ever asked me about my Godfather and my Godmother, Mamma Lucy and Louis Armstrong. Every time Louis Armstrong came to town he used to bounce me on his knee. I lived right next door to Mamma Lucy, matter of fact. My father was named after him, Louis. See, that's when they invited him to New Orleans, Mardis Gras. So,

all the hoi polloi, rich families, you know, black, rich families, were putting their little girls and boys on the floats. So he told them he wanted me on the Queen's Float. So—I was a page on the Queen's Float! I was happy about that, being on the float.

Ehh, man, that was the first happy—I mean—I've had happier things than that. When I—I remember when I got my picture taken in my little, yellow pants. I got some pictures of that. My old pictures. That was when I had little pictures taken in my yellow pants. I was on the Queen's float!

First, he lived in an all white house belonging to Representative Bouree, a New Orleans politician. The grandmother worked for him and, "He was crazy about me, too." He sent Louis' father and his uncle William to Xavier and Dillard colleges. "I was the only little black boy in the neighborhood and everybody treated me very nice. I never knew prejudice or being called Nigger."

Later they moved to an all-black neighborhood. "One incident in particular sticks in my mind." His grandmother, with her knack of keeping him neat, had just bathed him and he had gotten himself all dressed. She took a swat at him for something and he got up on the chair and slid right back into the water. He escaped next door where he was consoled with cream cheese and cornflakes by Louis Armstrong's sister, Mamma Lucy. "I was all right and I will always remember that time." Had he begun to learn how to extract reward from pain, and a secondary gain from calamity?

What first came to mind, was like, I remember one night when I was a little boy. Way back when—and my grandmother and her boyfriend had went out, you know, and I woke up. I'll never forget that. I must have been around four, five, and I woke up and found out that she was gone. So I raised all the windows in the house, we lived upstairs, and I got shouting down to the people in the street "Go find my grandmother!", you know. People begin to ask "who's he?" I told them where they was and about 10 minutes later she came home, "What's wrong? What's wrong" . . . I just was spoiled though.

Let me explain something to you, for three years, when I was young, I lived with myself. I only saw my grandmother on Thursdays and every other Sunday. In the

house by myself—you know—I was growing up. Because, she was working and trying to make money and she had to live in, you know. At the time the only job she could do was living in.

I was a premature baby, you know. My mother and her brother got in a fight and he hit her in the back with a skillet, so for a long time—I'm gonna tell you how I got so smart—for a long time when I was about 6 years old, I couldn't play with other kids—couldn't even go out of the house. All I could do was read. And they found out early in life that I didn't like to read little books. I used to like heavy books, you know, so they started giving me the more books, the more books, the more books, so by the time I was six I was pretty well up on things.

My grandmother would always give me a lot of money. I used to go to the book store and buy books, comic books. I had a big old 27-inch television. All right—I never wanted for anything, you know what I mean? My family always had.

Louis' uncle, William Stanislaus Tackwood, was the first immediate relative to make the trek to Los Angeles. He had to leave New Orleans. He had lent his coat to a friend who had then pulled a robbery. The police later picked up William and beat him so badly that he had to remain in the hospital for six months. On his release his mother, Emily Barber, sent him to California.

A short time later, she gave the same advice to his younger brother, Louis' father, who was "getting in a lot of trouble back there." A couple of years passed before Grandma Barber and the boy followed in 1951.

He spent the first two years in California, with his father. In the move he acquired a stepmother, Julia, a stepsister and a stepbrother.

I have a real sister named Irma who is 27. My mother had her after me, the next year in October. She's still in New Orleans, too. One real sister. That's all I had.

Whether it was in New Orleans or later, Louis was not certain when his father first became a dealer in narcotics. He dates the fact from the time of his own awareness in Los Angeles.

Some say he did a lot of things, mostly he sold dope. He was a dope dealer, you know, a big-time, dope dealer. And that's what his thing was.

Grandma Barber and Uncle William were aware of the father's dangerous occupation and it was on this point that Louis went to live with his uncle in 1953. The grandmother was buying the house directly across the street, and once the negotiations were closed she and the boy moved in.

I found at an early age, school was too slow for me. Honest to goodness, it was. Hey, I just didn't dig sitting at a desk, because—I'll tell you what I used to do, stay home three or four days. Let everybody catch up with me. I'd go back to school. The teacher would say, "Where you been?" I'd say, "stayed home." I always got A's, always. And from there—like books—I could read three or four books a day and know what's happening behind 'em.

Larry, a friend in early adolescence, told the story of the putative provocateur at nine years old, engaging an officer at his grandmother's bank in an animated discussion of interest rates. "That just about shows you that he was on the ball. He wasn't thinking of childish things when he should've been," Larry said with admiration. And the bank president said to Emily Barber, "He is very smart. You should look into him."

I was trying to make him explain why they were charging so much interest on loans. I kept coming up with answers why he shouldn't be charging what he charged.

I've always been a fella who wanted to know everything. I wanted to see what was on the other side of the rainbow. And I've always been, I don't know, like, I think I can say this safely in front of Larry. I've always considered myself a small genius in my own way. I just thought that geniuses should know everything.

I was 10 years old. Let me tell you what I did. First of all I sat down and practiced for weeks and learned to forge my grandmother's name. Then I went and got a withdrawal slip and filled it out and I shot her name on it, you know, perfectly. I went back to the man and told him my grandma was sick and she had sent me down to draw out 150 dollars, and she couldn't get there, and—being a little boy, they believed me and they gave me the 150 dollars. I went right next door and I bought me some clothes. Then I went and got me a haircut at my uncle's. Then I split. I went downtown to the bus station and I caught me a bus to Disneyland. Then I stayed out there all day. Then I come back and stayed at the show all night. I did this

for a whole week, 'til I got sick—ahh, was I sick! Then I went and told the police. They were looking for me and I wanted to go home. It shows how my mind was working then. I don't know, I just wanted to go to Disneyland. I just wanted to go and I was gonna make sure I got there.

In 1954, a year or so later, he remembers a morning when his "27,28,29?" year-old-father took him to his uncle's mother-in-law's house. That afternoon he heard of the shooting and his father's death.

There had been a dispute over the cutting of dope and, as the family story goes, it was Julia, the stepmother, not the father who was the intended victim.

Louis claimed that it was his father's part of the family only that he had always been close to. Perhaps to the lonely, imaginative boy, the going from his father's house, in 1952, had marked an earlier and more important ending.

I've always been a loner really. I don't like crowds and I have very few friends. I don't believe in close friends. I'm a loner and I think a lot. I pick and choose who I deal with.

One person with whom Louis chose to deal was Larry. They met in their first semester in junior high school. Both were eleven years old. Sometimes, now, Louis was a street father of sorts. He says:

"One good thing—having Tackwood around, you know that you have to be on your toes or you're gonna get beat—keeps you on your toes. I didn't even know how to read, you know, and he taught me how to read. He'd have maybe eight or nine guys in the class that couldn't read or do homework and hey, he'd do all our homework. Not that he was scared of us—he'd just do it you know."

Larry relates a tale of a twice-sold pool stick. It was his for six dollars, borrowed back by Louis, and sold again to another "old friend."

"We all used to go to a pool hall and shoot pool. So, you know, no brothers had any pool sticks at that time, but Tackwood come up with a pool stick and everybody wanted it, you know. So he come by my house, its a 30, 40 dollar stick, you know, and he says 'hey man I'll sell you this stick for six dollars.' So I say, wow, I have to buy this stick, cause this cat must be crazy, you know. So I give him six dollars. I get the pool stick and the case and everything. I lay it on the bed, I'm going to take a bath

and get ready to go to the pool hall with my new pool stick, show it off and win the money, you know. So, twenty minutes later there's a knock on the door. It's Tackwood. He come on in running 'Hey, man let me use the stick. I got a fool down here at the pool hall with a hundred dollars in his pocket and we'll ... I know I can beat him. I'll win the money and we'll split it. I'll be right back with the stick.' So I said that's a good deal. I'm gonna get the stick free. So I was messin' around lookin' at TV and everything. I look at my watch, and say, hey, he should have beat this fool by now. Time goes by. I wonder what happened. So I go on up to the pool hall and when I get up to the pool hall, here's an old friend of mine named Bing walking around there with this brand new stick, which was really mine. So I said, 'Hey, that's a pretty nice stick. Where'd you get it, Bing?' And he says, 'Oh man, Tackwood just sold it to me.'

"I just got a good course in philosophy ... you know. Rather than going to U.S.C. to get it. I got it for six dollars from my good buddy Tackwood. Now he can't sell me something twice no more. Nobody, you know, you never forget these lessons."

At thirteen, midway through junior high, music was taken from him. "They had me playing the violin. I wanted to play the drums." After hitting his teacher with the offending instrument, he was transferred to a local school for incorrigible boys. Then, sports were taken from him.

I went to Riis too. Jacob A. Riis, it's a school for all boys. You know, incorrigible boys. I wasn't even incorrigible when I went there, really. I was when I left though. Then we used to steal the bus and take it to school, just for the hell of it. And everybody you know, like, everybody would be at—one thing comical, everybody was always at their lockers in the morning, putting their wine bottle, their knife and their gun away you know. And at lunch time everybody would run to their lockers right quick, get their knife, their gun, whatever, their wine, and they'd go out to the gym yard.

They were going to make Riis a better school. So, they hired four brand new white coaches. I'll never forget 'em, you know. And I guess these coaches were brand new, cause they came out there in all-white uniforms and white T-shirts, white pants, white socks, white shoes. And we're

all in the yard, you know, laying on the grass on the football field. It must have been the whole school. They were going to break the school up into four different gym classes. So we were smoking and these four cats says "Put them cigarettes out!" you know. And about 10 minutes later, when the police came and dragged the cats off the field, they had footprints all over their white uniforms. It was a typical shot, I mean, you know, and we never had no more gym class. We never had a gym class anymore.

We used to go to the football game, not to watch the football game, but to jump on anybody, you know. It was like we didn't go to the Rams or Redskins. We used to go to the college games. And if U.C.L.A. lost, U.S.C. lost at the Coliseum or something, if they lost we'd jump on the visiting teams. We just wanted to fight somebody I guess. We just—the violence in us I guess.

All arrows pointed finally to the yawning streets and the available society of gangs. He was a lone figure, now, frozen in relief against a grainy process-shot of streets. Between nothing and the gangs he chose the gangs.

It goes back a long way. We used to all hang together. I think it was more for security than anything. You know, like, we lived in a spread-out area and with so many white boys in between the area, they used to just jump on us if they would catch one of us at a time. And at the time I'm going to tell you, there was no prejudice thing in us. We were more interested in fighting the brothers across the track. We didn't want to fight them white boys. We wanted to fight them brothers across the track. They was more—you know, a better fight. And I don't know—the white boys kept forcing the fight on us. One brother would get jumped on "hey, the white boys did it across the tracks" and we'd start banding together as a group and that's how I think gangs started. 'Cause we were more interested in, like, it was a neighbor thing.

From the neighborhood to Watts just little groups were fighting one another. I think they forced us into a little group. 'Cause we didn't actually hate 'em at first, 'cause we lived with them so long, you know. And they just got us when we were about sixteen years old. Couldn't even have a white paper boy in the neighborhood. More everything started, more vicious, more killings. Let me tell you what was so amazing, like we grow up with all these cats,

you know. Like cats we had lived with and played with when we were younger, went to grammar school, junior high school, high school with. By the time we got to high school, it was a different thing, you know. It was a vicious circle then, I think.

I used to always feel—what was so wrong with Tommy and them? They all right people. Like this was when I think I first got the prejudice thing going. And like as more blacks moved into the neighborhood you know, even the blacks would say "Hey, there go them dirty Jews. They hung Christ." So, I thought—wow, you guys hung Christ? ... Man, where you guys coming from? Why you do that? ... I ain't going to play with you cats no more, you hung Christ. And after a little while, I was jumping on 'em too. We'd go to school, "They the ones that did Christ up" and we'd jump on 'em. And what was so amazing was a few years later, we was running the streets, you know. And we used to couldn't cross Figueroa because the white boys run us home. They's couldn't cross Figueroa either 'cause we'd run them home. And like we got in a fight one night and some cats was yelling "kill them Niggers—kill them niggers" and—you know, I looked up and it was Tommy.

The same Jew they used to holler at, "Hey Kike" ... I'll never forget that, you know, yeah. All right, I'm a nigger now, huh?

After reading The Prince and Napoleon's thing and a few other books and, basically, I read the complete history of Hitler, really. What was very interesting was, I always fantasized about myself—I knew I had the brains to do it—I was digging organizations. And I said, one day I'm gonna get me an organization together ...

Actually I didn't study Hitler as much as I did Heinrich Himmler. And see, Hitler himself wasn't a great power. He had a great voice and he was a hell of a speaker but the power of the Nazi party was really Heinrich Himmler and the S.S. He had files on everybody. Everybody has something to hide.

I don't know, I just had an ambition that I could be something heavy—something heavy. And I've always had the thing where I could lead people. No matter what

groups I get into I can always lead them. I might start out at the bottom but I always wind up at the top.

I used to go to the Manchester Theater in junior high school, too. That was my Sunday set. You know, that's where we went to fight. We didn't see the movie—for what?—we didn't get there in time to see the movie. We went there to fight. I'm gonna tell you something else, like it was a thing. Like you didn't go like everybody go, well, like, their little kids go, to the movies on Sunday. Like, you'd sharpen your knife or your razor all week long. And I'm going to tell you a little story. Twelve of us went to the Baldwin Theater one time, way out of Watts. And they had a little old cat run up on Larry telling him, "I'm the baddest thing running around . . . We just calmly cleaned the whole show out. We burned the Fox Florence down. I was always the smartest tactician. I was the warlord, see. So what we did, we was gonna meet 'em in front of the show, there was about 300 of them. They was all on both sides of the street and we passed by and called them all kinds of nasty names. They threw wine bottles at us and everything else. So we had 'em waiting for us to come back around the corner. So what we did, we had sent a girl in already and she opened the back door for us and while they were outside, we were burning the show up. So when the show got to burning up, we just passed by and laughed at 'em. "Ahhh, come over to Manchester and fight"—you know, so then they had no more show to come to. It wasn't because it was their show. It was just that we wanted them to come to our show so that we could jump on some of them. We'd invite 'em to parties just to fight.

What was so amazing about these fights, we were fighting for something we didn't even own. The streets, you know. White kids would just walk down the streets. We were fighting over the streets, you know, like we own Manchester—dig this now, can you imagine this?—We're sitting at a conference, a peace conference for once and I'm dictating the terms. There're about nine clubs from all over Los Angeles and I'm dictating the terms on it. And like, I'm telling 'em we own from Vermont and Manchester all the way down to 54th. And someone says, "Hey, wait a minute, baby, not Slauson!" and I say "Okay, from Manchester you know all the way over to Watts." (That's our territory, all the way to Long Beach.) So

everybody cutting up the map. Yeah, we on the west side cutting the map this way and everybody cut the map up so everybody's satisfied. So it's a peace line. "You don't go across our line." So I would think of little schemes. I sent three cats over to Manual . . . I knew they'd get jumped on. It was our little thing; invade their area like war. Then we'd go back to the peace conference. Well—we own from all this side—we done captured your club. So we would—and actually we didn't own none of this shit. But you couldn't tell us we didn't own Los Angeles at the time. And if you stepped across, we'd blow your brains, you know. "What you doin' there?" you know. "Kill him," or dump a cat on the lawn.

His grandmother says he was smart in school and did well, that he dropped out of high school because it was too slow and teachers didn't let him go ahead at his own pace, "just, blah—blah—blah—," Louis said. After his ninth grade year at Riis he returned to regular high school. And after going at it a year or so, he dropped out of the eleventh grade at about sixteen, just when the games were getting more dangerous.

His attack on the institution of learning was now from the outside. Perhaps he had heard the story of the Trojan War from some student, while hanging around U.S.C. He stole a moving van and went to Watts and "got everybody we could find . . . You wouldn't believe the weapons they had in there!" On time, at five of three, they pulled up in front of Fremont High School, weekday fortress for an opposition gang, the Slausons. The bell rang, the Slausons came out and, "you can imagine the surprise on their faces when we all piled out of the van. Hey, the police ran for cover, everybody ran." The Baldwin was his first foray far from home. Now he had a driver's license and time was burning a hole in his pocket.

Every Tuesday night was "Penny Night" in Long Beach. We didn't go 'cause it was Penny Night, we went because there was going to be a crowd. So we'd always go instigate a fight down where the U.S.O. is, down next to the pier. We'd go down there, always knock three or four sailors down, POP, right quick and run back over to the crowd. Well, they'd say, "Them brothers over there did it." We'd be partying. They'd get all the sailors together and we'd be ready for 'em. "Hey, meet us in the parking

lot baby." "Hey man, them sailors are gonna jump on us for no reason." You know, we'd instigate this little stuff, then we'd sit back and watch everybody kill each other and crack up, you know.

I've always been the instigator of something, I don't know why. I was always instigating you know, like I remember sitting at the peace conference, like, we was in the park one night having a peace conference you know, and the Saracens kicked the door in on us and shot the whole place up.

I don't know, I mean, most people who get to know me, first of all begin to like me and at the end, they get to fear me ...

The amazing thing is, I carry myself as a dummy. I put their own game on 'em. They tell me how sharp they are. They're big players and I say, "Well, I don't know," and they say "Here's a sucker. We can do anything we want with him." And when they wind up beat, they say "How did he beat me?" ... This has been one of my main assets. Once I find out your weaknesses, on the crushing thing, you know, I can just play around with them ... If you say you are something, be the best at it. It's always been a challenge for me to deal with people who think they're the best at whatever they say they're doing.

Only three men in history impressed me: Heinrich Himmler; the Nazi mastermind; Machiavelli, the Italian aristocrat; and Adolph Hitler. Now, Machiavelli for his concept, his insight in grasping things around him. Oh, four people, Bismarck. Now I think he was the greatest tactical genius I've ever seen, the way he manipulated countries. All right now, Machiavelli for his ideas and his manipulations. Bismarck came up a little later, his ideas on how to create the super-structure.

H. Himmler because, I'm gonna tell you, he was a genius. He might have been a vicious cat, but he was a genius at organization, at creating the super-type suppression force. And Hitler was simply, I'm gonna tell you, the cat had ... if he had ... to me his doctor went crazy giving him messed-up medicine. But the cat was a genius, man. He was a cat who would only come along in every 40 or 50 years. He was a genius, a righteous genius. I didn't believe, basically, in all his ideas. I don't believe in, like the Jewish thing ... the Jewish question he had going. Here's

a cat take a half-baked army and went through, you know, like one country after another. People were afraid to stop him. Here's a cat who could move crowds with his voice. Here's a cat who was on the verge of megalomania really. He was a brilliant cat. And yet what makes me feel bad about the cat ... his concept ... his depth of dealing with people was warped by a few things. Like his like of England. He loved England really, and he didn't really want to hurt 'em ... his misunderstanding of Russia. I'd never attack Russia, I don't care if it's the winter, spring or summer. I would never attack Russia. And I like one other cat, Rommel. Tacticians, I dug 'em.

I tell you one cat who impressed me, Bertrand Russell. Yeah, I dug Bertrand, Bertrand Russell. Yeah, Bertrand Russell was a bell of an influence on me cause I dug his concepts on a lot of things. People called him communistic and radical and a lot of things but the cat was righteously heavy. Oh, I tell you a cat I dug ... I dug, pardon me, the fuck out of and I dug his concept of doing things. I'm gonna tell you, man, like he was brilliant.

One of the most brilliant cats that ever lived and I just thought about it too, but this cat here was all those people wrapped into one. And I'm gonna tell you, like I idolized the cat really in a hell of a little old way, Mahatma Gandhi. His concept of the nonviolent thing was so beautiful ... yet he wasn't opposed to violence. See my point? The cat was a brilliant tactician in his own way. Like he figured like, first of all, he went out and influenced the people so heavily ... you know that he was ... he actually forced the British to arrest him and then he'd go into his little old starvation thing—you know? And he'd force them to let him go—because they knew if they killed him, there'd be violence everywhere. He knew this. Now he understood the concept of the nonviolence thing yet he used the violent pretext of the nonviolence to gain the control he wanted. Mahatma Gandhi, I dug his humility. Is that what you call it—humility? Because he could have been a ruler or anything he wanted but he just was a poor peasant doing his thing.

I think coming in the later years, I dug the ... how will I put it ... nah ... I didn't dig Villa himself, Pancho Villa. A lot of people say "Hey, the Pancho Villa thing of Zapata," no—I didn't dig them, but I think little has been

said about the man who started, you know, Madera. Everybody got him as a weak-minded, weak-willed coward, but the cat was a brilliant cat. He got Pancho Villa working for him. He got Zapata working for him. This cat was winning the revolution really and everybody just drives over that. There's another cat who could deal with men.

Now coming all the way into the modern day and age. I didn't like Kennedy. No way, neither one of the Kennedys. I'm gonna tell you, I dug the hell of McCarthy though. I dug the shit out of McCarthy. I'm gonna tell you he was righteously from the grass roots. I think if he'd-a got in he'd-a been all right for the people, too. He wouldn't live long though, I don't think. And you may not believe who I used to love to hear speak, man, old gravel voice, Senator, he died, Dirksen. He's dead now. I used to love to hear him speak. The cat though, I'm gonna tell you, was brilliant in those days in Kansas. I tell you who ... I wish I'd been younger—living younger to hear speak—I read up on—he was a lawyer—Clarence Darrow. The famous monkey trial. I would have been able to dig him. Like Kerouac was the real thing. I dug existentialism for awhile.

But let me think. Today there's nobody I—things are bad—in bad shape. I don't know, how would I put it? One of the most moving speeches I've ever dug was "I Had A Dream." Now I didn't like Martin Luther King but I dug to hear him speak. I didn't like his concept of nonviolence. You know ... I couldn't see his marching out there and getting flapped in the face with no—with no water hose; nothing but a dog. But the cat was—hey, one thing he had going for him—the cat had a hell of a voice. And a hell of a rap. I could picture him standing up in Washington D.C. saying "I Had A Dream" Phew! And this little concept here won him the Peace Prize. I don't dig Mao Tse Tung though.

I don't dig too much religion and too much philosophy. I dug Uncle Ho now. I dug the shit out of him. His philosophy was fight to the death, baby—you know—no man, he wasn't too religious neither.

But let me tell you the only black man in history I really dug, super-dug, Jomo Kenyatta. I studied under Mau Mau so heavily—I'm gonna tell you—now if the American black man created the same system that Jomo

Kenyatta created we'd got rid of all the white folks in 20 years—by murder—and this is the classic thing—the fear thing. He had 'em so fearful—you know he was a striking thing. I think Haile Selassie's a pawn. I don't dig him, the "Lion of the Desert"—you know—related to Sheba and David and all them old ... ohhohh ... but Jomo Kenyatta, a poor savage out of a poor land is the one who created the New Africa. He's really the one who created the New Africa.

Who else I dug? Let me see ... a ... I didn't dig Trotsky too much. I dug Stalin though. Stalin was a genius in his own way. He wasn't no smart man but he was a genius on one thing. He knew the value of fear and the value of power. He knew how to wheel and deal in power—reasonably deal with it. There hasn't been a president—I tell you who I dig—there's one cat I'm looking for to be a hell of a thing in 10 years, that's John Tunney. In 10 years he'll be a hell of a dude.

My grandmother and family always told me two things: Don't ever let your right hand know what your left hand is doing, and always hit first. That's the kind of family I come from.

I sought power ... I had a hell of an ambition when I was young, really. I'm gonna tell you, it just left me when I found out I couldn't do it ...

I said, one day I'm gonna get me an organization together. And I'm going to build it on this need-to-know basis across America. And one day, I'm gonna tell you, we're going to take over ... I think if I'd been channeled, say, on a different direction, on Huey Newton or the Rap Brown thing ...

I always been a fella who always wanted to know everything. I wanted to see what was on the other side of the rainbow ...

I have a photographic memory for numbers and names, numbers and faces.

He also has a recurring dream.

I'm in a prison setting.

I'm with a crowd of friends.

A fight breaks out.
Then my friends are stabbing me.

When I was young and coming up, around thirteen years old, twelve, thirteen, we had a lot of gang wars and gang fights and girls were like pushed into the background at that time. We knew they existed and were there all right but we were more interested in fighting. Our thing was fighting.

I used to just like my sister. I remember that. I used to run home from school every day, every day, once a day, home from school. She was always the biggest and baddest.

I think up until around fifteen, sixteen, you know, our thing was going to jail, fighting, running from the police and stealing.

We had little gangs. Little girl clubs that called themselves bad and used to run with us. But the whole thing is, what's amazing is, that you know, as I look back at it, the cats who had them pretty girlfriends, we thought they was a little square, little chumps, you know. Like, we just couldn't see this walking hand in hand see, "Ehh, look at that sucker." You know what I mean? They couldn't fight. In other words, us. And you know, we'd jump on them. Like, if we saw a cat with a pretty girl, he got jumped on. And maybe we'd say, "Hey, man, you know something? Take your woman too, if you don't like it." But it actually wasn't the woman, it was the idea that he was running around with a girl, holding hands, walking in the hallway and we were out there fighting. You know what I mean? He was going to the same school we going to, living in the same neighborhood. Why can't he help us fight?

Steadies? That took too much time. The neighborhood I lived in was basically white when we first started living there. And like I said, you couldn't cross from Broadway to Main or Main to Figueroa without fighting. So it was more of a thing like, we like, you know, you get caught walking with a girl, by yourself, and you know you got a killing coming. If the white boys catch you with a girl see, or if another club caught you with a girl by yourself, they, so you tend to stick with the fellas. [*He laughs warningly.*] You know what I mean? It was self-defense mostly.

Most of the girls were more, a little more feminine.

They stuck to the home-making classes, the little feminine things, and wanted to give little parties.

A girl named Pat Lacey gave a party once. She was like the prettiest girl in the whole neighborhood. And she . . . all her friends were very pretty you know. And like, her mother had one of these hoi-poloi homes way up in, when Broadway Village first opened up. They was paying nice money for their home, big old patio. And she had all kind of cakes, ice-cream, you know, we were youngsters. She had cakes. We were about fifteen or sixteen. She had cakes and ice-creams. All kind of stuff. Well, all the squares was inside the party you know, as we called them at the time. We was outside drinking wine. When we'd drunk enough wine, at which point we walked in, took the record player and throw it over the wall and we started fighting. We tore the whole lady's house up, completely. the patio wall fell down, matter of fact. And we was throwing bricks at the end of it. But that was our . . . that was our way . . . that was our thing.

See, we knew, if we went to a party in the wrong area, no matter how much you liked the girl, you had a stabbing, a bumper jacking coming or something like that. And the average girl, who you might like, might have a brother, that you know might come from another club. So the whole thing, when you went to a party, you didn't go with your girlfriend. You went in groups. And it was like I say "You watch my back, I'll watch yours, baby. O.K.?"

Girl's had their place but the thing I feel important, we didn't go to be with women. Like, we went to parties to do a little fighting. My group . . . ehh, everybody had little girlfriends but there wasn't as many pregnancies as are running around today. You know what I mean? You might be dancing with a girl that you might half-way dig and before it was over with, before you could even get to the sex part, her old man come up and you just ain't gonna take it from him, whatever it is, and you knocked him down and the fight started. You see, we didn't always go to fight . . . but it always was a fight.

In my neighborhood, coming up, it was a thing of self-protection. The fellas stuck together. See, in other words, I'm not gonna let Sam get jumped on by Henry cause Henry ain't from my neighborhood. And Henry's friends ain't gonna go for it neither. And we all go outside or

start right there in the house. No matter where it started at.

What I'm trying to say is, that sex had a part. We knew what sex was but we never had a chance to put it in practice much. Like I ain't gonna say we were sexless. But, like, if you got some, it was from one of the girls in the club or you know, like you was in your neighborhood and you didn't want the fellas to . . . the fellas might call you. You know, like it was always the thing where you needed them more than you needed that girl. Cause you walk your neighborhood by yourself . . . you was isolated . . . if you had to be by yourself . . . you had . . . you got it from them, the other club and the white boys too.

Now they had dudes running around with girls but they got the most whippings and they got random oaths. You see what I'm saying? Like, when I came home from school "Hey, man, come on, man." We played baseball and plot who we was going to knock in the head this time around and talk about "Hey, man, you see that sucker at school? I tell you something. I'm going to get him tomorrow. Yeah!"

Once we start gaining ground, once we start stretching our wings out, saying "This territory's ours," and started winning some battles, then we started looking at the sex end of it you know. "Hey, they've got prettier girls over at Slauson than they got out here. And we control that right now." or "Hey, somebody givin' a party." We didn't go to fight then, because we knew no club would jump on us. See my point? After we started gaining that ground, picking up momentum, more people; the banning together of dudes, our club was 300 or 400 strong at one time, then we could go in when we wanted too. Sex was the thing then. Partying . . . the back of cars and things . . . 'cause we, we could go TAKE what we wanted to, then. We didn't have to worry about our backs. Up until we got to that point it was the normal growing up thing; this self-protection thing. It was gaining the ground.

Like we couldn't go into the neighborhood which was between ours and Watts. We had to go fight 'em and beat 'em and fight 'em enough till they'd just join up. Watts came in and was gonna whip all of us. And eventually, we just moved right on through, you know. And we wound up, I'm gonna tell you, our little club, was the overall big

champions, the best fighters. Then girls started looking up.

See, when we first started fighting we had no special jackets . . . no nothing, you know. We had jackets, a pair blue jeans and a pair of combat boots. Until like, we started getting some pride in our thing, until we'd say "Hey, this is enough to get ourselves, buy some special jackets."; our jackets cost us twenty seven dollars in those days, it was a lot of money, everybody had a jacket. We used to wander around in our jackets. One of the girls see you they'd say "Ooooo, that's a Hun."

Our club started the jackets out here, the long ones. We used to have 'em long as you could get em. You know what I mean? Well, it was a jacket but long as you could . . . L O N G . . . dragging the ground . . . and, and, and we had this dude, a parole officer, who was our "meal ticket," like he got us our jackets, all that shit. He was a real square, always talking about "and all the boys aren't bad boys," and all that shit, you know. And we'd meet every night and he'd talk and we'd sit there and listen. Then we'd go out and get our war thing together; guns, knives, whatever. I can't remember his name, yeah.

I remember when we started the Huns. See there was a "little Willie" and a "little Walker." They were like president and vice president of the club. So Willie came to us Dartanians and he say, "Look man, our brothers ain't never gonna be nothing unless we get together. Both of us."

See. Now I was like War Chief of the Dartanians, you know, I was always the man to get a gun somewhere from somebody. I don't know, I just think that it was just my bag. I was about 15 when I first started off.

Anyway, so he say to me, "The only way we're going to get together is around violence, 'cause that's the only thing the brother understands, you know." He says, "I think there are about 25 of us but there are about 25 of you cats. If you join us there'll be 50 of us.

So, you know, he made a good argument for it, so when we joined the Huns there were about 50 of us. Yeah, I remember. There was Victor Mack, Scar Face, Big Makey.

Anyway, right off some dude wants to tackle the Sir Valiants, which is like the most powerful gang in Watts that there ever was. Like all their brothers had been the

Farmers, you know, and they had this brother club the Sir Valiant Hards. There must have been 400 of them. I just couldn't see 50 of us attacking them first. So I say "look, the Haciendas (a smaller brother gang) is the most vulnerable place, let's get them first." So we hit the Haciendas and then the Imperial Courts. So by then we were 400 strong. So this is how I sort of became the head War Chief.

So now I led them. Every time we'd hit a gang, we'd join 'em. See, what we would do, we'd whip em and, you know, like instead of putting a complete assassination thing on em we'd only killed three or four in the process, and they would join us, we'd get bigger and more powerful.

The Haciendas liked the Huns' jacket better, 'cause it had the Hun flying on a horse, a white horse, with a big sword in this ugly guy's hand, holding a man's head. So everybody liked that violent-looking thing, with the blood dripping, you know. So we all threw our jackets away and got Hun jackets. It was easiest to, you know like the color didn't matter, it was the emblem. The emblem only cost four dollars. So we just went out and got the four dollar emblem and had our old lady sew it on.

Those were the days when everybody lived in their little neighborhood, that's changed now, maybe it's the political thing, but, if you lived in, say, the Nickersons in Watts, and Watts—actually, everybody says Watts—like in the old days Watts wasn't a city as we know it today. There was the Nickerson Projects and if you lived there you didn't go to the Jordan Projects, which was right across the street almost. And if you lived in Haciendas you didn't go to Imperial Courts. Imperial Courts didn't go, say, to Watts Park, and like everyone lived in little, like little, sections.

Then, I'm gonna tell you, there was a peace period for a little while. Then somebody come up with the idea, "Let's start taking jackets when we fight." The club with the most jackets hung up on another was the Bad club. So, eventually, it became a pride thing. And then the girls say "Ooo you a Hun, huh?" I think the girls always looked at the fellas' side of it. They'd band together, but they weren't fighters. The girls who helped us fight were sisters and friends of sisters, close-knit to us. They'd put on a

pair of blue jeans and fight just as hard as we would. We looked upon them as dudes. They was feminine though.

Then, unfortunately, I became very popular, all over the city. Like, everywhere I went. Like, I got accused, one time, of shooting up Jeff. I wasn't even nowhere near Jeff that day. Across the road was the white boys. And we didn't consider them. They had the Spook Hunters. At the time we didn't want to fuck with them. Phew, they had some bad white boys then! The Spook Hunters were from everywhere, surrounding the black community. They had on the back of their jackets, they had, a white man standing on a nigger's head. We captured about 900 of their jackets, boy, but we fought for a long time with them.

We were growing all the time. What happened was that the Spartans and the Turbans which was between the Nickersons and the Downs joined automatically. By that time we had a thousand members all wearing the same colors. We controlled Watts, Compton and Southwest Los Angeles all the way to 96th Street. It was easy going. Then we had going a War Council and they wanted me as War Chief so I was War Lord of all the different groups. I'll tell you, in a year I put about 3,000 men on our banner. We hit 'em all. All except the Farmers; they were older dudes and they just cheered us on.

But the Slausons really got us tangled up. We fought and fought and fought but you see, ours was the violent thing. We conquered by violence, we had no ideology or nothing. The Slausons was an idea. They didn't wear no jackets. They just considered themselves Slausons and that was it. We'd wear jackets and Levis and combat boots because you can stomp a cat better with combat boots. And if you put some horseshoes on you can really put some shit on a cat and everyone carried a gun or a knife.

But the Slausons were sharp dressers and their old ladies were good-looking too. We were trying to kill an idea, jus' couldn't do it. Everybody was a Slauson. They had little Slausons, Baby Slausons, Slausons, and Slausonettes. They had about one thousand men. Everytime we'd knock one gang down, another'n come running behind it. We lost too many men that way. They used to call our school the Slaughter House. You know Fremont. So we called it off. Jus' tried to isolate them.

Well, so what was happening in South Gate, Inglewood,

Huntington Park ... all around us, was that the Spook Hunters were raising hell. They were catching brothers every way they could. They came from all over, Inglewood High, Leuzinger High, everywhere.

So I called a meeting and said "Look here, the Spook Hunters are raising hell and we got to put a stop to it." This was in about '59. So we took about twenty of their jackets at Centinela Park one night, but it was a little ol' fight. Little to us. We bumper-jacked a few up against the head, tore up a few cars, you know, the usual stuff. Well, the Spooks ran through Watts one night. Shot at everything they could. Shot at every brother they could. Yeah, well we said, okay, if that's the way it's gonna be.

You remember, the Lyons drag strip? Well they used to go out there every Friday night. We thought we would get them there. I called all the clubs together and we came out there from six different ways. And we took about three hundred jackets that night and there wasn't any more Spook Hunters. About six of them got it then.

Let's see, first fight I ever had was over a girl who wasn't my girlfriend. I grew up with two little girls, Dianne and Sandy, and we was like sisters and brothers. They were the first Black children I had in my neighborhood. I'll never forget that day. Sandy was around four or five. There was this white boy, out of Hawaii, we knew him. He was talking b a a a d about her. So I'm gonna tell you, I got pushed into this fight. I don't think I've ever fought over a girl. I've got jumped on behind a couple-a girls now but I didn't start it. I can never remember really, actually going into battle over "That's my woman, man. I'm gonna kill you.", 'cause, like, I just never thought that way. I cut my best friend eight times. Across the heart, across the appendix, in the stomach, in the back through the leg, underneath his groin and to the foot, put his shoe off. I was cutting up.

I remember now, I got in one fight when I was seventeen, behind a girl. By a girl named Bessie. I'll never forget that. That's what started that feud between me and, you know, what's that chump's name, what's that, told me, that dude told me "Don't kill me now. Kill me in the summertime." That's what started the whole thing, over Bessie. Bessie was as fine as the day is long. She was out of Mississippi. Actually, at the time, I wasn't even thinking

about Bessie anyway. She used to live down the block from me. So, one night coming home, I was feeling my little cheerios. I saw her walking. She was walking with her old man but he was walking a little ways up. I'm gonna think of his name yet. And he had about three cats with him but he had to cross one hundred and twentieth street, so, he was from a different club altogether. So, I ran down on Bessie and I told her "Come on let's go with me and we'll go over to Terry Fox's house and she says, "O.K." So, he come running up on me. And I slapped him in the mouth. "Where's my woman?" BOP! "Shutup, what you gonna do about it?" you know. So, that's when he finally gonna fix me. Never forget that. He got a little pipe that night and a couple days later, he come got me, gonna come get me. Put my dog on him though. Gonna kill him. He said "Don't kill me now. Kill me in the summertime." That was him, George Faehey. That's his name, George Faehey, yeah. He was from Honduras, somewhere, one of those islands. His mamma sent him back after, after Foots cut him one hundred times. Ever been stabbed one hundred times? Foots stabbed him one hundred times, exactly one hundred times.

Oh, and I went to jail behind, one time, shooting the Manchester up too. Yeah, I'm behind Gussy Mahler, I'll never forget that, Gussy and that girl. See, that's what I'm talking about, girls, see. Gussy is messin' with another man's woman. And comes sits by me. And he looking. He know they looking for him. So, he come sit by me ... you know. And I'm sitting there, I got my gun on me. And I was by myself then. I wasn't by myself actually, all the fellas was like ... you know ... but they had a movie, I was digging this movie. It was a, a, with Carmen Gutierez. I'll never forget that. With Peter Lorre and ... and ... Vincent Price, you know, I was hung up on these spooky pictures. And Gussy says, "What it is? What it is? Man, huh? I can't look." And I, I, sorta happened to look over and I see, and "Lookie here." I say, "Ooohh Lord, what kind of chumps, start taking off their jackets?" And I say "Man, Good God, how many dudes is this?" you know. And I know this old friend of mine who didn't like me over to Skinner you know, so, I had my eye on him. And Otis jumped over the chair, PSSSEUUCH! And it looked like we CHERRRUUUU! I said "Maaaaan". And just be-

fore that, I'm gonna tell you what Gussy did, though. I'll never forget. Gussy told me, "Man, I'm goin to get some popcorn. Be right back." and left me with the woman. When I got through she . . . I never forget, Otis told me, he say "Whatever you got man, you better use it." And I got to shooting. By the time I got to the Lobby there wasn't nobody in the show. There wasn't nothing left in the show. Lookie here, I went . . . I, I, didn't, didn't, I didn't get, I didn't go to jail for too long.

Otis, one day, I saw him on the street. I'll never forget that. He heading for a ride in a car with six of us "Come 'ere, come on man, come on for a ride." Otis ain't gonna never ride with nobody no more. We didn't kill him but he sure wish he was dead. "Remember you see me in jail behind jumping on me when I was . . . ?" "AAAHHH YOU, YEAH." Yeah, see, like I say, our whole, our whole system, I'm gonna tell you, my whole thing has been just keep advancing. You either fell by the wayside or you advanced.

The Brotherhood, we never really broke up, like, it was in transition. We went from riding bicycles and horses and walking the streets and gradually we got cars. Little old Chevies. That's when the girls really come in, with those cars. You could travel further then. You could travel faster. See, when you start getting cars. One cat might have a car and you stick nine people in it and down the street "SHHHHHH," you go. Know what I mean? It would be packed. I mean everybody, everybody'd be in the car. We call it caravaning.

We used to block traffic. Be forty, fifty, sixty cars of us. Two cars pull up and just block the traffic coming either way, just go on through! Folks was sitting there saying, "Look at them crazy fools." Good records come on? Don't let no good music come on the radio, 'cause everybody will stop their car, get out and dance, on the street, dance and dance till the record come off and split some more. And that's when that wine came into the picture. That bad 'Excello: white port and lemons. That's when them babies start popping up then. Whoever got the car, you got the action then.

By that time, we gave up the jackets. We'd come to the realization that jackets gave away who you were. We were still banning together for security though. So, you have fifty, sixty cats out of your neighborhood, all driving up to

Val Verde or something. You're not just going up there to fight. You take your women with you. And by the time you get there, you're really good and drunk. That's when you say "Hey, you're a girl huh? Emmmm." And you know, alcohol brings out sex urges. And sex urges brings upon sex.

But, you see, look, dudes weren't thinking about no marriage. Man, a girl got pregnant in those days, you know, like, it's not like today. Families would squabble. A lot of kids went to jail. Family would say, "Oooh, you got my woman. You going to jail boy, statutory rape, oooohh. You going to jail!" So, a lot of cats I know, I know got married. But, there were very few. Like if, you counted 'em up, overall, 'cause, like, it wasn't the thing. "Hey, man, all them women out there is ours. That's our women." And I don't know, one woman wasn't nothing then. I mean, just like, hey, all you'd have to do if you were well-known is drive up in . . . by school and throw the door open. Car freaks was numerous in them days. Cars were the thing, like today. But in my young . . . a lotta cats didn't have no cars, you know. You come up with a forty-nine Fleetline, dropped to the ground . . . on the ground, you know, dragging the ground . . . and leaning. Throw the door open and boy the girls just pile in "Wooo-oooh".

The cats who had cars were the thing. We might go buy . . . we bought each other cars . . . a forty-nine Fleetline for forty dollars; it was almost a wreck. Go across town. Steal somebody's car. Take all their parts off . . . put on yours . . . see, the exchange thing. And by the time we got through, it would be clean. It would be clean!

It's a thing where, most of the cats that come up in that day, if they ain't got a family right now, they ain't never gonna have one. If they're not married, they ain't never gonna get married. Right today, most of 'em aren't. They got . . . they live with women . . . sometime. I'm gonna tell you. How will I put it to you? If . . . you come up in those days . . . a lot of cats I know, man . . . I'm gonna tell you . . . just . . . I don't know. They had something taken out of them. My school used to be called "Slaughter House," you know. They got the name honestly, slaughter house. There was a killing once a week, Fremont High. I saw a lot of killings, a lot of friends go to jail. I can name . . .

out of all the friends I had ... very few of them around today. A lot of b a a d dudes I know in them young days ... ain't here no more.

The cats I come up with had the hard fight. We had a lot of killings, fightings. We were always in the papers for murdering people. But, it wasn't a thing of murder for profit. Los Angeles, was predominantly white then. Predominantly black now. Last fifteen years, changed hands. But when I come here, boy, no changing hands.

Most of the girls, now, are twenty-eight, twenty-nine, they got families. Most of the girls got married. All the girls started growing up and looking back, "Oh, you're a hoodlum. I remember you. Nooo." From admiring ... when they got a little older, "Ooooo, Noooo ... my mamma ... No Lord ... Uh uh. You had me ... you the one was shooting that stuff that night at that party. You act ignorant when you drink that wine," you know, boop!

I got married. I think. I'm never sure of that. I'm still not sure of that. I know I got hi-jacked by her three brothers and two uncles. Put in a car and a Mexican said a whole bunch of words over us and made us say, "Say I do." And I said, "I do." and thirty-one days later, it was all over ... I got shot out of the store. That's the truth! Noooo ... I don't think ... I know I ... I tell you I know I never got married. And my grandmother was sneaky mouthing. I was half way out the bathroom window, when she said, "OH YEAH, he's here." I had eased my clothes on, an' got out of the tub. Let the water out, put on my clothes, getting ready to go fight. I put my gun in my thing. Getting ready to go to the Manchester Theater to do me some damage.

I think robbery came along after we got about nineteen or twenty ... NO JOBS ... armed robbery. Before it was strongarm robbery. Four or five dollars ... we always had ... we always had money in our pockets ... and we shared ... did us. You want to keep that front up. You been ... had a car all along. You been slick all along. You want to keep that front up. So, looking at things to do. Some cats ain't got no education. They ain't slick talkers. They say, "I know one thing I can do. Get me a pistol." That's where it comes from ... impress the women. You been stripped of everything else. You been stripped of everything.

Take me. I was one of the leaders of the thing. I've always had a little smarts. But, take the cat who's been a soldier, as long as the gang was alive, he was a soldier, he was needed. I was a small one. I wasn't as dangerous as he was but I could think. I needed him. He was six feet tall, weighed two hundred pounds, he could pounce anybody. He was ignorant. Once people like me left him, went on to better and bigger things, he had nothing going for him. He went to the wine bottle. Went to marijuana. It was an environmental thing, what causes all this. You pick the most comfortable group you can afford to be with. And you can't get along with, with, with, with, normal people. And you got a bunch of friends who are dope fiends. And you get along good with them. They don't force you ... or, or, or, or they say, "Hey?" You you want to be with them so you say, "Hey, man, gimme some." And you're right there with them then. And you're comfortable, then, cause then, you know, you can always identify with dope fiends. It's an identification thing.

In the joint, they become the same thing they was in the gang, a soldier. The smart guy in the penitentary uses the soldier. That's why they stay there so long. I been there too. I know cats, I'm gonna tell you, who left one day, and two weeks later "Hey, what it is, blood? I sure had a good time out there. I sure missed you cats too, man" ... "What's this fool doin back here so fast?" ... "What happened, man?" ... "Went there and stuck a pistol in somebody's face, man!"

That identification thing.

With me, the way I was growing up, I started identifying with cats who were smart, who could plan things and get away with it.

The dudes below me, they just kept on going in that low-rider bag. Picked up pistols and things. I tried it one time. I got shot out of the store. Yeah, I got blown all the way out of the store ... right through the window. First robbery, last robbery. Uh, Uh, I'd kill somebody tried to put a pistol in my hand.

And I tell you, I needed money. First and last time I did anything foolish behind a woman. Right? First and last time. I wasn't even in love ... had a baby coming ... thought I was in love. And I NEEDED MONEY. I needed some money. So, she told me to go get an apart-

ment. I said, "O.K., here I go," like a fool. I sat down. "How can I get this money? Hah, go rob somebody." Left there at nine o'clock in the morning. Ten thirty I was in the hospital. Just that quick.

I went around and robbed the wrong man. He probably didn't have no money either. And he knew me at that. How stupid that was. Kee-Kee Carl Keys, I'll never forget Carl Keys. I knew Carl Keys as well as . . . I grew up in the neighborhood with him. Robbing Carl Keys, shot me right out of the store. That was the last time anybody got that close.

I used to run with the Magnificent Seven. Seven pimps out of Chicago. I was one of the New Breed. I had two Continentals, I'm gonna tell you and a few women, at one time. Oh yeah, all of us did it. Joe Busch, Herman Right, all the cats who I grew up with. See it was a transitional thing. While they were watching all their partners going in for armed robbery and things, they knew, they had a gift for gab. They tried it on everybody. And they found out one thing. "Mommyism" still exists.

They found out if they talked slick enough a girl would pay 'em. The county wasn't doing too well at the time, the county checks. And like, everything was wide open. So, everybody had him some women . . . two or three . . . who were out there doin' something for them. That was the slick thing. Continentals, Cadillacs, competition, they wanted their old man to have the best. He's sitting around talking about how slick his women are.

Economics!

Our race has been built on that "mommyism thing" for centuries now, centuries; since they brought us to America. If you know blacks now . . . ask 'em what their wives do. See, first thing, when they brought us to America, they told us . . . told the black man . . . stuck the white woman way up on a pedestal and said, "Hey, see that? Don't touch." See my point? And like, he worked . . . only thing he got was sorghum and corn bread. But them pretty women used to come up with a hambone or something now and then. And he started noticing that, "Emm, that woman get more than I do. Why?" And he figured it out sooner or later and he started exploiting it.

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT, I'm gonna tell you, has created ghettos . . . not the people!!

The Federal Government created the ghetto, welfare checks . . . a dude can't . . . a dude has no responsibilities. Then he know the first and the sixteenth money gonna come and food stamps gonna come. Maybe he's gonna let her use the least amount possible and take the rest and split. And he might have two or three women like that.

The whole black system . . . the whole system . . . is pimping. It's more than petty capitalism. It's capitalism in its truest form . . . raw capitalism . . . a pound of flesh.

Yeah, ask some of those women, getting out of buses every morning, where are they going, "To work." "What's your old man doing?" "Ohh, he working . . . but he been laid off." Black women can go get a job faster than a black man. And if she can't get a job, well, then have more babies.

I know, people look at me sometime, and say, "Where you goin' man? You just don't know where you're goin'." I know where I'm goin'. You've got to go with the tide. The overall plan.

I'm looking to . . . how will I put it? . . . to be a black Ralph Nader, but not for everybody. I'm not going to be a consumer advocate . . . I'm advocating one thing.

by ROBERT NIEMANN with DONALD FREED
Taped commentary by LOUIS TACKWOOD

PART III

In August of 1965, the Watts' riots took place, and I was told by an officer named Edward Watkins that he was going over to training division to train a special squad of undercover agents. He recommended me to Intelligence, who was just starting up at the time in political activities . . . I worked for about eight months and nothing happened, actually. I was contacted by (Sgt.) Larry Brown and told that there was an opening for me in the C.C.S., and if I would talk to them they'd give me $100, just to talk. Met (Sgt.) Dan Mahoney and (Lt.) Robert Keel, and at the time they stated they were an organization for the sole purpose of creating a conspiracy against militants and people in militant-type organizations.

I will tell you something about the staff of C.C.S. Lt. Robert Keel, a prejudiced-type redneck, runs his ship like a well-trained Army thing. Beasley, the only brother in the C.C.S.; he is vicious and vindictive, a regular maniac. Another one is Dan Mahoney . . . Mahoney is a radical mad dog . . . Should be locked in a padded cell. He gets pleasure out of calling militants up in the middle of the night and harassing them, pretending he's from a right-wing organization.

I stated I would work for them. My first assignment with C.C.S. was as liaison between C.C.S. and Ron Karenga's organization US. My second assignment was to watch and help create conspiracies on Panthers.

Violence has always been a fact of life for black people in this country. There is the violence of hunger, separation and disease. Then there is the violence which comes from the conscious actions of individuals. Black people have al-

ways been the victims of both kinds of violence, but the level of the latter, more direct form of violence has sharply intensified over the last few years. The responsibility for this violence lies overwhelmingly with one source: the police. Or rather the violence is perpetrated not through the isolated actions of individuals, but by the organized force of the State, the police being merely the instrument of violence for the State.

To understand the reason behind the escalation of police violence against blacks, one must understand the change in direction the movement for black liberation took in the middle Sixties. Before that time, the movement had been nonviolent in tactics, and its goal had been, essentially, one of assimilation into the mainstream of middle class American life. When the Harlem ghetto exploded in the summer of 1964, and Watts erupted in August of 1965, a new consciousness began to emerge based on the recognition that integrating a few token blacks into white middle class neighborhoods was not solving the problems of the great masses in the urban ghettoes. The real problem was one of power and not the integration of schools and hamburger stands. Blacks felt they had to organize themselves within their own communities to seize control of the institutions which had been oppressing them, not only the police and the various other organs of government, but also the economic institutions, the corporations and businesses which are the real source of power in our society.

This demand for "community control" of the institutions within the black community, which represented a militant advance over the integrationist demands of the earlier civil rights movement, was to lead to the development of a movement which would eventually demand an end to the capitalist system itself which was seen by the radicals as responsible for the exploitation of the majority of the people of all communities.

With this new consciousness also came the determination that blacks would no longer submit passively to the daily harassment, intimidation, and brutalization they suffered at the hands of the organ of oppression closest to their daily lives: the police. They would defend themselves.

There are witnesses of violence:

"My name is Michael Hannon, I'm an attorney in Hollywood and have been since 1966. Prior to that time, for eight years, I was a uniformed officer with the Los Angeles Police Department. Four years of those eight were spent at the Newton Street Division, which is the heart of the black ghetto of Los Angeles. I went to Newton in 1960 because I was really an eager beaver and wanted to be where there was a lot of action and excitement, and Newton was supposed to be one of the rougher, tougher areas. One of the first things I noticed, however, was that the racism which was very obvious all over the Police Department was particularly obvious in Newton Street Division. The police were very open about making jokes, like, L.S./M.F.T., which was a Lucky Strike commercial slogan; the police version was, 'Let's shoot a motherfucker tonight,' the profanity referring to black people, of course.

"Also, I soon learned that the general attitude of police officers at Newton was that they were an occupying army from the civilized society of good, white taxpaying citizens down there keeping all those 'animals' corralled and quiet. Since the average policeman perceives the black man as something less than a citizen, then pretty much everything he does to these people is justified.

"I remember very strongly one day riding as a passenger in a police car and the driver pulled up alongside an island in the middle of the street and there was a black gentleman in a suit and tie standing there and he said, 'Good afternoon, Officer,' and the guy driving the police car said, 'Hi, nigger.' That kind of attitude is fairly common.

"Also, of course, the police are more open about using violence in the ghetto, although they're not always particularly reluctant to use violence in the general community. For instance, I remember being at the scene of a family dispute on Central Avenue one night where there were a lot of police around quieting it down, and a crowd started to gather and they were immediately ordered to move on and to get away from there. And one man had the temerity to say to a Sergeant, 'Hey, I'm not doing anything, this is a public street and I'm just standing here.' And I remember the Sergeant hit him in the stomach and then

about four Officers pounded on the man for about five minutes and he was subsequently booked for interfering with an investigation and assaulting a Police Officer. That kind of thing is very common."

The most viable organized force within the black community to emerge from this new consciousness was the Black Panther Party. Formed in Oakland, California, in the fall of 1966 by Huey P. Newton and Bobby Seale, the Party first emphasized self-defense. A system of patrol cars was established to trail police through the Oakland ghetto. Armed both with guns and with lawbooks, the Panther patrols ensured that when blacks were stopped by the police, their constitutional rights were protected. However, in the carrying of arms, the Panthers always saw to it that gun laws were scrupulously obeyed.

As the Party attracted support, it began to expand its activities to include other programs to satisfy needs which were not being met under the existing capitalist system. Free Breakfasts for Children, Free Medical Clinics and Liberation Schools were intended to give people an alternative vision as to how problems could be solved on the basis of need rather than for private profit. Although these programs could not ultimately solve the problems faced by people under the existing system, the Panthers' aim was to build a base for revolution.

The Party became a national organization and continued to grow; demagogic attacks from politicians, from the President of the United States on down also grew. However, while politicians launched verbal assaults against the Panthers for their alleged violence, the police throughout the nation initiated a wave of actual violence against the Panthers, the vehemence of which has not been seen in this country since the police attacks on labor at the turn of the century. Here is a partial list of the incidents—excluding the famous shootings of Huey P. Newton and Fred Hampton—of police violence against the Panthers covering the years 1968 and 1969 alone. The sad inventory is from Donald Freed's *Agony in New Haven*:

1968

January 16	San Francisco Police, without warrant, raid the home of Eldridge Cleaver. No arrests are made.
February 25	Bobby and Artie Seale are arrested in their home by Oakland Police without warrant. Charges of "conspiracy to murder" made against Bobby Seale are dropped. A year later the arrests for "conspiracy to riot" are ruled illegal and dropped on January 29, 1969. Four other Panthers arrested near the Seale home on the same pretext are released. Charges against two are dropped. The other two had been killed by that time.
April 6	Cleaver, David Hilliard and six others are charged with the "attempted murder" of two Oakland policemen. Charges are dropped by the District Attorney. Bobby Hutton is shot and killed by police after surrendering in an alleged "shoot-out."
September 12-13	Denver Police arrest seven juveniles as "delinquent" and three Panthers as "contributing." Panthers are all released for lack of any testimony against them.
September 12-13	Denver Police arrest one Panther and kill another for alleged sniping. No one else was injured.
September	Colorado chairman of the Black Panther Party is arrested for arson. No evidence is offered for the charge and it is finally dismissed.
November 19	Eight Panthers are arrested on charges of shooting at police. Charges are dropped against seven. One is charged with the robbery of a service station in San Francisco.
December 28	Panther Headquarters in Jersey City is firebombed by "two white men wearing police-style uniforms."

April 2 — Twenty-one persons identified by police as Panthers are arrested in New York for conspiracy to blow up the Botanical Gardens, department stores, etc. No overt act is charged. No one had any recent or serious police record. Bail was set at over two million dollars. In 1971 they are all acquitted.

April 28 — San Francisco Police, using tear gas, raid Black Panther Party headquarters and arrest sixteen. Twelve are released with no charges filed. Four are finally charged with "illegal use of sound equipment."

May 1 — Los Angeles Police raid Los Angeles Black Panther Party headquarters, seize weapons and arrest eleven. All eleven released with no charges filed.

June 3 — F.B.I. in Chicago raid Black Panther Party headquarters and arrest eight present for "harboring a fugitive." No fugitive is found. Police confiscate money, membership lists, literature. All eight are released with no charges filed. Confiscated material is not returned. Chicago Police had cordoned off area in advance.

June 4 — Denver Police raid Black Panther Party headquarters and arrest three, charging office worker Anita Hartman with possession of stolen goods. All three released; Hartman indictment dropped.

June 5 — Denver Police raid Black Panther Party headquarters and arrest ten. Two are held on federal warrants charging flight to avoid New Haven prosecution. Eight released with no charges filed.

June 5 — Black Panther Party lieutenant in Santa Ana is arrested by police, charged with shooting an officer and held for a month. Charge dropped July 6, 1969.

June 6 — Sacramento Police using tear gas raid Black Panther Party headquarters "in search of an alleged sniper." No sniper found. Headquarters wrecked. Mayor condemns wanton destruction of food, office equipment, etc.

July 31 — Police raid Black Panther Party headquarters in Chicago. Headquarters is totally destroyed. Three wounded Panthers are arrested for "attempted murder, aggravated assault, resisting arrest" during the raid.

September 4 — San Diego Police raid Black Panther Party headquarters "in search of murder suspect" who is not found. Seize weapons and ammunition.

September 20 — Black Panther member Walter Toure Pope is killed by two Los Angeles policemen who claim he had fired on them.

December 3 — David Hilliard, only Panther leader alive and free, arrested for threatening the life of President Nixon, when Hilliard said (in the course of a public speech), "We will kill Richard Nixon —we will kill any motherfucker that stands in the way of our freedom."

It was thus clear that a concerted national effort was underway to destroy the Black Panther Party. By developing a program which struck at the heart of the capitalistic system, the Panthers had become a greater threat than any previous organization of blacks. To meet this threat, the system had to escalate its response. The police became the chief instrument of execution. In December of 1969, two more police raids occurred which represented the culmination of the national conspiracy to destroy the Black Panther Party.

Of all the police attacks on the Panthers, the one which has created the most controversy occurred in Chicago on December 4, 1969. Before dawn on that day, fourteen

State's Attorney's police armed with shotguns, revolvers, and a submachine gun went to a Panther apartment on the West Side with a search warrant for illegal weapons. Other special police were hitting other Panther offices and homes. By the time the police had blasted their way into the apartment, two Panthers, Illinois Chairman Fred Hampton and Mark Clark, were dead from police bullets; Hampton being shot while asleep in bed. Four other Panthers were wounded. Police injuries were: one policeman cut by flying glass, and one shot in the leg by another officer.

After the raid, the police claimed they had knocked on the door and were met by gunfire from inside. The Panthers claimed the police had blasted in unannounced on a "search and destroy" mission.

In response to the public outcry over the raid, State's Attorney Edward V. Hanrahan, a political protégé of Chicago Mayor Richard J. Daley, released an official version of the raid, which, among other things, included a photograph allegedly showing bullet holes in the front door from Panther gunfire. The day after the release of the report, it was discovered that the "bullet holes" were actually nail heads.

Seven Panthers were subsequently indicted for attempted murder in connection with the raid. A coroner's jury returned verdicts of justifiable homicide in the deaths of Hampton and Clark, and a Chicago Police Department investigation ruled that there was no misconduct on the part of police officers involved in the raid.

However, on May 8, 1970, the indictments against the Panthers were dropped. On May 15, a federal grand jury released a report highly critical of official conduct in the raid, concluding that the raid "was not professionally planned or properly executed and the result of the raid was two deaths, four injuries, and seven improper charges." The grand jury found that police had fired 82 to 99 shots while the Panthers had fired once, and the one Panther bullet was not fired through the front door. The report also suggested that there was "purposeful malfeasance" in covering up the facts of the raids. However, no indictments were handed down against police or State's Attorneys.

Further public pressure resulted in the convening of a special county grand jury in June, 1970, to investigate the incident. Spearheaded by Barnabas F. Sears, a distinguished Chicago attorney, the grand jury was about to release indictments when Chief Criminal Court Judge Joseph A. Power attempted to suppress the indictments. Finally, in August, 1971, the State Supreme Court ordered that the indictments be released. The indictments charged fourteen officials with conspiring to obstruct justice in the Panther affair. Included in the indictments were Hanrahan, an assistant State's Attorney, and twelve police officers. The defendants were charged with conspiracy to destroy, alter, conceal, and disguise evidence. Several were charged with lying before a coroner's hearing and the grand jury. Hanrahan was accused of giving "false and misleading" information to the press. After the indictments were released, an influential Chicago Democratic politician remarked, "Hanrahan is dead politically. We'll probably have to make him a judge." However, this judgment has proved to be premature. Hanrahan not only resisted pressure to resign from his post as State's Attorney, but was renominated without the help of the Daley machine. Then the unheard of happened: the Chicago black wards—the spine of the Daley political organism split their tickets; voting in a liberal governor and voting out Hanrahan!

After the startling defeat, the Independent Commission of Inquiry into the Black Panthers and Law Enforcement—headed by former Attorney General Ramsey Clark and NAACP Director Roy Wilkins—made the findings public:

> The indication is that the raid, contrary to the stated objectives (to obtain Panther weapons) was conceived and planned as a search and destroy mission aimed at the leaders of the Illinois Chapter of the Black Panther Party ... [Hampton] was shot from the doorway to his bedroom as he lay drugged and defenseless in bed ...

"I know for a fact that the number one witness for the State on the L.A. Panther trial has been a member of my form of occupation for years, before I was. He helped create the conspiracy that got them all convicted in Los Angeles. In other words, he was paid specifically to be-

come a member and he was paid specifically to create incidences where they would have criminal conspiracies on these people.

Now this Cotton Smith, his name is Melvin Smith, was the number three man in the Panthers in Los Angeles, is the same thing as I am, from way back. I'll tell you, Melvin Cotton, before he was anything (little old half-wit), he had a coke habit, freak, and he fucked around there with those little girls, and somebody gave him up. He started sales of narcotics for them. And so they hooked this thing up with C.C.S., and Cotton knew the same things that I did, he was there first. And that's all. So they put Cotton in there, gave him carte blanche. Cotton was working for Intelligence. Actually, C.C.S. didn't get hold of Cotton until two months before the big blowout over there. The Panthers had a stash of guns in Compton which they were moving down to L.A. Before that they had a big meeting; see where I'm coming from? Cotton helped instigate the idea: 'Let's shoot 'em out, baby!'

Now, every big Panther was supposed to be there, including 'G' [Elmer Pratt known as 'Geronimo']. Now what they were going to do—'Kill 'em all, kill as many as we can and the rest of them dead anyway.' But it didn't work like that. It took them just a little longer than they thought it would.

Just after 3 a.m. on December 8, 1969, a Los Angeles Police Department assault force started assembling outside the Black Panther Party headquarters. The members of the assault force were armed with AR-15 automatic rifles (the civilian equivalent of the M-16 used in Vietnam) and were wearing bullet-proof military-type flak vests. This was the all-white S.W.A.T. Squad (Special Weapons and Tactics). Police with sniper rifles were positioned in buildings surrounding the headquarters. A tank-like National Guard, armored, personnel carrier was waiting nearby, in case it was needed. Forty police were to participate in the original assault on the building, and over a hundred more were to take up positions outside. It was 5:30 a.m. and the black community was still asleep. There were no press or media on the scene. There were to be no witnesses.

The attack began when four officers smashed through

the front door of the headquarters with a battering ram. There was no one in the front room as they entered. At this point police and Panther versions of the story start to differ. The police say the Panthers shot first; the Panthers say the police shot first. What is clear is that the Panthers chose to defend themselves and a "shootout" ensued. Only four days earlier Fred Hampton and Mark Clark had been shot to death by the Chicago police; the Los Angeles Panthers were determined that this would not happen to them. In the fusillade of bullets inside the headquarter's door, three police fell wounded. Other police charged in and dragged the wounded men back outside. The standoff had begun.

During the four-hour seige which followed, police fired tear gas into the building and attempted to blow holes in the roof with dynamite charges, in addition to raking the building with gunfire. Helicopters surveyed the scene from the air to insure that no Panther reinforcements reached the headquarters from the outside.

It was 9:45 a.m. before a white flag appeared in one of the windows indicating the surrender of the Panthers inside. However, by this time the black community was awake. The press, kept over two blocks away while the fire-fight was in progress, were allowed on the scene after the surrender was made. Although six Panthers were wounded, miraculously, none were killed.

When the surrender finally came, thirteen persons, three women and ten men, some still half-dressed, emerged from the building one at a time and were arrested. Among those arrested was Melvin "Cotton" Smith, a 42-year-old ex-convict who was to play a critical role as the case moved into trial almost two years later.

I tell you, Cotton and I . . . there was a long table. I was sitting next to Cotton, and Cotton with a pair of scissors, and cardboard. We're at C.C.S. They got pictures. Cotton's cutting up cardboard and make this building, and he's putting little dolls with names on them, and he said, "Yeah, I'm not scared." But they used him pretty bad, they had no more use for him. They were getting ready to destroy the Panthers. They would not be a functional organization when they got through with them.

After considerable delay for legal maneuvering, the trial for ten men and three women began in July, 1971.

During the trial there was a "surprise" development. Melvin "Cotton" Smith turned up as star witness for the prosecution. According to Deputy District Attorney Ronald H. Carroll, Smith had turned State's evidence to escape prosecution. The credibility of witnesses who testify under such circumstances is always suspect, since they have the incentive of wanting to please the state in order to obtain release, and thus tend to exaggerate and even invent testimony to accomplish this. However, the revelations of Louis Tackwood cast even further doubt on Smith's credibility, particularly the credibility of his "last minute switch" to the prosecution side; they also expose the full story of the machinations which went on within the Glass House as the raids were planned.

On November 22, 1971, Tackwood testified under oath in the trial of the Los Angeles Panther 13. His testimony had been preceded by that of C.C.S. Sgt. R. G. Farwell, who testified that he had first met Tackwood in early 1970 and had used him as an informer in work against the Panthers. However, Tackwood claimed that he had started working for Farwell in the fall of 1969, before the December 8 raid, and had been told by Farwell that Cotton Smith, who was a police informer inside the Black Panther Party, was to be Tackwood's contact. Since Smith's testimony was crucial to the State's case, Tackwood's exposure of Smith's real role was a devastating blow to the prosecution.

"PANTHER VICTORY," the *Los Angeles Times* headlined. After eleven days of deliberations, the jury returned its verdicts. It found nine defendants guilty of conspiracy to possess illegal weapons, a minor technical charge. The jury either returned acquittals or failed to reach a verdict on all charges of conspiracy to commit murder and conspiracy to commit assault on a police officer.

In order for the armed police assault on the Panther headquarters to have been justified, the police contention that the Panthers had fired on them first would have had to have been true, in which case at least some of the Panther defendants would have been guilty of conspiracy to commit murder and assault charges. The failure of the jury to return guilty verdicts on these major charges represented a total repudiation of the C.C.S. "conspiracy" that had led to the raids on December 8.

My first assignment with C.C.S. was when I was liaison between C.C.S. and Ron Karenga's organization US. I contacted Ron Karenga and gave him orders to the effect that was given to me, that he was to curtail the Panther Party's growth, no matter what it cost, and that no 'rangatang'—that's what we called those people—will ever be convicted of murder.

This is from the horse's mouth—by one man, his name is Eddie Watkins. We were rapping about the war that was going on between the Panthers and US. Watkins said we'd better stop giving that Karenga—that mad dog—orders to kill off Panthers or we're going to have a blood bath on our hands in Los Angeles. Now Brown says, 'Let the niggers kill each other off, we're going to sit there and kill the rest of them. That's the best way to do it.' 'Okay,' Watkins says. 'Yeah, man, but it's costing us too much money.' Okay, that was the money part of it.

During the same period of rising police violence against blacks, the increasing militance in the community was creating political divisions which were leading to violent clashes between blacks.

The two major political positions to emerge were "revolutionary nationalism," the leading exponent of which was the Black Panther Party, and "cultural nationalism" expounded by the organization US (United Slaves) lead by Ron Karenga. The revolutionary nationalists saw that the source of their oppression was in the prevailing political and economic system. They were socialists and were willing to make alliances with radical whites in working for a radical transformation of society. On the other hand, the cultural nationalists saw black liberation solely as a struggle of black against white. They stressed traditional African culture rather than a specific political program and, as was the case with Karenga, were often militantly anticommunist. Cultural nationalism was thus finally reactionary and entirely consistent with the program of "black capitalism" put forward by Nixon and other establishment

politicians which would allow the admission of a few blacks into the ruling circles of American society without changing the nature of the oppression faced by the great masses of black people.

The growing antagonisms between these two positions reached a crisis point in the struggle for leadership of the black student movement at U.C.L.A. The issue which served as the catalyst in the fight was the choice of a director for the newly created campus Afro-American Studies Center.

A coalition of black community groups was created by the Black Students Union on campus to aid in the choice of the director. Ron Karenga of US, who was not a U.C.L.A. student, managed initially to get the coalition to accept a nominee whom he supported for the post, and he urged that an ultimatum be served on the U.C.L.A. administration to have this nominee appointed. However, the Black Panther faction, led by John Huggins and Alprentice (Bunchy) Carter, who were U.C.L.A. students and were widely respected on campus, succeeded in rallying students to hold back on the choice and try to look for other potential nominees.

On January 17, 1969, a particularly bitter and stormy meeting on this question was held in U.C.L.A.'s Campbell Hall. As the meeting was breaking up, shooting broke out, and John Huggins and Bunchy Carter were killed.

Subsequently, the Los Angeles County Grand Jury indicted five US members for murder and conspiracy in the killings. Ron Karenga was not present when the killings occurred and was not indicted. Three of the five were ultimately apprehended, convicted of second degree murder, and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Tackwood claims that Karenga was given money, guns, narcotics and encouragement from the police in his war with the Panthers. This is not inconsistent with Karenga's known record of opportunism in dealing with the "white power structure" he professed to despise. According to the *Wall Street Journal*, "A few weeks after the assassination of Martin Luther King . . . Mr. Karenga slipped into Sacramento for a private chat with Governor Reagan, at the governor's request. The black nationalist also met clandestinely with Los Angeles Police Chief Thomas Reddin after Mr. King was killed."

Since the exposure of US's role in the murder of Carter and Huggins, Karenga's influence in the black community has waned. His usefulness to the police has thus declined. He was recently arrested and charged with the torture of two black women whom he claimed were trying to poison him. He was subsequently convicted and sentenced to 1 to 10 years in prison.

While public attention was focused on the growth of the Black movement in the ghettos and on the campuses, a similar movement was growing in the prisons. These three movements were to be brought together in the persons of Jonathan Jackson, Angela Davis, and George Jackson. The testimony of Louis Tackwood sets the stage.

I had been transferred from Intelligence to C.C.S. But in the process we found out a few things about a Northern California type conspiracy thing. At the time Angela Davis wasn't even being thought about. What they were worried about was that information was coming down from the North that the blacks and whites and Chicanos were getting together and combining into one faction. At the time Angela Davis was doing a lot of speaking all over the campuses. Some of the people she knew were involved in this combining of the groups. So I was asked to go North and check it out. But in the process we found that Angela Davis was heavily involved in the Soledad Defense case. So they started tailing her because they knew before she was going North that she was going. At the same time they had been getting wind . . . down here and some up there that there was going to be some kind of breakout. So it was coincidental that the first person Angela Davis visited up North was one of the main characters in the little old plot. She's not involved but they were. When she got there the planning had already been formulated.

The main person in the plot was Cotton Smith. Cotton being the number one gun expert and all those things, and had already shipped guns up there, and he was the liaison man between the North, Santa Cruz, and here. So the police knew who was there, when they were there, and how. So the police had a very wide picture of what was going on.

The way it went down was not the way it was supposed to happen. The way they were going to do it, if you notice the way Marin County is set up, the Chief of Police, the

Mayor, all of them are in the same building. Well, nine men could run in there, go into the building right quick and just take over. But that morning, some of the members went to San Rafael, and they seen that there was too many police that morning, so they split, leaving Jonathan Jackson out there sitting by hisself, and you can imagine what went through his mind. He walks up there with the guns not knowing the rest of them had gone, and the shit hit the fan.

Angela all this time is in San Jose. So like, when she hears the news over the radio, she splits. She leaves San Francisco and comes back to Los Angeles, and from there she splits. Now the police is right there on her all the time. But by the time she gets to Los Angeles, the APB's [all points bulletin] out for her, so she splits.

The events that lead up to the triple tragedies in California of the Jackson brothers, George and Jonathan, and of Angela Davis, unwind as if from some infernal machine. No Greek tragedy could be more inexorable. The "argument" of the bloody legend is facts about American prisons:

1961

March 1-8 — Folsom: Black Muslims crack segregated dining facilities. Guards injure ten in breaking up riot. Twenty-four Blacks including eleven Muslims shipped to Soledad Adjustment Center. Warden Heinze says, "It isn't just the Muslims anymore . . . The other colored boys have joined up and this thing is getting out of hand."

1962

January 30 — San Quentin: Eighty prisoners in Adjustment Center riot for four hours. Warden gives no explanation. $1,000 worth of damage.

February 25 — San Quentin: Second uprising in a month in the Adjustment Center. Guards fire tear gas. Still no explanation.

1963

July 9-10 — Soledad: 1,500 prisoners start food strike—nine of eleven cell blocks refuse Associate Warden Parks' offer of eating in mess hall. No report on prison demands.

1964

October 26-31 — Soledad: Rioting leaves one prisoner dead and sixteen injured. Twenty-nine prisoners sent to other prisons to "break up a number of pressure groups," according to prison officials.

1965

November 10 — Soledad: Prisoners working in clothing factory strike in protest against pay scale—30 cents/day.

1966

June 23 — Soledad: Robert Jordan, Black Muslim, files legal papers on behalf of all prisoners charging that the "strip cells" were cruel and unusual punishment. Jordan says he was put naked into a cell covered with human feces, with no bed and no light. Federal Judge Harris orders an investigation.

August 11 — Soledad: Prisoners in disciplinary wing riot after federal court opens investigation of prison conditions.

August 12 — Soledad: 19-year-old prisoner hangs himself in strip cell.

September 7 — Soledad: Judge Harris orders strip cells closed or improved to meet humane standards.

1967

January 12-24 — San Quentin: Incident involving black kitchen worker being sent to hole expands when nine more blacks are fired from kitchen crew, and thirty-one more mess hall workers walk out in

protest. At this time Muslims call a strike for all black workers—900 blacks go on strike. Days of rioting follow, resulting in fifteen prisoners being wounded by guards' gunfire. January 19, Warden orders general lockup of all prisoners.

February 1 — San Quentin: *San Francisco Chronicle* admits rioting was not a race war as officials claimed. "The mass of convicts both black and white were seething with grievances that crossed race lines." Three hundred prisoners put in disciplinary wing.

March 8 — Soledad: U.S. Court of Appeals rules that inmate has no right to sue state over violation of his civil rights against "cruel and unusual punishment" in the strip cell.

March 22-24 — Soledad: 1,000 prisoners go on strike in response to Court of Appeals decision. Prison officials say strike is over "food and recreational controls." Strike continues despite threats that disciplinary hearings and loss of privileges will follow. Strike ends when Warden threatens to prevent Easter visits by prisoners' family and friends.

1968

February 16 — San Quentin: 500 prisoners begin work strike protesting new sentencing standards adopted by the Adult Authority, the existence of ex-cops on the Adult Authority, and the lack of legal rights when facing the Adult Authority, plus other demands. Six hundred "hippies" gather at gates to show support. The "Outlaw," an underground newspaper inside the prison, was blamed for the strike. Nine prisoners suspected of putting it out were transferred to Folsom where they organized

a sympathy strike involving 1,600 prisoners beginning February 21.

1969

May 18 — Soledad: Seven hundred prisoners stage a brief strike to protest the indeterminate sentence.

August 4 — San Quentin: Unity Day. Two thousand prisoners stage weekend-long protest coordinated with demonstrations outside the gates to protest parole and sentencing policies of the Adult Authority.

October 2 — San Quentin: A group called "Panther Power to the Vanguard" leads a hunger strike involving 65 blacks of the 88 prisoners in the Adjustment Center. Their demands include a black Warden, a black Parole Board, fund drives for the Black Panther Party, and the release of all blacks from the disciplinary unit. Their strike continues for almost a week.

1970

January 13 — Soledad: Three black political prisoners shot by guards.

January 16 — Soledad: White guard killed. George Jackson, Fleeta Drumgo, John Cluchette charged with murder and assault.

July 27 — Soledad: White guard stabbed; Soledad Seven indicted.

August 7 — San Quentin: Jonathan Jackson attempts to free three San Quentin prisoners at the Marin County Courthouse. All are killed by sheriffs and guards with the exception of Ruchell McGee.

August 25 — San Quentin: 800 prisoners go on strike to free all political prisoners, including the Soledad Brothers; they demand abolition of the Adult Authority, closing of the Adjustment

	Center, granting of asylum to condemned prisoners in Communist countries. B Section riots for four days in support of strike, causing $4-5,000 in damage.
November 1-24	Folsom: Work strike called by Prisoners' Union with demands calling for a total overhaul of the sentencing and parole procedures and for amnesty in Communist countries. On November 1, a sympathy strike begins at Soledad AC over the same demands. Sixty inmates in AC include Soledad Seven. November 7, National Lawyers Guild and San Francisco American Federation of Teachers come out in support of strike. November 14, after ten days of lockup, inmates are receiving only two sandwiches a day. On November 24, the eighteen-day lockup ends with thirty men thrown in the hole and three transferred to other prisons.
	1971
April	California Institution for Women: 500 of the 600 prisoners at CIW strike in response to harassment by guards (arbitrary search and destruction of property in their rooms).
July	California Institution for Women: Dining room workers strike for better wages and working conditions.
August 16	San Quentin: 600 inmates strike, demanding an end to the indeterminate sentence.
August 21	San Quentin: George Jackson and two other inmates killed in addition to three guards in what was called an "escape attempt."

On the morning of August 7, 1970, a 17-year-old black youth, Jonathan Jackson, entered the Marin County Courthouse in San Rafael, California. Concealed under his coat

was a shotgun, a rifle, and a satchel full of hand guns. He sat down in the spectator section of the courtroom of Judge Harold Haley, where the trial of a black San Quentin inmate, William McClain, was in process. McClain was being tried on the charge of assault on a prison guard. Two other black inmates, William Christmas and Ruchell McGee, were present to serve as witnesses.

Jackson sat there in the back row for a little while, then rose with a .38 special revolver in his hand and stated coolly, "All right, gentlemen, I'm taking over now." He then armed the three prisoners, and took the Judge, the District Attorney, and three jurors as hostages. Some witnesses later testified that as he left the courthouse he shouted, "Free the Soledad Brothers by 12:30." Some said that the cry was "Free all political prisoners."

After the nine boarded a yellow van and started to drive off, San Quentin guards opened fire on them. Jackson, McClain, Christmas and Judge Haley were killed. The San Quentin warden was later to remark, "Prison personnel try to prevent any break—hostages or no hostages."

Since Jonathan Jackson was killed, there is no definite knowledge as to his motive in the escape attempt. The State speculated that he was going to use the hostages to force the release of the Soledad Brothers, three San Quentin inmates who were in the process of going on trial charged with the killing of a prison guard. One of the Soledad Brothers was Jonathan's brother George Jackson, author of a best selling book *Soledad Brother*, a collection of prison letters.

The "Soledad Brothers" case dates back to January, 1970, when a guard in a guntower at Soledad Prison shot to death three black inmates and wounded a white inmate after a fight broke out in the prison recreation yard. The guard, an expert marksman, fired only four shots, three of them killing the three black inmates, all of whom had been doing political organizing within the prison. Three days later, the Monterey County Grand Jury ruled the killings "justifiable homicide," even though no prison personnel were in any danger during the fight, and none of the prisoners had weapons. A few hours after the verdict was announced a white Soledad guard was found beaten to death. Three black Soledad inmates, George Jackson, John Cluchette, and Fleeta Drumgo, were placed in soli-

tary confinement for twenty-one days following the guard's death, supposedly under suspicion for the killing. During this period, neither the family nor the lawyers of the three men were notified of the situation. Finally, the Monterey County Grand Jury handed down indictments for assault and murder against the three. The three men denied any part in the killing, and claim that they were charged because they had become politically conscious during their imprisonment, were doing political organizing among their fellow prisoners, and the authorities wanted to get rid of them. The three Soledad Brothers were eventually transferred to San Quentin, where they were still awaiting trial when the shootout at San Rafael occurred.

The only surviving member of the San Rafael escape attempt, Ruchell McGee, was indicted for murder. It was charged that he had killed Judge Haley with a shotgun when the prison guards opened fire on the van.

Also indicted was Angela Y. Davis, a black activist and member of the Communist Party. She had already gained considerable public notice through spending a stormy year as a member of the Philosophy faculty at U.C.L.A. before the University Board of Regents finally succeeded in firing her. The evidence used to indict her for murder and conspiracy in the shoot-out was the fact that the guns which Jonathan Jackson took into the courthouse were registered in her name. Also used as evidence in the indictment was the fact that she had been active in the Soledad Brothers' defense movement. No evidence was introduced that she knowingly supplied the guns for use in the shoot-out. Since Jonathan Jackson had been acting as her bodyguard, his possession of guns registered in her name was not unusual. She had received death threats almost on a daily basis.

C.C.S. was very happy about the whole situation. For once they could get their hands on a whole bunch of them. The original plan was to get about nine people, they wanted to get the hit squad caught there and butchered. And then they'd have all of them for conspiracy. And the same man (Cotton Smith) would give information, convicting all of them in one crowd. The police themselves knew so much about it, they knew the day. I saw them up there, I saw Mahoney and Bob Sherritt up there that morning . . . told me to get my ass out and I was put on a

bus. Take ten hours. When I got to Los Angeles, the shit done happened.

Angela Davis was arrested in New York on October 13, 1970, after having dropped out of sight after the incident in San Rafael. Since the grand jury method was used to indict her, rather than the preliminary hearing method, neither she nor her attorney were allowed to be present to cross-examine witnesses brought by the prosecutor to prove a *prima facie* case against her. Grand juries are generally composed of wealthy, socially prominent citizens who tend to indict just about anyone the prosecutor asks them to. (Less than one per cent of grand juries in California are black or Chicano.)

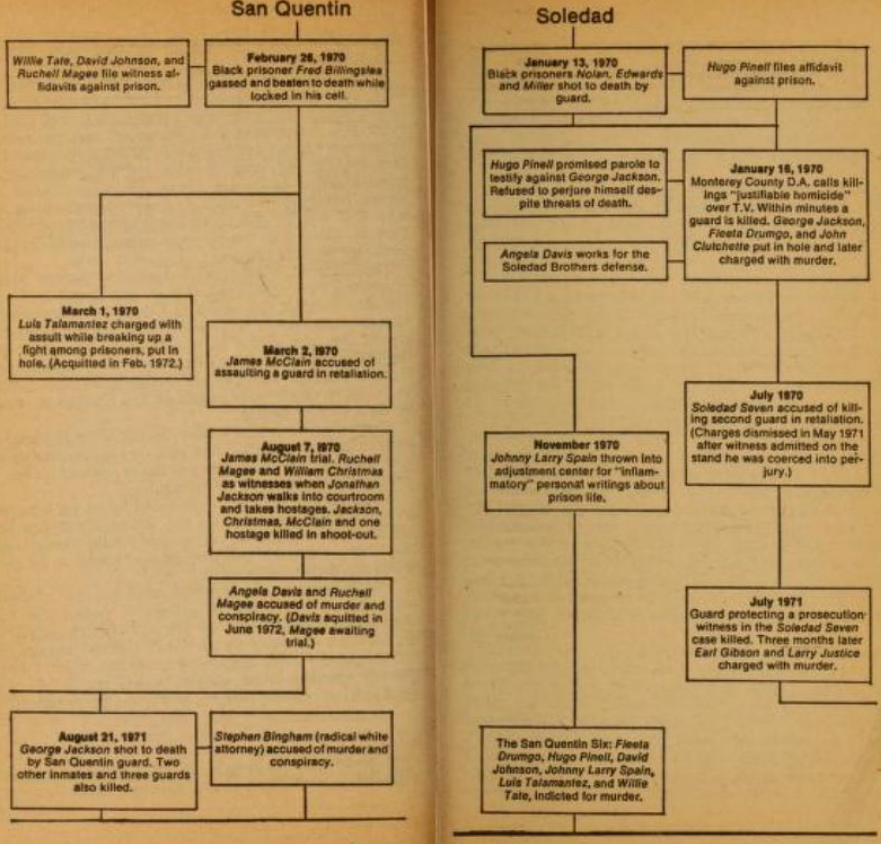
The State of California charged that Angela Davis "conspired, combined, confederated, and agreed . . ." with Jonathan Jackson and others to kidnap and murder. But co-defendant Ruchell McGee disclosed that the State had offered him immunity if he would perjure himself so that they would gain a conviction against Davis. According to McGee, colleagues of the dead Judge Haley sent a well-known ultra-conservative lawyer to San Quentin to make the deal. McGee refused.

Thus on police evidence alone the tall black philosopher and revolutionary was indicted by a Grand Jury, and spent over a year in jail before she was finally released on bail a few days before her trial was to begin.

While the chain of events unleashed by young Jonathan Jackson's desperate act at the San Rafael Courthouse has still not been played out, the epitaph for the young black revolutionary himself was perhaps best stated in his own words shortly before his death:

"People have said that I am obsessed with my brother's case, and the Movement in general. A person that was close to me once said that my life was too wrapped up in my brother's case, and that I wasn't cheerful enough for her. It's true, I don't laugh very much any more. I have but one question to ask all you people and people that think like you, what would you do if it was your brother?"

At 10:15 a.m. on August 21, 1971, Stephen Mitchell Bingham, a white 29-year-old poverty lawyer from an


San Quentin
Willie Tate, David Johnson, and Ruchell Magee file witness affidavits against prison.
February 26, 1970
Black prisoner Fred Billingsley gassed and beaten to death while locked in his cell.
March 1, 1970
Luis Talamantez charged with assault while breaking up a fight among prisoners, put in hole. (Acquitted in Feb. 1972.)
March 2, 1970
James McClain accused of assaulting a guard in retaliation.
August 7, 1970
James McClain trial. Ruchell Magee and William Christmas as witnesses when Jonathan Jackson walks into courtroom and takes hostages. Jackson, Christmas, McClain and one hostage killed in shoot-out.
Angela Davis and Ruchell Magee accused of murder and conspiracy. (Davis squitted in June 1972, Magee awaiting trial.)
August 21, 1971
George Jackson shot to death by San Quentin guard. Two other inmates and three guards also killed.
Stephen Bingham (radical white attorney) accused of murder and conspiracy.
Soledad
January 13, 1970
Black prisoners Nolan, Edwards and Miller shot to death by guard.
Hugo Pinell files affidavit against prison.
Hugo Pinell promised parole to testify against George Jackson. Refused to perjure himself despite threats of death.
January 16, 1970
Monterey County D.A. calls killings "justifiable homicide" over T.V. Within minutes a guard is killed. George Jackson, Fleeta Drumgo, and John Clutchette put in hole and later charged with murder.
Angela Davis works for the Soledad Brothers defense.
July 1970
Soledad Seven accused of killing second guard in retaliation. (Charges dismissed in May 1971 after witness admitted on the stand he was coerced into perjury.)
November 1970
Johnny Larry Spain thrown into adjustment center for "inflammatory" personal writings about prison life.
July 1971
Guard protecting a prosecution witness in the Soledad Seven case killed. Three months later Earl Gibson and Larry Justice charged with murder.
The San Quentin Six: Fleeta Drumgo, Hugo Pinell, David Johnson, Johnny Larry Spain, Luis Talamantez, and Willie Tate, indicted for murder.

aristocratic, New England family, arrived at San Quentin prison for the purpose of visiting inmate George Jackson. Bingham wanted to talk with him regarding a case he was working on involving James Carr, a former Black Panther Party leader, who had been a cellmate of Jackson's. Initially, Bingham was denied permission to see Jackson, but at 1:15 p.m. prison officials finally decided to allow the visit.

On his way to the visiting room, Bingham had to pass through a metal detector. The detector registered. An officer opened the briefcase, found a cassette tape recorder, checked it by opening the battery case, and returned it to Bingham.

Meanwhile, the prisoner, Jackson, was undergoing a standard skin search before being allowed a visit. He was ordered to strip naked, then bend over with his legs spread apart, finally his Afro hair was fingered and checked. He was then ushered into the visiting room. The visit lasted until 2:15 p.m. It is unclear what happened from this point on, but by the end of the afternoon the revolutionary was lying dead in a pool of blood in the prison yard.

Under normal circumstances, the death of a prison inmate would not draw much attention, and in many ways, Jackson's life had not been unlike most prison inmates. Nearly eleven of his twenty-nine years and all of his adult life had been spent in prison. He had already done time on two juvenile offenses when, in 1960, at the age of 18, he was arrested for the armed robbery of a gas station, a robbery which netted $71. Jackson made a deal with the prosecution to plead guilty—to spare the county court costs—in exchange for a light sentence in the county jail. He was given one year to life in the penitentiary. He was still serving this same sentence *eleven years later* when he was killed.

However, George Jackson was not a normal prison inmate. He was the author of a best-selling book of prison letters, and he was in the process of going to trial in the highly publicized Soledad Brothers' case. He had gained further public attention when his brother, Jonathan, was killed in the shootout at the San Rafael courthouse a year before. Jackson was one of a new breed of prison inmates who had become politicized by their prison experience. He had joined the Black Panther Party while in prison, and

was made a Field Marshal. He had great influence not only among prison inmates but on the black and white radical movements outside. Jackson was thus highly feared by prison officials, and when he was transferred to San Quentin, to await trial on the Soledad Brothers case, he was placed in the maximum security "Adjustment Center."

It is thus only because of George Jackson's fame that the facts of his death have been subject to such great public scrutiny. According to prison officials, when Jackson was returned to the Adjustment Center and was about to undergo another skin search, he whipped a gun and two clips of ammunition from under a wig he was wearing, and forced the unarmed guards to open the cells of the 26 men on the first floor of the Adjustment Center. In the process of achieving control of that floor of the Adjustment Center, three guards and two white inmates (trustees) were killed. When the prison alarm sounded, Jackson supposedly fled the Adjustment Center into the prison courtyard and ran towards the 20-foot-high prison wall 75 yards away. A guard on the gunwalk above the yard fired on him, and the revolutionary fell dead. On August 25, the *Los Angeles Times* editorialized that:

> *The Killings at San Quentin* ... Frameup has already been charged. There is not a shred of evidence for the charge. All the evidence points to Jackson as the instigator and the culprit. But Jackson had been so taken up as a political and racial symbol that the charge will be believed by some ...

However, the official version has uncertainties and contradictions which stretch the bounds of credibility:

The gun Jackson allegedly used in the escape attempt was identified by authorities, at one time, as a 9-mm Spanish-made Astra M-600, which prison authorities assume was smuggled in to Jackson concealed in Bingham's tape recorder. The Astra-600 is 8⅛ inches long and weighs 2½ pounds. There is no conceivable way that a gun this bulky could be concealed (along with two clips of ammunition) under an Afro wig, or for Jackson to be able to walk 50 yards back to the Adjustment Center without its being noticed by the guards accompanying him. On the

matter of the gun the *Guardian*, a radical weekly, sums up the contradictions:

The gun Jackson allegedly used has undergone three transformations. In the *San Francisco Examiner* of August 22, associate warden James Park is quoted as having said Jackson fired "one or two shots" from a .38 caliber pistol. The following day the *San Francisco Chronicle* reported that Jackson had a 9-mm automatic. Subsequently, based on information the newspaper said it obtained from California's Criminal Identification and Investigation (C.I.I.) bureau, the gun was identified as a 9-mm Spanish-made Astra M-600, approximately 8⅛ inches long and weighing 2½ pounds. The ownership of the gun was supposedly traced to a Black Panther field marshal, Landon Williams, who is currently jailed in New Haven, Connecticut. On August 29, however, the *Examiner* reported that through a "leak" it had learned that the escape weapon was actually a Spanish-made Llama Corto, approximately 5¾ inches long. This third description of the weapon was offered, curiously enough, the day after the *Chronicle*, in a "pistol and wig experiment," concluded that it was impossible for an Astra M-600 to fit under a wig.

It is still not possible to determine the make, size and model of the gun. When asked, information officer O'Brien replied that he did not "know anything about the gun," that it was in the possession of the Marin County District Attorney. The C.I.I. also referred inquiries to the District Attorney, who has been unavailable for comment. In the indictment handed down October 1, the weapon is described simply as a 9-mm automatic pistol. Presumably, it is the same weapon allegedly traced to Williams. San Quentin Prison officials have offered no explanation as to why three different descriptions of the weapon have been made. The *Guardian* concluded that it was difficult to imagine how prison officials with years of correctional experience could be so unfamiliar with weapons.

In order for Bingham to successfully smuggle the gun in, several "mistakes" in prison security procedures had to be made. First, the guard checking Bingham's tape recorder did not check it thoroughly to see that it was in working order. Second, the grill across the table separating Bingham and Jackson was not closed, supposedly offering Bingham the opportunity to pass objects to Jackson. Also,

the guard on duty just outside the visiting room did not watch the two men during the visit (which is contrary to the experience of others who had visited Jackson). The observation of Jackson would have to have been so lax as to allow not only a gun to be passed, but for Jackson to conceal it in a wig (a wig whose presence in the visiting room is yet to be explained). A further breach of normally followed security practices was that Jackson was not handcuffed during the trip to and from the visiting room, supposedly because he had been "cooperative" recently.

Prison officials had what they perceived to be evidence of planning for a prison escape attempt on the part of Jackson. On August 1, two of Jackson's sisters and their three children came to visit him. The metal detector which they had to pass through revealed toy cap pistols under the children's clothing. Prison officials, in a letter suspending visiting privileges for the sisters, claimed that the cap pistols were brought in to test the prison defenses against smuggled weapons.

Two days after the killing, prison officials "leaked" to the press that they had other evidence to indicate Jackson had been planning an escape. According to the leak, Jackson and James Carr, Jackson's Soledad cellmate who had been released, exchanged letters regarding an escape plan, and the letters had been discovered by a dry cleaning firm in some trousers Carr was having cleaned. The letters were turned over to the authorities, photostated, and returned to the trousers. Given this forewarning, it is incredible that prison officials could have committed the security lapses necessary to make their escape story hold up.

The official autopsy report raises further questions about the official version. The preliminary report indicated Jackson was killed by a bullet entering the head and exiting through his back. However, on September 21, one month after his death, the final official autopsy report was released showing that the bullet actually entered the back and exited through the head. When asked how a bullet fired from 20 feet above could follow such a trajectory, prison officials said that Jackson was running in a crouch, and that since he was over 270 feet away from the guard who fired the fatal shot, the bullet was travelling almost horizontally. However, the bullet would still have had to be travelling at a slight downward angle, and the downward angle would *increase*, due to the force of gravity, the further the bullet travelled.

There are many witnesses of prison life:

"My name is Michael McCarthy, I spent seven years under the custody of the California Department of Corrections in Soledad, San Quentin, the California Mens' Colony, and Tracy. In order to understand what's happening in prisons today you have to understand that the cutting line of division in this country, of any kind of progressive political movement, is racism. As long as they can keep the Chicanos over there, the blacks over there, and the working class and poor whites over here, you can forget about any kind of unified movement. Any time you have someone in the prisons starting to move in a political way to cut through the color line, you can be sure that the prison authorities are going to come down on him, and the chances are they'll use racism to do it. So you have a constant situation where the prison administration is always baiting Black and white and Chicano against one another.

"As an example, usually what would happen is that they would take an undesirable black and put him in the immediate area of those whites who would be most interested in killing blacks, arming the whites with knives and not the blacks. This happened in 1968 to Dopey Dan in 'O' wing in Soledad where he was cut out on the exercise tier with five white dudes who were armed and he was killed within fifteen or twenty minutes. I don't know how many stab wounds he suffered.

"And of course, the prison authorities had tried to kill George Jackson many times before his death. They had been trying to kill George ever since the original incident ten or eleven years ago in Tracy when George took a seat in the white section in the segregated T.V. Room and a riot ensued. He was transferred to San Quentin and from that point on they constantly tried to find whites to kill him. Matter of fact, the statement made by Al Mancino, who was one of the prisoners shot in the leg the day George was killed, stated that he had been approached by certain white correctional officials and told that he would be given a parole and released from prison if he would set up the murder of George Jackson.

"Another case took place in Soledad, shortly after George and the other two Soledad Brothers had been in-

dicted in the murder of that prison guard, when they approached two or three guys who formerly had been Nazis, I think Marvin "Snuffy" Smith was one of them, and told them that they would be paroled if they would, in fact, kill George. And they went to George and told him what happened, that they had been approached. But at that time the climate in prison had changed enough so that whites were beginning to snap as to how they were being used. That doesn't mean that these whites were political in the same sense as we normally think of being radical or revolutionary. They had just come to the realization that they were being used as cannon fodder and that their position in relation to the prison administration and to the situation in society at large was more on a class perspective than on a race perspective.

"This increasing political understanding on the part of all prisoners, whether they be black, Chicano, or white, has led to a situation where it has become difficult for prison authorities to use racism as a means of dealing with undesirable elements."

On October 1, the Marin County Grand Jury indicted six black and brown San Quentin inmates on murder and other charges relating to the alleged escape attempt. The indictments were based solely on testimony of prison officials. Also indicted was Stephen Bingham, who, by virtue of allegedly smuggling the gun to Jackson, was also charged with murder. However, Bingham has not been heard from since the day of his friend's death. He was last seen by his uncle, a retired Berkeley professor, at about 5:00 p.m. on that day. His uncle described him as being very relaxed and normal, not the demeanor of a man who had just participated in a prison escape attempt.

In spite of the obvious incredibility of the official version of George Jackson's death, it appears that there will be no independent official investigation to look at the facts that point to a different version.

An affidavit signed by twenty-seven inmates of the Adjustment Center and smuggled out of San Quentin charges that Jackson was murdered by prison authorities, who then concocted the prison escape story as a coverup. There is also evidence that in the past prison officials had tried to bring about Jackson's death. On March 19, an attorney for the Soledad Brothers took a statement from a

white convict, Allan Mancino, who was imprisoned at Soledad at the same time as Jackson. Mancino claimed that in January, 1970, a prison captain asked him directly to kill Jackson. Mancino's affidavit stated that he was blindfolded and addressed by a voice he recognized as that of Captain Moody.

Mancino has said, "Moody began to address me and asked how I liked being among the niggers on the second tier, and asked how I felt about George Jackson specifically . . . Moody then asked me directly if I would kill George Jackson. He said that he did not want another Eldridge Cleaver."

Mancino refused to cooperate, and was then intimidated by a "hypothetical" situation, described by Moody, in which he would be taken out into the yard one night and shot when he "made a break for the fence." Mancino understood that if he did not kill Jackson he himself might be killed. Several days later he was transferred to another prison.

(On the day five months later when George Jackson was shot while "making a break for the fence" at San Quentin, Mancino was an inmate on the same tier. Along with other prisoners, he was stretched naked and chained to the ground. He was singled out and shot by a guard, allowed to lie bleeding on the floor for an hour, and then illegally transferred to a jail in Nevada where he is being kept incommunicado as a potential witness for the prosecution.)

Captain Moody, who is notorious among the prisoners for his brutality and racism, worked for the District Attorney as a "special investigator" in the case of the remaining Soledad Brothers.

One can only speculate as to what really happened in the death of George Jackson. Perhaps prison authorities knew of an escape plan and let it proceed far enough to give them sufficient excuse to murder Jackson. Perhaps they created a situation in which Jackson saw that he was being set up for a killing and had to make a desperate effort to escape to try to avoid being killed. The one version of the killing which quite clearly could not be true is the official one.

As James Baldwin stated, "No black person will ever

believe that George Jackson died the way they tell us he did."

The murder of George Jackson occurred at approximately the same time a special Chicago Grand Jury indicted State's Attorney Hanrahan for concealing and manufacturing evidence in the case of the December 4, 1969, raid which resulted in the killing of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark. In the Chicago incident, it was only because the public had access to the scene of the shootout that the fraudulence of the official version was eventually exposed. In the case of the San Quentin incident, no impartial investigator has been allowed to view the evidence or inspect the Adjustment Center. A Marin County grand juror was even denied access to the prison to investigate the incident. Given the total control the State has over the prison system, it is doubtful that the full truth of what happened at San Quentin on that August 21 afternoon will ever be revealed.

I got to C.C.S. around 1:00. Only person who was there was Bob Sherritt. He had just walked in—we walked in together. So I said, 'Hey, Bob, they finally got old George Jackson, huh.' He said, 'Oh, man, we've known about that for months, that breakout thing. We broke their code a long time ago. We even knew the day it was going to happen.' I got to thinking to myself, knowing them, they would have told C.I.I., who would have told the prison people to be on the lookout for it. So therefore all that shit they found in George Jackson's cell couldn't have been there. He was set up, completely.

On April 6, 1972, James Carr, Louis Tackwood's brother-in-law and the former cellmate of George Jackson, was murdered in San Jose. The *Los Angeles Times* headlined, THEFT OF ANGELA DAVIS FUNDS LINKED TO SLAYING IN SAN JOSE; the *Herald Examiner* headlined, ANGELA LOVER'S PAL GUNNED DOWN. While the approach was different, the intention was the same, to link Angela Davis through guilt by association to another killing.

The "San Quentin 6," indicted for the murder of prison guards in the alleged escape attempt of George Jackson,

have been subject to continual brutality while awaiting trial. Edwin T. Caldwell, a former lawyer for Hugo Pinell (one of the 6), who has been denied appointment as Pinell's attorney in the current proceedings, testified before a subcommittee of Congress:

"On September 6, 1971, Mr. Pinell was viciously attacked which resulted in lacerations requiring some six sutures. He had a fractured tooth on his left side, which we have as evidence. He sustained either a fractured jaw or a badly bruised jaw, so much so he could hardly talk . . . On September 22 he was again assaulted . . . On October 5, upon his return from Superior court in Marin County he was again assaulted . . . The situation has gotten so bad our client is fearful of even leaving his cell in San Quentin . . . I believe the harassment of the other inmates involved is a continued thing.

I will state for the record that I am a registered Republican from a conservative background. This is such a shocking thing for me that I just can't believe it exists."

The San Francisco *Bay Guardian* in the summer of 1972 detailed an incredible plot by members of the California Correctional Officers' Association (CCOA) and a member of the staff of California, Attorney General Evelle Younger to frame a former Chief of Psychiatry at Soledad Prison, Dr. Frank Rundle, for the murder of Soledad guards. The doctor was not a black, radical, outside agitator, but a distinguished "insider" who had been supported in many of his stands by Raymond Procunier, Department of Corrections head.

In March of 1971, a Soledad guard was stabbed to death, the third such incident at Soledad in less than a year. The first led to the indictment of the Soledad Brothers. Hugo Pinell, a Soledad inmate, was charged with the killing. (Pinell was later transferred to San Quentin, and became one of the "San Quentin 6" charged with killing guards during the alleged escape attempt by George Jackson.) Rundle, who had already been making a reputation for defending the interests of prisoners, testified at pretrial hearings for Pinell, criticizing the inhumane conditions in the prisons which lead to such killings. For his efforts, Rundle was barred by his immediate superior from

any further involvement in court proceedings concerning inmates.

In May, 1971, a fourth prison guard was killed at Soledad, and this time one of Rundle's inmate-patients was charged with the killing. Rundle was asked to supply the suspect's psychiatric file. He refused, since this would be a violation of the patient-psychiatrist relationship. Rundle was fired on the spot.

However, firing of the doctor did not satisfy correctional officials, particularly as he continued his attacks on the prison system after leaving Soledad.

Tony Pewitt, an inmate who had worked as a clerk in Rundle's office, was approached by several correctional officials, who told him his parole would be held up if he did not cooperate in an attempt to frame Rundle for conspiracy in the two most recent guard killings.

First Pewitt was instructed to give false testimony into a tape recorder to the effect that Rundle gave drugs illegally to prisoners, and that he had associations with several radical attorneys, among them Fay Stender, who had been George Jackson's attorney in the Soledad Brothers' case.

Pewitt was then told that he would be taken to Rundle's home, ostensibly for a dinner appointment, where he was to "bug" Rundle. Pewitt was outfitted with a miniature radio transmitter, which was to be monitored by officials of the Attorney General's office from a nearby car. He was instructed to get evidence linking Rundle with the Communist Party and other radicals, and to gain information on Rundle's associations with prison inmates involved in the Soledad killings, which would be used to indict him for conspiracy in the killings. However, when Pewitt got inside Rundle's home, he could not go through with the plot to entrap a man he regarded as his friend, and he revealed the whole story to Rundle in a series of scribbled notes while they all made small talk for those listening in on the bug. Local private detectives were called in to take photographs and other documentary evidence on the story before Pewitt left the next morning.

The officials who were monitoring their conversations the whole time, had become suspicious of Pewitt after his mission failed, and when Pewitt was returned to

prison, he was suddenly told he was being charged with a four year old murder, and was placed in "maximum security." However, Rundle, with full documentary evidence of how Pewitt was coerced into the plot to frame him, was able to apply enough pressure on prison authorities so that the charges against Pewitt were dropped and he was eventually released on parole. And, of course, no charges were ever filed against Rundle. It was only after Pewitt was completely in the clear that the story was finally publicly told. The significance of the story is that if prison authorities in collusion with state officials will go to such extreme lengths against a relatively moderate reformer such as Rundle, it is not hard to believe that even more extreme measures would be taken against genuinely radical forces such as the Black Panther Party, George Jackson and other prison activists, and Angela Davis.

Angela Davis' trial began in February, 1972. Ruchell McGee and the "San Quentin 6" continued to fight, literally, in the courtroom and in the lockup for their basic constitutional rights—such as an attorney of their choice. If all attempts to frame Dr. Rundle had not been aborted, his trial would also still be pending. It cannot be foretold how many more acts in the drama are still to unfold. However, for some of the characters, the play is already over.

Jonathan Jackson is dead. George Jackson is dead. Stephen Bingham has disappeared, and is presumed dead by his family. Now James Carr is dead.

All of these tragedies saw their prologue in the January, 1970, killing of a Soledad prison guard and the subsequent charging of Soledad Brothers George Jackson, Fleeta Drumgo, and John Cluchette for that killing. But the spring is unwinding: March, 1972, a jury found the surviving "Soledad Brothers," Cluchette and Drumgo, not guilty of the killing of the guard; June, 1972, a jury found Angela Davis not guilty of murder and conspiracy in the San Rafael shootout, although she had already spent sixteen months in jail and several more months in trial.

And the final tragedy is that, had he not been killed, George Jackson would probably now be free!

by RON RIDENOUR and PEGGY HOLTER
with
DONALD FREED, BARBOURA MORRIS FREED
and
ROBERT DUGGAN with taped commentary
by
LOUIS TACKWOOD

PART IV

In August, 1965, J. Edgar Hoover, in the *Elks Magazine*, wrote a scathing denunciation of the subversives "who indulge in sabotage by semantics." He observed, "They stigmatize patriotic Americans with the obnoxious term 'informer' when such citizens fulfill their obligations of citizenship to properly constituted authorities."

Hoover carried on a campaign for more than 25 years to alter the public image of the informer (the "informant," in official semantics). In the early 1950's he convinced friends in Congress to introduce a proposal to award informers medals for gallantry similar to those given to soldiers for gallantry on the battlefield.

It is little wonder police agencies are concerned with improving the public image of the informer, who according to some estimates provide the police with 80% of all the information leading to arrests. The fact that Hoover's admonition to the mass media to improve the public image of the informer had some influence was apparent in a recent television series about the Secret Service. The script portrayed a young woman forger of federal securities being arrested and converted into an informer by the Secret Service in exchange for saving her pretty cosmetic skin. Her conversion had the effect of a confessional, purging her soul of an evil past. With the conviction of a zealot she proceeds to set up the arrests of her former partners and all their associates. The production would not be worthy of mention except that it is a simple contrivance to prepare the mass audience for a new Madison Avenue facelift of the Judas character just as in the 1950's the informer in the film, *On The Waterfront*, was raised to the heights of great art by the actor Marlon Brando, but others connected with the film had testified as friendly witnesses before the House Un-American Com-

mittee, where the issues were *political* not criminal. In nearly all societies the "informer" is considered a degenerate or at least a social deviant.

Now, with the death of Hoover, an era has passed. Harkening back to the days when hunting Reds built political careers, Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty eulogized Hoover's death by warning, "The forces that would undermine our government can now breathe easier unless a lot of people work harder to fill the gap in our forces left by the departure of our irreplaceable leader."

The fact that Hoover has spent most of the energies of the Federal Bureau of Investigation on surveillance of political organizations has caused a growing sense of alarm. Indeed, according to the congressional testimony of columnist Jack Anderson, Hoover's surveillance included the sex lives of public figures. Anderson told the House committee that the F.B.I. compiled sex reports on senators and congressmen, and such celebrities as actors Marlon Brando and Harry Belafonte, athletes like Joe Namath, Muhummad Ali, and Joe Louis, and black leaders such as Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Rev. Ralph Abernathy, and Roy Innis.

With the development of computer information storage and retrieval systems, electronic listening devices, paid government informers, and the plan to assign social security numbers and finger printing at birth, we are faced with the prospect of the entire fabric of society infiltrated by government informers and agents who pry into the private lives of every citizen.

Recently, the campaign to multiply the number of informers by both federal and local police agencies, has reached new levels. The F.B.I. circulated a poster in Boston's Chinatown calling on Chinese nationals to inform on the "Reds" in the neighborhood. In translation the poster reads in part:

•

F.B.I. NOTICE:

Now that you permanently reside in the United States you not only enjoy the Democratic system guaranteed by this country, but you are also called upon to shoulder the responsibility of protecting the heritage of liberty.

You have fully experienced the bondage and suffering inflicted by a communist regime and therefore you must be well aware of the value and importance of liberty and the terror of Communism.

In the U.S. the Communists continually engage in secretive activities, attempting to disrupt our traditional liberty. The F.B.I. has always been on the alert and you can cooperate in this task of anti-communism by paying heed to the following things:

1) If you happen to know of any Communist or Maoist agents trying to spy, to disrupt, or to infiltrate, please call the local F.B.I. branch as soon as possible . . .

For any information or correspondence, please notify our local branch. The phone number is 742-5523.

When the government wants a conviction, the passive informer becomes the active agent-provocateur. He must demonstrate to the less willing and less courageous that he is more militant, more daring, and more determined than any other. Paul Chevigny, author of *Cops and Rebels, A Study of Provocation*, argues, "The teaching of history is that provocation in all countries at all times—in France, England, Russia, Germany, and in the United States—has been predominantly a matter of policy."

The history of the state's use of agents-provocateurs as an instrument of policy is a long one. One of the more famous was the Russian Tzarist agent, Azef. Azef was simultaneously the Tsar's most important secret agent and the head of the largest terrorist underground in the country at the time. He was the commander of the Battle organization of the Social Revolutionary Party from 1903 until his discovery in 1908. While on the payroll of the Tsar's Secret Police, the Ochrana, he permitted his terrorist group to carry out the assassination of the Russian Minister of Interior, V. K. Plehve, who was in charge of hunting down members of the SRP. Asef also failed to notify the secret police of the plot to assassinate the Grand Duke Sergei, who was the Tsar's top political advisor. In turn, in the summer of 1905 all seventeen members of the

Battle Organization were arrested on Azef's information. He also handed to his superiors the detailed plan of the insurrection in Petrograd in 1905.

Azef worked hand in hand with the head of the Ochrana, Zubatov. Zubatov in an effort to head off any worker rebellion decided to organize legal trade unions for workers under the control of the police. These unions had the right to fight for higher wages and to maintain an organization. Their main goal was to deepen the breach between the workers and the revolutionary intellectuals by claiming that the intellectuals did not care about improving the lot of the workers.

Zubatov put a priest named Gapon in charge of the workers' organization, and on January 9, 1905, under instructions from the police, Gapon led a workers' demonstration in Petrograd into an ambush of Cossacks—a thousand workers were killed on that day. Azef encouraged retaliation by the SR's through bombings and assassinations. Zubatov watched with glee, for he saw in individual acts of terror a hopeless and frustrated intelligentsia. As Zubatov would boast, "We shall provoke you to acts of terror and then crush you." Zubatov maintained a coherent strategy which was based on the notion that individual acts of terror only further alienated the intelligentsia from the mass of discontented workers. Hence, the Ochrana organized terrorist acts of violence themselves and blamed it on the revolutionaries.

There are state conspiracies that are a matter of public record. Take for example the statements recorded in a taped interview with Los Angeles Police Chief, Ed Davis, which were submitted to public hearings held in Los Angeles on the deteriorating relations between the Chicano community in East Los Angeles and the police. The interview was recorded by a news reporter, Robert Kaiser, at a local television station. Commenting on how the police broke up the Chicano Moratorium Committee and the Black Panthers, Chief Davis boasted:

"No, no, no when they [the Brown Berets] left, they left Rosalio Munoz in charge. Now ah . . . we ah . . . had a satellite, we had a satellite that ah . . . went around . . .

we had this orbiting satellite. That's the way I'll put it [laughter], and when they'd walk out with brass knuckles, we made all those arrests, or an illegal gun or something . . . We were knocking them off right and left. That's what this whole thing is about . . . they went to court."

Kaiser: "You were in fact arresting them in . . ."

Davis: "Oh, hell yes! Oh, you're damned right. Yeah."

K: "In the city or county."

D: "In the city. See, I ran them out of the city when I became Chief. I ran the Black Panthers into Compton. I . . . I disintegrated Karenga's organization."

K: "There's a power struggle, I imagine."

D: "No, no, no, no, no. The power struggle is all over. You know—they—but we knocked them off right and left and they never did figure, you know, how it was happening. It was the days of hands-off demonstrations. But what they don't know is that in the Mexican community the great bulk of people are very law abiding and very anti-Marxist and very supportive of the police and very respectful of the uniform."

Davis's comments, while candid, are not exactly accurate. The "satellite" he refers to was a man named Frank Martinez, a paid agent under the directorship of the Treasury Department's Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms (AFT) Division. Martinez was installed as Chairman of the Chicano Moratorium Committee, replacing Rosalio Munoz after a factional struggle within the Moratorium Committee that eventually led to the death of that organization—the only organization, black, white or Chicano, in the history of Los Angeles that was able to organize and mobilize 50,000 poor people in Southern California's largest anti-war, anti-repression march.

Davis takes the credit for its destruction. If what he says is true, the blame must be shared with the Federal government. It was a co-conspiracy. Fortunately, for the chroniclers of history, Davis's "satellite" testified to the fact of a State-Federal conspiracy. Frank Martinez, following the examples of Louis Tackwood and Daniel Ellsberg, shared his privileged inside view with the public. Martinez took his story to a Chicano organization called

Carnalismo and to the Citizens Research and Investigating Committee:

Martinez: "All the instructions I had was to keep my cover as good as possible by any means as necessary."

P: "Keep your cover—I understand that. But in addition to not getting found out, which is what you mean by keeping your cover is it not?"

M: "Right!"

P: "Were you told to provoke incidents if you could?"

M: "If I had to, yes."

P: "If you had to to keep your cover?"

M: "Right!"

M: ". . . They told me, you know, that . . . the main reason they wanted me here was because they wanted me to get information and everything and so they wanted me to . . . in other words . . . the purpose was to eliminate the . . . all the organizations. So in order to cause confusion within the organization, to provoke incidents."

P: " . . . Going back to the time before you met Ramos and Reyes [ATF agents]; in that period while you were Chairman of the Moratorium Committee, while you were infiltrating the Brown Berets, at that point were you under instructions to create incidents?"

M: "Yeah, that's true."

P: "Who gave you those instructions?"

M: "Tito Garcia (ATF agent in charge of Martinez)."

P: "In response to those instructions, what things did you do to provoke incidents?"

. . . (some discussion as to how much detail is necessary)

M: "Ah . . . like . . . like . . . ah . . . make people unsatisfied with things . . . of any sort."

P: "You mean things within the organization?"

M: "Right!"

. . . (Discussion of an incident created by Martinez with a policeman)

P: "This deal with the rifle on November 14th . . . actually it was a shotgun?"

M: "Yes, the 14th . . . three-shell."

. . . (Discussion on how many shells the shotgun held)

M: "I had pressure . . . I was being pressured, and how come I wasn't giving them information, and how come there were no busts, you know?"

P: "From the police? Or from the Treasury?"

"M: "From the Treasury. So I was under pressure, so in order to get them off my back . . . by walkin' out with the rifle so the pigs could see it, so that was the purpose, to get raided."

P: "So when you first got that shotgun, then you did it with the idea in mind of using it . . ."

M: "Right."

P: " . . . For provoking incidents. What did you do to provoke that incident?"

M: "I just walked out with the rifle so the police could see it because I know we were being watched."

Now Chief Davis's earlier remark about an "orbiting satellite" is placed in context: "We had this orbiting satellite, that's the way I'll put it [laughter], and when they'd walk out with brass knuckles, we made all those arrests, for an illegal gun or something."

Political provocation does not exist in a vacuum. That is, Davis does not create conspiracies just in order to keep his department busy. There is a coherence to the strategy in which the political objective is the destruction of organizations—to keep the people divided and disorganized. This strategy, even though exercised with an uneven hand, is applied to a wide range of political ideologies and capacities. The basic common denominator, however, remains the same.

In March, 1972, an even more classic case of police entrapment was made public by another radical religious anti-war group in Camden, New Jersey. Twenty-eight persons were arrested by the F.B.I. on information from a paid informant, Robert Hardy. Hardy admitted he received $60.00 a day for supplying the F.B.I. with information on plans to raid the Camden Draft Board. However, he stated in an affidavit dated February 28, 1972, that he had been misled by the F.B.I., and that he had acted as a provocateur in the case. After being told by the F.B.I. that his friends would not be prosecuted nor would they go to jail, Hardy worked out a plan to lead his friends into the trap set by the F.B.I. He had been led to believe that his companions would be arrested just before the attack on the draft board, but was told later that, "Someone at the little White House in California . . . wanted it to actually happen."

He said, "It's difficult for me to determine whether they had completely given up the action when I joined them. I was new, and I brought with me practical experience with mechanical things and a kind of leadership and spirit I bring to any project I join. Certainly the ones who knew me were reinvigorated. And I know all of them were demoralized and it was a great lift to have someone who could do things. I could see they minimized any pessimistic talk around me so as not to discourage me. However, Cookie Ridolfi did say she thought it was impossible to pull off, and Mel Madden said it should be forgotten . . .

". . . In regard to guns or other weapons, they were wholly opposed to the use of any force or any action that chanced someone getting hurt. At one point I tested Keith Forsyth by offering him the use of my gun, and he flatly rejected it.

"I had a leadership role from the first night I was in it. Many of them knew me and my abilities. It was difficult for me, because of my nature, not to assume leadership. After a short time, I was in command or at least equal to John Grady (we competed for leadership of the group), and this is a matter of record with the F.B.I. I told the F.B.I. many times that it couldn't have happened if I wasn't there. After a while, anytime a problem came up they would ask, "How would you do it, Bob?" Throughout, I actually wanted just to stop the action, but I think I became, unknowingly, a provocateur.

"Besides the leadership role and the spiritual uplift, I provided indispensable physical and informational needs. It's really impossible to exaggerate how inept, undisciplined, and generally unable to pull off this action they were. They wouldn't keep to schedules and they'd make simple matters complicated. I never doubted their moral conviction, sincerity and honesty. They are the finest group of Christian people I have ever been associated with. They are not even capable of hurting anyone. They were willing to give up everything they had for what they believed, and at no time did they show any un-Christian behavior. For me, it was the best cooperative effort I've experienced; it was a community of people bound together by love and dedication. I will never forget them. But as far as mechanical skills and abilities, they were totally inept. I would not hire any of them to work with me on a

construction job. They are baffled and incompetent about practicalities. It definitely wouldn't have happened without me.

"I provided 90% of the tools necessary for the action. They couldn't afford them, so I paid and the F.B.I. reimbursed me. It included hammers, ropes, drills, bits, etc. They couldn't use some of the tools without hurting themselves, so I taught them. My van was used on a daily basis (the F.B.I. paid the gas). I rented trucks for the dry runs and provided about $20.00 to $40.00 worth of groceries per week for the people living at Dr. Anderson's. This, and all my expenses, were paid by the F.B.I.

". . . During the first week I was involved I volunteered to enter the Board and drew a schematic diagram of it. They had observed the guards and knew their schedules, but they didn't have a floor plan of the Board. When I returned with the schematic, which was complete with dimensions, it was an incredible morale boost; they cheered and we celebrated. Later, I did a diagram of the whole building, and took one of them with me who needed a boost in courage. He was really turned on by doing this with me. I also provided necessary information on alarms, which cars in the area were unmarked police cars, and the traffic light pattern."

There is a plan right now that is so monstrous that it is pathetic. It entails a detailed plan to blow up the Republican Convention. It has been worked out by the super-agencies—at C.C.S. offices with the F.B.I. present—down to the minutest detail. The blame will fall on militant organizations demonstrating at the convention. The President will then be asked to declare a state of national emergency and martial law. Within forty-eight hours, they will arrest all known militants on the left and a police state will then exist within the American democratic structure and when the forty-eight hours is over, the President will have given over the powers to the police, who will not relinquish that power; in a sense, we will be under total police scrutiny.

The super-agencies plan to cause a disruption, create a bombing, in other words a killing, and blame left-wing militants.

It seems inconceivable to most people that the Ameri-

can government or any of its branches or its law enforcement would even consider plotting a crime so heinous as that which Louis Tackwood alleges members of various law enforcement bureaus had planned.

Throughout this century of class conflict, of state violence and of public reactions of both fear and rebellion, the agent plays an invidious and omnipresent role. What motivates both—state and agent—is just beginning to be fully understood. The government and the provocateur are married historically. They must be separated to be studied, yet they can never truly be understood in isolation from each other.

Like the highest total in the Police Department dealing in political activities, in Southern California there are maybe 125 of them, individuals, working in this area. There might be 5,000 informers, but the only way the informer can work (they got certain levels of informants), but say a person of "Cotton's" level, Jim Jarrett's level, and my own level, the only way we can work is from information already gathered. They got to know into what group to infiltrate you.

How did Jim Jarrett know who to infiltrate? They weren't sure they were known to some people, but how about the addresses, phone numbers, the whole group of them? Their actions brought on the reactions of the police department. All Jarrett had to do was watch it and give up one name. It's a syndrome like I explained to you, it's the chain thing they create . . .

On the night of May 4, 1886, a peaceful gathering of several hundred workers protesting the police slaying of six workers on the previous day in Chicago's Haymarket was about to disperse. Two hundred gun-waving policemen arrived, contrary to Mayor Carter Harrison's orders, and demanded the immediate conclusion of the meeting. Out of the darkness, a powerful dynamite bomb was hurled into the police ranks—by a provocateur, according to witnesses—instantly killing one and wounding about seventy officers. More died later. The police opened fire, shooting wildly into the crowd of shocked workers. Scores were gunned down and 200 were seriously injured.

Pandemonium spread throughout Chicago and the rest of the nation, laying the foundation for unprecedented and massive police violations of civil rights. The captains of industry—whose interests the Chicago workers were opposing with their struggle for the eight-hour day—demanded revenge in their controlled press and through their representatives in government and law enforcement agencies. The police rounded up all known radicals, socialists, anarchists, labor leaders and militants, they invaded hundreds of homes without warrants. Nothing like it had ever happened in American history.

As Louis Adamic wrote in *Dynamite*, "the capitalists had used force in keeping down the proletariat" but had never resorted to outright elimination of all the adherents of ideas unfavorable to them.

Philip S. Foner, in *The Haymarket Autobiographies*, quotes Professor Harvey Wish, "Individuals ignorant of the meaning of socialism and anarchism were tortured by the police, sometimes bribed, as well, to act as witnesses for the State. Homes were invaded without warrant and ransacked for evidence; suspects were beaten and subjected to the 'third degree'."

"Make the raids first and look up the law afterward!" counseled Julius S. Grinnell, the State's Attorney, publicly.

Thirty-one persons were eventually indicted for the bombing; eight stood trial. Seven were condemned to die. No policeman was ever arrested for the slaughter of the workers.

Here you got an organization that has been set up over a period of years, very beautifully. These people are all in good positions now. What's supporting them is the white liberal in the background. If you destroy the white liberal in the background, then you can eventually try to destroy the black who's infiltrated, or the white who's infiltrated. You must get at the core of the thing first. They've been going slow, destroying the money. They've pinned the Communist Party down to the level where it's nonexistent. It's a paper tiger.

Historian Curt Gentry says in *Frame-up*, his study of the Tom Mooney case:

Even before the men were brought to trial, the District Attorney of San Francisco possessed and sup-

pressed evidence that conclusively proved their innocence. Yet despite the revelations of government investigators, who with secret dictaphones helped expose the frame-up, and the confessions of proven perjuries of each of the major witnesses . . .

The frame-up was an old and well-established tactic in the war between labor and capital in the United States. The easiest way for an employer to remove a bothersome strike leader was to have him arrested on another charge and held for the duration of the strike. Such frame-ups numbered in the hundreds, a great many of which were subsequently exposed.

This was "America's Dreyfus case," the official conspiracy that became labor's *cause célèbre*, triggered world-wide protest demonstrations, set the stage for the trials of Sacco and Vanzetti . . .

It is 1914 in San Francisco and it is "America's Dreyfus case" against Tom Mooney and Warren Billings, well-known, radical, labor organizers.

War sentiment was mounting in financial quarters and among those citizens who believed war to be a patriotic duty. A preparedness Parade was planned for July 22, 1914 in San Francisco. The Left, most of labor, especially organized and militant workers, opposed the war effort. The press, government agencies, police forces, and businessmen had been predicting that some sort of trouble would occur on Preparedness Day. Halfway through the parade, a tremendous explosion occurred. Ten people were killed and fifty were injured. Immediately, the District Attorney, Charles M. Fickert, started rounding up radicals. Tom Mooney, his wife, Rena, Billings, Edward Nolan and Israel Weinberg were charged with the crime. More than a year later, only Billings and Mooney remained in jail. They were found guilty by a jury of patriots and businessmen.

Mooney had been a campaigner for the Socialist Eugene Debs and was outspoken against the war. During one of the numerous investigations made by successive governors of the state, one, in 1932, claimed that Mooney was capable of the crime because of his opposition to World

War I. It went unnoticed that every juror but one *changed his opinion* regarding the radicals' guilt.

Mooney wrote in his diary one week before the bombing:

> Whereas it has come to our attention that because union labor is opposed to fostering war spirit by preparedness parades and an attempt may be made by enemies of union labor on Saturday to cause violent disturbance during the progress of the parade, and charge that disturbance to union labor . . . we hereby caution union men and women and all friends of peace to be especially careful on Saturday and not to make any other protest than their silent participation in the Preparedness Parade.

Billings was sentenced to life in prison, Mooney to death. Because of labor's and the Left's gigantic campaign to save him, Mooney's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. Both men were freed twenty-three years later when labor's man, Olson, was elected governor. Four previous governors ignored the fact that *every* prosecution witness was shown to have lied and several had come forth to admit that they had committed perjury, that they were forced to do this by the now discredited District Attorney. Not only did the jury ask for a pardon, but so did senators and mayors.

The owners of United Railroads and the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, under the heavy influence of the utilities company, had been angry with Mooney and his side-kick Billings because of the effective and costly union organizing he was responsible for and for his efforts to free Debs and Joe Hill. Mooney had failed to get a contract with UR just before Preparedness Day, but he had caused them much anguish.

Gentry, other authors on the subject, and Laborites believed the bombing was a frame-up against Labor. "In this conflict single and double agents were common, triple agents were not unknown," said Gentry. "The union spy was hired on the theory that unions were criminal in character," remarked Louis Adamic in *Dynamite*. The spy would create violence if there were none, "for he kept his

job as a spy only so long as he had something to report," said Adamic.

In late November, Fremont Older, Editor of the *San Francisco Daily Bulletin*, heard a rumor. He published it in the *Bulletin* but he disguised its origins. It came from a highly reliable source in the Police Department. It was to the effect that Fickert strategists had decided to stage a camouflage dynamite explosion at a psychological moment in the recall campaign for the purpose of shocking the public mind into a state of sympathy with the District Attorney.

Shortly after midnight on election eve, a bomb exploded outside the east wing of the Governor's mansion in Sacramento. Although this part of the gubernatorial mansion was unoccupied, the blast demolished a brick wall and wrecked several rooms. Headlines screamed from the morning editions: GOVERNOR STEPHENS HOME DYNAMITED; EXECUTIVE AND WIFE ESCAPE UNHURT; GOVERNOR'S LIFE ATTEMPTED.

Thomas McGowan, a former Federal detective assigned to investigate the bombing, charged that he had found evidence, some weeks later, linking Fickert's office with the explosion, but the evidence was suppressed.

Many years later, the Colfax *California Record*, a conservative newspaper, wrote straight from the shoulder about the Mooney-Billings affair:

> We may as well be candid and kindergartenish with you. The reason that Mooney and Billings are in prison is because a majority of the people of the State of California want them there and the Supreme Court and the Governor dare not disobey that majority. It is quite beside the point whether or not they are guilty of the particular crime of which they were charged and convicted. The question is: are Mooney and Billings the sort of people we want to run at large? We have decided this in the negative and we have them locked up. We intend to keep them there, despite all fulminations from Greenwich Village.

The Panthers are backed by people on the Communistic level. It keeps the public apathy going, it keeps the overall

confusion going in America. The American way of life is built on war, basically. If you check, when we came out of the Depression we had to go into some kind of war, somewhere. So our whole system of doing things is built on our economy, which is built on war. Up until this war here the people of America have been very patriotic on war; we will suffer to help another country, totally. We will spend millions and millions of dollars and eat meat once a week, if necessary. But this is a different type of war. These people, all they want to do is bring the destruction of America down a little step further.

America has never lived through a Reichstag fire episode nor have politicians or industrial owners ever felt the need to stage a conspiracy on such a magnitude. There has occurred in our history, however, something approximating it. The gigantic conspiracy is known as the Palmer Raids and the period has been labeled the "Red Scare." Ten thousand Leftists, Labor militants, and innocent bystanders—an enormous number for the population at that time—were marched through the streets and rounded up in a matter of hours. No one was safe voicing a controversial opinion for months to come. Hundreds were deported.

The Red Scare had been building since before World War I, as labor organizers and Wobblies were persecuted for their anti-capitalist ideas and organizing. A national Labor Congress held in early 1919 intensified right-wing reaction in and out of government. The Labor Congress endorsed a general strike in Seattle to aid Mooney's defense campaign which lasted four days and was washed in blood. To those with something to lose, these events were frightening portents of anarchy and revolution.

The Labor Movement, the Left, had to be stopped.

The day before May Day, 1919, as hundreds of thousands of militant workers prepared to march, some twenty packages loaded with dynamite were found in a post office. Two packages had already been mailed. One package was opened by the black maid of a Governor and her hands were blown off. The packages were to have been mailed to leading capitalists and politicians.

U.S. Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer said the two bomb packages were "premature delivery." How did he know? What date might he have had in mind?

Many thought that Palmer and others conceived of the bomb plan in order to turn public opinion against the Labor Movement and toward the interests of big business.

No arrests were made in spite of the fact that Palmer and his assistant; young John Edgar Hoover, boasted of having files on 200,000 radicals, and even though every left of center organization was heavily infiltrated with Bureau of Interior (forerunner of the F.B.I.) agents. This suggests provocation.

On May Day, Labor riots broke out in Boston, New York, and Cleveland. Police and "law and order" citizens beat up marching workers and their allies.

On June 2nd, a powerful blast shook the nation's capitol. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, almost stumbled over a mangled torso.

Two Anarchists were taken quickly into custody but no formal charges were ever filed. One was deported; the other, Andrea Salsedo, was held incommunicado by the B.I. and was allegedly tortured by Federal agents attempting to extract a confession. Salsedo "fell" from the fourteenth floor of the building, according to government agents.

One of the Anarchist's comrades, Bartolemeo Vanzetti, went to investigate the death. The Boston shoemaker was soon marked for special attention by the B.I. Two days after the "suicide," Vanzetti and a comrade, Nicola Sacco, a fish peddler, prepared a protest meeting in Brockton, Massachusetts. The next day, the pair was arrested on capital charges. It was the beginning of a losing seven-year struggle for their lives. At the end, they died at the hands of the State but they were not to be forgotten in what has been called America's most important political-legal struggle.

Shortly after Sacco and Vanzetti's arrest, more bombs exploded, the level of public hysteria rose, and the impending general strike was vilified by the press. The headlines of the Eastern press shrieked: REIGN OF TERROR PLANNED; STOLEN EXPLOSIVES TO BE USED; PLANS FOR WIDESPREAD VIOLENCE AND MURDER.

On Independence Day, all known Oakland radicals were jailed as a "precautionary measure." Eleven thousand police were on guard in New York City along with hundreds

of deputized "vigilante" citizens. The scene was repeated throughout the nation, as the *status quo* braced for the strike. The strike did not materialize but the fear remained.

Historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., said Palmer channeled the fear for his benefit. Attorney General Palmer was planning to run for the Presidency and Hoover was to replace him. Palmer, "generalized his own experiences into a national emergency," wrote Schlesinger.

America's jails were filled to near capacity with radicals who had allegedly violated the blatantly undemocratic sedition laws, and there was certainly no room for the new thousands who were soon to be brought in.

The first of the federal "Red Raids" took place on November 7, 1919. It was the second anniversary of the Russian Revolution. In simultaneous raids in eighteen cities, 450 dissenters of all sorts were arrested and beaten. Many were deported as "undesirable aliens." Many of the raiders were American Legionnaire vigilantes working for the police. In one raid the vigilantes stole an I.W.W. leader, Wesley Everest, from a jail in Centralia, Washington, and tortured him to death. He was castrated, hung three times and released each time just before death. He was finally killed by stompings and bullets. They returned his unrecognizable body to the jail for the other Wobblies to stare at. The official report of Everest's death was suicide.

Historian Robert D. Warth wrote about the wide use of agents-provocateurs during this period in a 1949 article in the *South Atlantic Quarterly*.

> Agent-provocateurs seem to have been used by the Department of Justice; in one notable case the judge remarked in a federal court that the government clearly "owns and operates at least part of the Communist party."

During this period, the justification for the governmental terror was the supposed threat of immediate revolution (a charge that can be heard bounding off the walls of many courtrooms and legislative halls today. It was then, as now, a totally unfounded claim). It was a smoke-screen for maintaining the status quo, the Police-State way.

The New York Times editorialized on January 5, 1920, about the real reasons for the raids:

> Some of them (radicals) are making mischief, or trying to make it, in certain American Labor organizations. One of their principles and hopes is agitation among the Negroes, regarded as victims of "economic bondage" and material for proletarian propaganda.

Deportation, jailings, beatings, killings, torture have long been used as means of expunging troublesome dissent. Frightened leaders of a challenged system always resort to these tactics because they are unwilling to confront their systematic problems. Problems whose causes and symptoms are aggressive wars, racism, poverty, alienation. The demands for democratic control of production and politics are all deflected and rationalized as a conspiracy by "outside agitators" to wreck the country.

Wholesale arrests and deportations of radicals and "undesirable" aliens occurred again after the Second World War, in the "McCarthy period."

Joseph McCarthy, the Republican Senator from Wisconsin, was the front man for the government's "handling" of dissenters. McCarthy was used just as Palmer was used three decades before.

The United States economy, though expanding throughout the world, was plagued by domestic labor strife. Hegemony over the world's political and economic resources created dissent at home. The Cold War suited the American military-industrial complex. It diverted attention from American economic troubles and foreign adventures. Scapegoats were needed to give the Cold War some credibility and visibility at home.

Hundreds of European-born and first generation citizens were arrested for deportation in a new scare. "Foreigners," "Mexicans," "Communists," "foreign agents," became the enemy. McCarthy's witch hunts were as effective as Palmer's in quelling the Radical and Labor Movements.

Secrecy and anti-Communism opened doors for an all-

inclusive attack against all radical and even liberal opinion, against blacks and browns, workers and Jews. The worst thought-control laws since John Adams' Alien and Sedition Acts were created and remain on the books today, most of them strengthened. The Smith Act, the Alien Registration Act, the Internal Security Act, the Immigration and Nationality Act, the Voorhis and McCarran Acts made the laws created against radicalism in the first two decades of the twentieth century seem simple and harmless.

In the mid-1950's, approximately 1,000,000 Mexicans and Mexican-Americans were deported from the Southwest (to many the land of their births) to Mexico.

The Taft-Hartley Law and other anti-Labor legislation made it difficult for unions to even picket or strike. Labor's power declined more than in the 30's and 40's.

The Attorney General's blacklist of "subversive" or "outlaw" organizations grew to 160, but the House Un-American Activities Committee's list grew to 608! Repression and resistance grow in tandem.

The F.B.I. said it had the names of 43,000 Communists who were under surveillance for potential arrest. Hundreds were subsequently arrested and scores were sentenced to one to eight years in prison. Large numbers left the party for fear of their lives, many more went underground.

This precedent allowed police in Chicago in 1968 to arrest and spy on thousands of new radicals and provided the Washington police and federal government the opportunity to herd up 15,000 peace demonstrators during the 1971 spring anti-war activities.

All right, say they bust three brothers or three anyone and place them in the cell with me. We're there for three days so we get to rapping, then one day I reach in my shoe and pull out three joints and we smoke 'em. We start rapping some more and I say, "Do you know that dirty such and such? That dirty bastard is a pig, man. I know he's a pig because he busted me!" "Oh, yeah!" they say. Then I tell them all I know about the cat, and I know everything

because C.C.S. has told me everything there is to know about him.

That starts it. Now you got three brothers believing it because their "information" came from a righteous brother in the jail they were smoking weed with and he told them this guy was the one who identified him to the police. Now, you see, you have planted the seeds of distrust. Then you start planting a little more.

You start busting people all around him. You know they are going to kill him so you just sit and watch. When it happens, you just pick up the two or three men who killed him. Now you got rid of one "good" brother, the three who killed him. You get rid of four brothers at one time plus a public outcry is raised, "Get those crazy people off the streets!"

A Thai-American traveling salesman and ex-rodeo rider, an idealistic Seattle youth "concerned about bombings and violence," a University of Alabama student in trouble with the police, a former Green Beret, an anthropology student who thought the Communist party "not evil,": all with one thing in common. All have surfaced in the last few years as agents-provocateurs, Generic descendants of the police agents of the old Red Squads.

Tommy the Traveler, a veterinary medicine salesman and F.B.I. informant who passed himself off as a traveling S.D.S. organizer among the students of a dozen upstate New York colleges, capped off a two-year career by precipitating an incident which resulted in several arrests and the indictment of a whole college (Hobart, in Geneva, New York).

Tommy Tongyai gave students in the colleges he visited many cover stories. Perhaps the most bizarre was the story he told some that he was a "Third World Person," a member of the Thai Royal Family, awaiting the right moment to return to Thailand to overthrow the corrupt government. All his cover stories were distractions from his persistent urging of violent means of revolution. Some of those who knew him felt that the violence was in turn a cover for his ideological ignorance.

In a long piece in *Esquire* magazine, Ron Rosenbaum

reports that in the beginning when Tommy entered into political discussions he "would earnestly drop phrases like 'socialist-Marxism' and 'Mao-Leninism' into his heated political conversations."

Ultimately, he talked a group of four freshmen into fire bombing the R.O.T.C. building on the Hobart campus in the spring of 1970.

"At a family reunion in Pennsylvania over the Christmas holidays in 1967, Tommy had told a cousin that he was thinking of infiltrating the student movement—he mentioned the McCarthy-for-President movement in particular—in order to expose the leaders as Communists and Communist sympathizers."

Students whom he later fingered recall his violent posturings. After a regional conference in Rochester in November, 1968, "Tommy was in a very good mood. So elated was he with his success and the way things were going with the revolution that he opened his glove compartment, took out his pistol and displayed it and loaded it for the girls, explaining that it wouldn't be long before the time for shooting pigs arrived."

Writer Ron Rosenbaum comments, "Tommy never had much in common with the people he was infiltrating . . . He only had or thought he had two things in common with them: a cowboy versus Indians view of revolutionary struggle and a devotion to guns and violence as the only solution."

And S.D.S. members at the University of Rochester recall that "all he'd ever talk about was killing pigs, putting pigs up against the wall, and guns." Boyd Douglas, the F.B.I. provocateur-informer, had begged the nuns and priests in the "Berrigan case" to "use a gun" to kidnap Henry Kissinger.

He repeatedly offered to get explosives for students, urging them to become "real revolutionaries" to create more Columbias.

Tommy participated in the November 15, 1969 moratorium in Washington, D.C., urging students to stick with the Weathermen "because that's where all the good violence will be."

He once asked Rafael Martinez, a Hobart College senior, to help him blow up buildings at Hobart. "You can't

accomplish anything with nonviolence, that's an Establishment trick to maintain the *status quo*."

Chris Wardell, another student who came into contact with Tommy at Hobart, remembers one meeting: "We got into this discussion of tactics and nonviolence. Tommy became extremely irate, just started beating his hand into his fist, jumping around the room, at first arguing against nonviolence, but eventually he became so inarticulate, so excited, that all he could do was beat his hand into his fist and jump around the room ... his eyes were wild and he really even looked like he couldn't control himself ..."

A college official whom Tommy approached to get a press credential, wrote in a confidential memorandum that Tommy had told him that the struggle to remove R.O.T.C. from college campuses was on "orders from Hanoi to do just that. The more pressure we create against the Vietnam war, the sooner we can end the war." The official replied, "That is Communist." Tommy said, "Yes, that's right."

The incident which finally blew Tommy's cover occurred in April of 1970. It followed a series of student demonstrations and sit-ins aimed, among other things, at getting R.O.T.C. off the campus. Tommy had entered what has been called his "Black Powder Period." He had been building bombs and offering them to students. He finally got four freshmen to agree to bomb the R.O.T.C. buildling on May Day evening. Two of the four dropped out and the other two jumped the gun. They threw three Molotov cocktails through the windows of the R.O.T.C. office at 4 a.m. on May Day. Only one went off. There were no injuries, and the resultant fire was put out by students with fire extinguishers. About a month later, Tommy, who was also working as a narcotics agent for the local sheriff, led a raid on a student dorm. Angry students surrounded the car and shouted "Pig" at Tommy who waved his gun at them. Nine students and the college itself were ultimately indicted by a Special and Extraordinary Grand Jury, called by the Governor, on riot, coercion, criminal facilitation and drug charges. Tommy was congratulated for his work.

A grand jury shielded him from the consequences of his lawless behavior. Even more disturbing is the grand jury's suppression of the role of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in the affair. In an essay "The Agent Provocateur as Folk Hero," Frank Donner comments:

> But more serious is the implication ... that informers are subject to "control," that they are cool operatives doing their job; and, if they become provocateurs, this means only that they have been carried away for a moment. Tommy's history shows how unrealistic such reasoning can be. The "control" theory ignores the strange drives and hostile passions that cause people to act as spies in the first place, as well as the ways in which the atmosphere of risk in which they work is likely to intensify such feelings. As the informer becomes more "involved," new and terrible energies may be released in him. The need to preserve his "cover" gives him a pretext to act out hatred and rage, washing away the cautions prescribed by his "controllers" or "handlers." The notion that the political spy can hang his clothes on the hickory limb of involvement but avoid the water of provocation is a comforting but dangerous fiction.

The "why's" in Tommy's case? A love of violence, action and adventure, mixed with a superpatriotism inherited, perhaps, from his Army Intelligence Officer father to compensate for his uneasy feelings about his Asian background. But all those personal reasons do not completely explain his cynicism and nihilism any more than they do Tackwood's. The power of the State, not only its military muscle but its control over culture, its education-propaganda relationship to the entire population is of such dominance that the "why's" can never be totally known in the case of "friendly betrayers."

The pathology of the State is a part of power itself; the "sickness" of the provocateur flows from weakness and the need to survive. Even Tackwood's self-hate was a necessary defense.

They had a thing going. It works this way. Each individual who could compromise—and this works beautiful too—we notice this too. I say we, the Police Department was showing me, too, how it was working. Each individual black man who has any kind of a sense of leadership, they got him three ways. They brainwash him three ways.

Number one, this is why they couldn't get Cleaver. Again, number one; the nice pad, they build his ego up. Number two; the constant money. See my point? A nigger who never had nothing all of a sudden got everything he wants.

First here's a man ain't never had nothing. Wanted for petty burglary, he gets a nice pad, fabulous clothes and a lot of money. That's the two things. And the third thing; an influential, rich, white girl. What every black man wants.

It's a thing where, over a period of time the white radical didn't intend this to happen, but he never counted on the black man being greedy like he is. Like if I'm giving you money, you gotta take no money from nobody else. So he figured the money would go back out to buy guns. You see, if you build a black's security, insecurity up on the security level, then you got him forever. You own him then, as long as he's got that money coming in. That's why so many blacks are in the penitentiary for petty thievery.

... First of all the police do not care actually, about the soldier in the street, the so-called Panther, the so-called black activist, the S.D.S. They don't care about the soldier. Those are people who are easily accessible; at any time they can grab them. But these people need bail money, top lawyers, people who supply the money for guns, ammunition, literature, housing, transportation. These people are dangerous to them because you can destroy a thousand soldiers, but as long as you've got somebody backing them, a thousand more can take their place. So what they need to do is destroy the financial back of it, to break the back of the soldier.

Now, for the Friends of the Panthers, all they did was bust Freed and Sutherland. Just two of them, but those two brought about an atmosphere of the Big Brother thing. Everybody's being watched, everybody's phone is being tapped, which is bullshit. But they have placed the idea in front, and every now and then they tap a phone, and let it be known it's tapped. First of all, our technology in this day and age is at such a point that when phones are tapped, no one knows about it. And the only reason they let you know there's a tap on your phone is because they want to create a situation. Like when I went to one woman's house, and we were talking, and she was so paranoid we had to go outside in the backyard to talk.

Not in the house, you can't talk in the house, you gotta talk in the backyard. Now, what good is a $100,000 home if you can't talk in it? Do you see how the paranoid syndrome, how it's so effective? Here's a woman with a $100,000 home, well almost, in a nice area, and when she wanted to discuss anything private, she had to go out in the backyard. What if it was raining?

Much closer to the personality of Tommy the Traveler was James Jarrett, a former Green Beret and leader of political assassination teams in Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos. Jarrett came to Los Angeles to help train the L.A.P.D. Special Weapons and Tactical Squad. He soon had another assignment, to infiltrate the Friends of the Panthers for the C.I.A. and L.A.P.D. and to render that organization ineffective by whatever means necessary. The "means" ultimately was a box which allegedly contained ten hand grenades which he planted at the apartment of Donald Freed one morning, returning a few minutes later with a team of Federal and local agents to arrest Freed and (in another part of town) Shirley Douglas Sutherland.

Freed was a co-founder of the Friends of the Panthers. Shirley Sutherland is a former Canadian actress, long active in humanitarian endeavors. She was involved in establishing health care centers in Canada, where her father, T. C. Douglass, is the leader of the New Democratic Party and former Premier of Saskatchewan. At the time she was married to actor Donald Sutherland.

In the legal battles that ensued, the charges against the two were dismissed. The State appealed the case, re-indicted the defendants, and then, in December of 1971, finally dropped the charges "in the interests of justice."

What persuaded the Friends of the Panthers to accept and trust a man they acknowledged as "sick?" Freed writes about Jarrett that, "He did not conceal his racism, male supremacy, and hunger for violence." But, as a Marxist-humanist, Freed thought he and the Left could correct Jarrett's alienation. He also thought that Jarrett's pathology proved he could not be a conscious agent of the State. The professor of philosophy did not realize that pathology and provocation are often the necessary conditions for a system of secrecy, deception and, finally, repression. The sickness of the individual provocateur mirrors the in-

visible but terminal sickness of the State, whose creature he is.

No clever, forked-tongue beguiler of the Left, "Jarrett talked freely about atrocities he had committed in Vietnam and of his current life as a cat burglar and gun runner." But he "ran tight, effective self-defense and first aid classes." The classes had been initiated after several members of the group had been beaten and a young woman raped by Right-wingers.

He, like Tommy the Traveler, complained of the Left's predilection for reading and nonviolence, "while he had to have a revolution, no matter which side he fought on."

In May of 1970, a young Seattle man, concerned that bombings and violence could provide an excuse for the setting up of a police state, went, ironically enough, to the F.B.I. and offered his service to combat the bombers. He said in the Los Angeles Free Press:

> "I've always keenly felt my citizenship responsibilities. I served two voluntary tours of duty in Vietnam and twice extended my active duty commitment to do so. My first contact with the F.B.I. occurred April 18, 1970, when I was responsible for their apprehension of a Federal fugitive. I then talked with F.B.I. agent Louis Harris about capturing bombers and my military background in classified communications ... I refused his $750 a month plus expenses salary offer and all subsequent F.B.I. offers of money. I worked for the F.B.I. simply because I felt I could be effective in capturing bombers. I found out the F.B.I. conducted bombing operations—so I'm going after them."

A year later a disillusioned David Sannes came to the press with a story of how the F.B.I. plans and permits criminal activity in order to enhance its image as an effective crime stopping agency.

Sannes reported that his first assignment was to infiltrate the defense set-up around the Seattle 7 anti-war conspiracy trial and to plan and urge disruptive courtroom tactics.

Sannes said he worked with explosives expert Jeffrey

Paul Desmond and Seattle F.B.I. agent Bert Carter in setting up the bombing of a real estate company. A young black Vietnam veteran (back in the U.S. for only two weeks), Larry Ward, was shot and killed by two policemen who had been notified in advance that he would attempt to detonate the explosives.

After Sannes made his disclosures, Desmond also submitted affidavits in which he detailed his recruitment as an F.B.I. bomber by Agent Harris. "I was well-known around the radical community in Seattle as knowledgeable about explosives—and I had been forced to work as an informer for many police agencies because of deferred sentences against me, and I had been on heroin since I was eighteen years old."

Desmond admitted to encouraging two other men, Jan Tissot and John Van Veenandaal, to watch him build dynamite bombs.

He admitted setting bombs at a University of Washington construction site. He also told the press he urged Tissot, Van Veenandaal and Mike Reed to set a bomb he had built in a U.S. Post Office near the University.

Desmond had already notified the police and the F.B.I., who were there to arrest the four. Desmond was released within hours after his arrest, charges were dropped, he was given $500 and heroin by the Assistant Chief of Police Richard Schoener, and transported out of the Seattle area.

Sannes told reporter Paul Jacobs, "My instructions were general, to find people interested in bombing. These were people that I sought out for the F.B.I. ... For a few of the members it was a matter of many weeks of persuasion to actually—have them carry through with the bombing projects."

Sannes dropped his association with the F.B.I. after agent Carter made it clear that the person who was to be involved in the bombing would have to die in a booby-trapped explosion.

"None of these individuals had any knowledge of explosives themselves. It was necessary for them to have outside explosive help, and that was me."

Also interviewed by Jacobs was Charles Grimm, a former student at the University of Alabama:

"Well, this one detective who was working with the nar-

cotics in Tuscaloosa for the Tuscaloosa Police Department, he threatened me. He said, "I'm going to throw you and your fiancée in jail if you don't cooperate with us." And being afraid of jail, as I am, I decided, well, I'd better cooperate. These people had me by the throat and they knew it. And well, eventually the F.B.I. came in, and the F.B.I. said, 'Listen, we want you to work for us, too!' and they offered to pay me. But see, it wasn't the money so much; it was the fact that if I didn't do it with them they'd nail me anyway."

Grimm became an undercover agent for the F.B.I. in April, 1970. His duties, like those of other agents discussed here, were to infiltrate the student movement, identify leaders, provoke students into committing acts of violence, and report his observations.

The F.B.I. agent to whom he reported these observations was Eric Wilson. Like Tommy the Traveler, Grimm also doubled as a narcotics agent. He was responsible for some thirteen arrests on drug abuse charges.

During the course of his work as an agent-provocateur, Grimm participated in several acts of violence. He threw three Molotov cocktails at an apartment building near the campus on May 19, 1970. That night he twice set fire to an abandoned house near a campus hangout. On May 7 he burned a University building, Dressler Hall, and on another occasion, set fire to a private residence near the campus as a diversionary tactic to draw police.

In the area of urging others to violence, students report that at meetings of the Student-Faculty Coalition he told those present that guns were needed in their struggle, and that he could provide them. "Guns, man, that's the answer."

Martin Sostre was a black revolutionary hero in the boiling Buffalo, New York, ghetto of 1967.

Arto Williams was a black junkie and ex-con sitting in a cell awaiting trial. That summer he was visited in his cell by a Detective-Sergeant named Alvin Gristmacher:

"He explained to me what he wanted . . . to bust Martin Sostre . . . and that if I would cooperate I would be immediately released. I just had to set up Martin Sostre, get him busted on a drug charge, possession and sale.

". . . I had to report to Gristmacher after I was let out. He gave me twenty dollars . . . I took the twenty dollars and went out and scored . . . I went into the store (Martin Sostre's revolutionary bookstore) while another policeman stayed outside. I handed Martin Sostre some money and asked him to hold on to it for me, but Sostre didn't know where I got it. After I did that, I went outside the bookstore and told Gristmacher I had what he wanted. I gave him part of the bag of heroin I scored the day before . . ."

After Williams and the others perjured themselves in court, Martin Sostre was sentenced to 31–41 years in the penitentiary. Gristmacher has since been fired for narcotics trafficking.

A group known as the Secret Army Organization (SAO) has already begun to use violence against radicals in San Diego County and is said to have cadres in eleven Western states.

Although these acts of violence, including shootings and fire bombings have taken place since 1969, police authorities made no arrests until after the June 19, 1972, bombing of the Guild Theater. No one was injured, although the building was severely damaged. Subsequent raids conducted on SAO members' homes netted large quantities of illegal explosives, handguns and rifles, including an unpacked case of M-16 rifles. The market value of the weapons was estimated at more than $60,000.

SAO member, George M. Hoover, was also arrested for the sniper shooting of Paula Tharp who was in the home of radical San Diego State Economics Professor Peter G. Bohmer on January 9, 1972. She was hit in the right elbow and suffered permanent damage.

Bohmer, who was not at home, had previously been subjected to about 40 threatening phone calls and numerous incidents of violence. In many cases, death threats and literature were credited to the SAO. However, when Bohmer and the *San Diego Door*, a radical bi-monthly of 12,000 circulation, reported these and other acts of terror to the police, nothing was done to stop the violence.

Inspector Michael Sgobba, chief of the Investigations Unit ("Red Squad") of the San Diego Police Department, told C.R.I.C. that the police had nothing to go on because, "We were not aware of the SAO. We didn't know what

the underground group was doing as we hadn't infiltrated it. The F.B.I. had infiltrated them but didn't tell us until after the Guild Theater bombing. The F.B.I. figured they'd gone far enough then when they began bombing property."

The police say they are disgruntled with the lack of cooperation from the F.B.I. in finding those responsible for the two and one-half years of violence against anti-war activists. Howard Berry Godfrey, F.B.I. informer and agent-provocateur for five years, kept the F.B.I. abreast of the violence but the San Diego police were in the dark, according to Inspector Sgobba.

At preliminary hearings of the nine arrested for the two acts of violence, the F.B.I. and the District Attorney's chief witness, Godfrey, testified that he and Hoover had been surveilling Bohmer's home for the SAO, as was their custom, when Hoover took a 9-millimeter pistol from under the seat and fired two shots into the residence.

Godfrey said he didn't know that Hoover was going to shoot and as his SAO superior he ordered him to stop. Hoover left the gun in Godfrey's car and the informer turned it over to his F.B.I. contact, Steve Christianson.

Christianson, said to be sympathetic to the Secret Army, hid the gun under his couch for six months until the District Attorney's office learned of its existence by talking to Godfrey after a theater bombing. The agent has since left the F.B.I. and cannot be found for comment but the F.B.I. office denies knowing anything about the gun previous to the bombing.

Godfrey has admitted to being a captain and commander of the local SAO and second in command of the California state section. Other Rightists contend that Godfrey was a co-founder of it after the Minutemen were "destroyed by Communists in the Justice Department." Godfrey said he had supplied information almost daily for five years through three F.B.I. contacts: Christianson, Earl Peterson and Jordon Naylor.

Godfrey got started in the F.B.I. like so many informers after he was arrested for a crime. He was charged with possession of illegal explosives in 1967. He had been sympathetic to reactionary groups already when asked to inform for the F.B.I. Charges against him were then dropped and he became an employee of the Fire Department. The

department denied it knew about his F.B.I. and SAO activities.

Frederick Hetter of the American Civil Liberties Union believes that his client is innocent of the bombing and points a finger at Godfrey. He also says the SAO commander, Jerry Davis, said that Godfrey supplied 75% of the money for the SAO.

Door reporters Doug Porter and Ric Reynolds were contacted by Davis of the Secret Army who provided them with information about Godfrey. He confirmed that Godfrey worked for the radical Message Information Center under the name of Larry, that he had access to the Movement For A Democratic Military, and that he had a list of people belonging to the Peace and Freedom Party in San Diego which he obtained while working for them. Godfrey was in charge of the SAO's counter-intelligence unit.

Hetter links Godfrey with Tommy the Traveller, the Student for a Democratic Society member who set up bombings in the East Coast for the F.B.I. and blamed them on the left. The lawyer also believes that the SAO working members do not have the sophistication to pull off the operations that they are credited with.

"My client, Yakopec, is a simple tool for the F.B.I. You know, they had enough information to arrest people after the Tharp shooting. They knew what was going on in all the violence. They had civilians do their dirty work. They only moved after a building, a business, was bombed. It wasn't a case of shooting somebody, it was damaging property."

Hetter hopes to turn the trial into an offensive against the F.B.I. His goals merge with the SAO's and with the radicals. Both Left and Right are agreed that the Federal government is the key oppressor and repressor.

This supposition achieves more credence in conversations with the U.S. Attorney General, the F.B.I. and the SDPD.

Harry Steward, U.S. Attorney General who figured in the case of C. Arnholt Smith and the GOP-ITT scandal, said he couldn't comment on the case or on the reasons why no one was prosecuted over the two and one-half years of violence against radicals because of the trials. But

he did say that "The F.B.I. never presented any prosecutable cases to us."

An interesting contrast to representatives of the Federal government were the views of Police Investigator Sgobba. The cooperative, amiable "Red Squad Chief" told C.R.I.C. that "We really want to crack this thing. We're accused of persecuting the Left and not the Right. We've put a lot of work into this thing since January and we want to arrest the guilty persons."

He said that it was quite possible that SAO was guilty of the numerous acts of violence against the Left but that they had no proof. He blamed Godfrey and the F.B.I. for withholding information critical to solve the crimes.

"If we could get evidence we'd charge people. If Godfrey did anything we'd charge him too," Sgobba said. He told the press to watch the "interesting trial" to determine the role of the F.B.I. in provoking the violence.

New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison brought forth evidence of a conspiracy to assassinate John F. Kennedy. The man he named as a co-conspirator, Clay Shaw, head of the New Orleans Trade Mart, was acquitted, but when the jury was polled afterwards, each member told the D.A. two things: 1) You could not *directly* link Shaw to the conspiracy and 2) The Warren Report was an official hoax; there *was* a conspiracy.

Predictably, the media was interested in only the first reaction. Then Garrison disappeared from the front page. Several years later, headlines announced that Jim Garrison had been indicted by the U.S. Justice Department for taking bribes from pin-ball machine operators. The key witness was a former employee of Garrison's named Pershing Gervais. Mr. Gervais surfaced suddenly in Canada with a sensational story, but America's leading media would not touch it. What follows—in transcript made available to C.R.I.C.—is a variation on the theme of the informer-provocateur, at the highest level of government.

Rosemary James is a well-known journalist in the New Orleans area.

ROSEMARY JAMES: Throughout the interviews with

Gervais he referred to a man named Gerald Shore, a man he described as a Justice Department agent working out of Washington and his prime contact with the government. According to Gervais, Shore had promised his family they could move to the Caribbean, Europe, or preferably Australia and that it ended up Vancouver. Gervais said Shore arranged interviews with him with executives of a major American oil company that after some negotiating it was decided that he would go to work for this oil company in Canada in the capacity that amounted to spying on the Canadian government. Gervais said that all of a sudden shortly before Garrison's arrest, the government wanted him out of the country pronto and when he actually got to Vancouver things were not the way they were supposed to be.

PERSHING GERVAIS: ... And Shore said go up into the Marinas of Nova Scotia and then casually take your time and drive all cross Canada, see Canada.

Q. Who was paying for all this?
A. They paid for it. They paid for it at the rate of $73 a day.
Q. I mean they were giving you the cash?
A. Oh yeah, cash money.
Q. All right, so you got to Vancouver and what happened?
A. Well, of course, in between somewhere I learned what my job was to be.
Q. For this oil company?
A. For the oil company. It's a strange thing. My job was to, in effect, investigate, or spy on, or determine why it was that this oil company was not accorded certain privileges in Canada by the Canadian government that other oil companies ...
Q. Like drilling privileges?
A. Drilling privileges, precisely, was one of them. For some reason.
Q. This company was denied these privileges?
A. By the Canadian government and ...
Q. They wanted you to spy on ...
A. On the Canadian ... whoever that part of the Canadian government that determines these things. I never did learn because it ultimately ...

Q. They actually wanted you to spy on the Canadian government in the employ of an American oil company?
A. Right. Along with the connivance of the Justice Department.
Q. In other words . . .
A. They will deny this, you can bet. But they won't get on a polygraph and deny it. But let me just point out something to you. With the connivance of the Justice Department, this American oil company, they sent me into Canada to investigate, in effect, the Canadian government, to spy on them if I could. They thought I could do it. Once I arrived in Vancouver in September, I was trying to get my furniture and, of course, they stalled me. The Justice Department stalled.
Q. What do you mean they stalled?
A. They didn't—they stalled getting my furniture to me, I wanted my furniture. See. And they stalled me so bad and began to tell me so many lies—they had been telling me lies, little by little it became apparent . . .
Q. What did it boil down to, that you didn't have a job?
A. They said the oil company changed their mind, that they were afraid to hire me because they were afraid that, in spite of the assurances to the contrary by the Justice Department, perhaps I may be forced to testify in the upcoming trials of the pinball people and Jim Garrison and there it would come out what my function was. And they couldn't afford this. Now this was Shore's, Gerry Shore's, message to me.

ROSEMARY JAMES: It was later, Gervais said, that the government got him the job with General Motors in Canada, after Gervais refused to move his family another mile.

Q. Now you get $18,000 a year from General Motors. Do you get any side benefits?
A. Well, you know, I get the $4,000 a year from the government tax free. I also get a new car every 3,000 miles.
Q. Do they pay for the upkeep of the car?
A. Oh, yeah, they pay for the insurance, the oil, the gas, which comes out to roughly another $50.00 a month in expenses.

Q. Precisely what do you do for General Motors of Canada to warrant this $18,000 a year and benefits?
A. I don't do anything to warrant $18,000.
Q. Well what do you do?
A. You couldn't dignify it as work but I simply pick up a couple of pieces of paper in one hand, transfer it to the other, and mail it to the factory. I am sure it has absolutely no meaning. I am sure this is not the function of Field Traffic Manager, a real one.

PERSHING GERVAIS: No one, in the history of my lifetime, ever heard of me doing anything for anybody (without a) motivation. I'm just not that kind of cat.

Q. Now Jim Garrison used to be a friend of yours. Are you saying that you deliberately set out to frame him for a profit motive?
A. Well, depending on what you're going to define as profit.
Q. Well, just what did the Federal government do?
A. Not just profit, because this has made me very uncomfortable.
Q. Well, personal profit whether money or otherwise.
A. Yeah, correct, right, right . . . because I was convinced I was going to jail. This I can prove without a polygraph.
Q. You were convinced that they were going to send you to jail?
A. They were going to send me to jail and I was convinced, in no uncertain terms, that they were going to . . .
Q. On what charge?
A. I was never told. I have no idea of what kind of charge.
Q. You have any tax problem?
A. None, zero, zonk.
Q. Didn't have any Swiss bank accounts or anything like that?
A. I wish I did, darling. I wish I did. Only government people get those things, you know, and their friends—I mean high level government.
Q. Well, what did the government give you in return for helping them in their investigation?
A. Well, we would become friends.
Q. You and the government?

Q. Obviously you're packing. Obviously you're leaving Vancouver. To a lot of people this is a beautiful city and would be a marvelous place to live. But I take it you're going home.
A. I'm going back to New Orleans, right. I'm getting my family back home, where they belong.
Q. You're tired of being away from home?
A. I'm tired, I'm tired of living a lie but I'm mostly tired of watching them day in and day out live a lie and being coached to lie. You know, it's been confusing to my little boy. Of course, I'm sure the Justice Department couldn't care less.

ROSEMARY JAMES: While enroute back to New Orleans, Gervais was interviewed in Oregon on May 24. In this second interview, as reported in the *New Orleans Times Picayune* (May 25), Gervais claimed the Justice Department got him a Canadian "ministers permit" to remain in Canada and sent a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman to "sell him on Canada; 'The whole deal was set up by the two governments working together. I'm sure if you ask your [Canadian] government about it they'll have some glib answer ready,'" he charged.

About his job with G.M., Gervais said the Justice Department official, Shore, introduced him to a man named "Winters" in a Fordmo Hotel room and told him he was meeting the President of G.M. (Ronald S. Withers). "Why he wanted to see me I don't know. I guess he just wanted to see what this guy looked like who he'd been told to hire. They took me out to the plant ... and put me through a three-week course. I learned nothing in that. I know as much about traffic management as I know about operating a linotype machine."

Gervais continued, "But it was all part of the payoff for the affidavit [which he signed for the prosecution against Garrison] ... they got the Canadian government and G.M. to cooperate down the line ... They dictated to G.M. in Detroit and Detroit dictated to Oshawa [G.M.'s Canadian headquarters]."

The May 30 *Wall Street Journal* reported the following:

"General Motors Corporation confirmed that it hired briefly, at the request of the Justice Department, a former

New Orleans policeman who helped the government in its case against Jim Garrison, former New Orleans District Attorney.

"The G.M. hiring disclosure also has brought to light a fairly widespread, but previously unpublicized, practice of some big American multi-national corporations finding jobs for U.S. government informers and secret witnesses in out-of-the-way corners of their operations here or abroad.

"Washington sources said the Justice Department has arranged similar jobs for key informers and witnesses in 'some dozens' of cases, perhaps as many as 50. Disclosures of the practice came as a surprise in Washington, as well as in Canada.

"A representative of the Justice Department asked G.M. whether we had a job opening in Canada for a man in whom the Department of Justice was interested. We found a position in our traffic department that was available. It was offered to him and he accepted it."

And the *Times-Picayune* of May 24 included a report saying:

"Les Slimon, zone manager for G.M. in Vancouver, said there had been a 'Mason,' the name Gervais says he assumed in Canada, working with the company.

"All I know is that Mr. R. F. Baker, director of traffic in Oshawa, brought him out here, introduced him around and said he was going to be traffic field manager," Slimon said.

"He reported in occasionally," he said. "He hasn't done us a real lot of good here."

The same story also contained:

"Tom Kennelly Tuesday denied that the Justice Department harassed its informer, Pershing Gervais, into trapping New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison."

The *Times-Picayune* for May 26, 1972 reported a new death threat against Gervais:

"Local and Federal authorities are investigating reports that a 'contract,' or an order to kill, is out on Pershing Gervais, a prime figure in Federal bribery charges filed against Dist. Atty. Jim Garrison and others, it was learned Thursday.

"Asked about reports of a 'contract' on Gervais, U.S. Atty. Gerald J. Gallinghouse said he couldn't comment directly on the case but said, 'We would be very concerned

about any threat to the safety of any potential witness in a Federal case whether he was friendly to the government or hostile.'

"It was learned that efforts to find a 'hit' man to murder Gervais were made this week. The sum offered for the job is reportedly in five figures."

In a letter to the *Times-Picayune*, printed May 23, Garrison has this to say about the Justice Department:

"The Justice Department, at its very best, is politically-oriented. Measured at its highest level, it is corrupt beyond any possible description. There are few political crimes which it has not committed. There is no offense which it will not commit, no individual right which it will not violate, if a political gain can be accomplished. The business of the Justice Department is injustice.

"Its so-called 'task forces' are nothing less than contemporary versions of totalitarian secret police. Inasmuch as it is operating under a Republican administration, virtually all elected officials who are indicted and prosecuted are Democrats. Republican elected officials, it appears, never commit Federal offenses.

"We live in an era in which tragedies, unprecedented in our history, have occurred. Great leaders of the people have been assassinated, time and time again, under repeatedly strange circumstances. In every case, the Justice Department has played an active part in concealing the truth and fooling the citizens of this country.

"Never before has a major element of the United States government been so busily engaged in working against the interests of the people and in undermining the traditions and ideals which for so many years represented the America which we once knew."

A few sketches do not a portrait make but, nonetheless, certain traits, certain situations, certain patterns emerge again and again in the retelling of the stories of these and other agents-provocateurs.

A love of violence, a need for adventure, the prestige of playing an "important" role, the lure of easy money or narcotics, a misguided "patriotism," an unthinking anti-Communism linked to a childlike belief in the heroic G-men and strong policemen of the movies' yesteryears, most of all a self-hatred and a hatred of ones' own oppressed people juxtaposed with an identification with the

powerful oppressor, the aggressor—and the fear of prosecution—these are some of the elements.

President Nixon spoke in San Jose in 1970 and, just as he did after his Miami Labor "confrontation," contended that he was ill-treated by catcalls and rock-throwing. The Sheriff and city officials of San Jose denied that any serious incident occurred. And California Republican Congressman Paul McCloskey claimed that the conservative Young Americans for Freedom had organized the "violent" demonstration. But Nixon got good press coverage and his propagandists made hay out of what can only be called a provocation.

In the spring of 1970, William Howard, a Washington, D.C. reporter for the conservative Newhouse chain, published a story about a "contingency plan to cancel the 1972 elections," which he claimed he learned about from the wife of a Rand Corporation executive. There was a virtual news blackout on the subject.

According to Howard, the President had ordered the Rand Corporation think tank in Santa Monica, California, to do a "feasibility study" of the cancellation possibility in 1972, because of Nixon's concern about possible "disruption by the Left."

The *Wall Street Journal* wrote April 24, 1970, rumors that the study had been ordered were "hard to spike."

The *Los Angeles Free Press* picked up the story and was told privately by persons at Rand that it "had done a good and right thing in publishing the story."

. . . The police have a different view, really. They enjoy the people. You may not believe this, the Police Department enjoys having this type of people in America. For one thing, the more active these people are, the more powerful the police can become.

They are as dangerous as eating cotton candy. Sometimes, it's sticky, but most of the time it's good. The police are involved in more violence than they are.

We now come to Tackwood's strange "San Diego Conspiracy." This weird scenario became known to the world as the Watergate Affair.

I'm not gonna show C.R.I.C.; I'm not telling nobody all what I got on "Squad 19" on the San Diego Conspiracy. But I'm gonna show you some of it since it's starting to come out anyway. But I'm not giving up everything because, man, this is my only life insurance, you see where I'm coming from?

I'm giving up only two names. There's "Martin," and there's "White." Alright, now, "Martin" was the code name for my contact, and I'm gonna tell you he's C.I.A. all the way. Are you ready for this? He was in Dallas when they got Kennedy; he left out of there for the Caribbean. And "Martin" is in on the cancellation of the election, some way, and in on the concentration camp thing. Do you see what I'm saying?

Now the control, the man over "Martin," is "White." I only heard a little about him but they say he's the money man, nobody's over him but the top dogs. "Martin" and "White," that's all I'm gonna give you now. This is my life insurance.

Eight months after that tape was made by Louis E. Tackwood two mystery men were catapulted into the headlines. Their names were McCord and Hunt. Their various code names included "Martin" and "White." These names were used by several operatives.

The Watergate Affair began on June 17, 1972, with the arrest of five men in the Democratic National Committee offices located in the Watergate Hotel, Washington, D.C. (the home of John and Martha Mitchell).

A million-dollar suit was placed against the Committee for the Re-election of the President for compensatory and punitive damages to the Democratic headquarters.

Charges in the suit may include unlawful interception of wire communications as well as unlawful possession of wire devices and burglary.

The Associated Press reported,

> "The Committee for the Re-election of the President was worried that a hearing on a suit involved in the break-in and bugging attempt could cause incalculable damage to President Nixon's campaign.
>
> The Committee asked a U.S. District Court to postpone suit against the Committee until after the November 7th election.
>
> To hear the suit before the election, the Committee said, could deter campaign workers and contributions, force disclosure of confidential information and provide the Democrats with a reason to hold a news conference."

What was actually happening at the Democratic National Convention headquarters? Electronic devices were involved but that seems to be the least serious activity. Within six weeks of the first arrests it was known that at least twelve men and $114,000 were involved; this was obviously not a "bugging" budget or squad. The invaders were discovered putting forged documents of some kind *in* files, not taking papers out. They were not burglars. These were only the first major contradictions.

The men, wearing evening clothes and rubber gloves, carried electronic devices so sophisticated that according to the New York *Daily News* they could have been used for "months" without detection. (These veteran clandestine operatives are the same men that sources close to the White House called "circus tramps" and "burglars.") Also in the team's possession were "incendiary and bomb manufacturing devices and implements," according to the Washington police. They had previously planted a supersensitive listening device in a fire alarm box. The men had been in the Democratic Committee offices before and the listening devices were still working. In fact, as they broke and entered, another team of agents was dismantling a listening post in a motel across the street from the Watergate complex.

One thing was perfectly clear: this espionage mission was involved with far more than eavesdropping. As the investigation of the event unfolded during the 1972 presidential campaign, it became clear that Watergate was but the tip of the iceberg. Hundreds of thousands of dollars and scores of men were revealed as part of a national network for political espionage, sabotage and provocation. The contacts for the provocateurs who were recruited turned out to be men from the White House, some of the President's closest advisors.

As each of the upper echelon operatives involved are introduced, it is important to remember that all of these men were hired by the White House to "protect" secrets like the Pentagon Papers from reaching the public.

Soon other names were revealed by the national press. In order to make sense of the information reaching the public it is necessary for a research group like C.R.I.C. to add further facts and to use some of the structural nomenclature of what is called in intelligence work, "clandestine operations." Here, then, was the chain of command as it emerged during the 1972 presidential campaign.

Charles W. Colson ("Case Officer"): Replacement to Murray Chotiner as Nixon hatchet man in charge of such tasks as placing advertising, in 1970, accusing Democratic candidates for office of being advocates of everything from narcotics addiction to immediate surrender in Vietnam.

Secret planner for extreme Right-wing leader Reverend Carl O. McIntyre. Liaison for pro-war organizing between McIntyre, Marshal Ky, the U.S. Embassy in Saigon and the White House.

G. Gordon Liddy ("Financial Conduit"): General counsel of the Committee for the Re-election of the President. Supervisor for secret $10,000,000 campaign fund.

Former F.B.I. Special Agent. Received nine telephone calls from Miami "contract agents" before break-in.

E. Howard Hunt ("Cut-Off"): Long-time, high-ranking office of the Central Intelligence Agency in clandestine operations and paramilitary areas. Far Right-wing activist.

Served as consultant to the White House, on recommendation of Charles Colson. Received twenty-nine telephone calls from Miami agents including calls on day of crime, June 17, 1972.

Hunt has two completely separate biographies developed and no picture of him could be found by the Washington press.

James McCord, Jr. ("control"): With F.B.I. and C.I.A. since 1948 as leading security officer. In charge of "running" Right-wing Cuban and American field team in 1971 and 1972.

Assigned to top-secret Pentagon "special unit" in charge of domestic political control of "radicals" in time of emergency.

It must be kept in mind that an operation such as the Watergate affair or the San Diego conspiracy is tightly "compartmentalized." That is to say that those in charge, above the "cut-off" man, are almost impossible to identify (unless, as in this case, there are major blunders).

Here is what can be reconstructed so far: Howard Hunt resigns from the C.I.A. and is hired by the White House at the behest of Robert C. Odle, Jr., an assistant in 1960 to both John Mitchell and Richard Kleindienst.

Setting aside speculations about those over Hunt, we can trace Hunt as he contacts James McCord who, according to the Washington *Post*, headed a Pentagon unit "that develops lists of radicals and draws up contingency plans for the censorship of the news media and the U.S. mail." McCord is employed by several GOP committees, his take home salary is $1,209 a month. McCord had received some $3,000 extra for equipment purchased. The radios the team had when arrested were licensed exclusively to the Republican National Committee.

Hunt also contacted his old subordinate from the 1961 C.I.A. Cuban adventure, Bernard Barker. Barker shares offices with Miguel R. Suarez a Cuban exile lawyer prominent in Republican politics in Florida, who the *New York Times* of June 19, 1972 connects to former Governor Claude Kirk of Florida.

If we follow the force of the worm's eye view of Tackwood's revelations we now have the following scenario:

When the Tackwood revelations and the ITT scandal forced the GOP convention switch to Miami, Cubans replaced blacks, Chicanos and "Jesus Freaks" as provocateurs, but the new teams would still be "run" from Washington D.C. by "White" and "Martin."

The "clandestine operation": The Committee to Reelect the President sets aside massive amounts of money for "intelligence-gathering and other steps to prevent disruptions of the Republican National Convention," the *Washington Post* reports.

Nine men, all registered with false names taken from spy novels written by Howard Hunt, Jr., stayed at the Watergate Hotel May 26-29 and again June 17-18. All of the five men caught in the Democratic headquarters were connected with the C.I.A. in some way. The other rela-

tionship they had in common was having worked together for the C.I.A.-planned "Bay of Pigs" invasion of Cuba.

Four days after the arrests at the Watergate Hotel, Martha Mitchell, wife of the Attorney General called a UPI reporter from Newport, California, and said:

"I am sick and tired of politics"

"I gave him an ultimatum I would leave him if he didn't get out"

"I am a political prisoner"

"Politics is nothing but a cops and robbers game"

"I know dirty things"

"I saw dirty things"

"I am not going to stand for all those dirty tricks that go on"

"I was a patriot until I got assassinated. What country can I go to?"

"I am sick and tired of the whole operation"

"*They* threw me down on the bed, *five* men, and stuck a needle in my behind. A doctor stitched my finger after the battle with *five* guards." (She has bruises on her arms and thighs.)

Considering the Tackwood allegations that were made public in October of 1971, McCord's job of maintaining security at the conventions was equal to securing the electoral process.

Bernard Barker was telling people in Miami that "something was going to happen at the time of the conventions." He was busy planning demonstrations in approval of Nixon's bombing of Haiphong harbor.

On April 24, Barker and a secret team of seven men went to Miami to hire provocateurs for a New York demonstration. Four of this team were arrested at the Watergate Hotel. Three were in Miami at the time, and one left the country because he was "headed for trouble." There were plans for a May demonstration that was moved to Washington, D.C. after J. Edgar Hoover's death. Paid demonstrators were hired to make an ugly scene while Hoover's body was lying in state.

Money to pay for street scenes and fights with police and radicals came from the same money man, Bernard Barker, who served as the conduit of funds for the Bay of

Pigs invasion. This time Barker was handing out crisp, consecutive $100 bills that came to Miami's Republican National Bank, from a secret source in Mexico, via a secret source in Chile. James McCord, Chief of Security for the Republican National Committee, was paid for the Watergate job with the same funds that hired street altercations.

Barker's wife said that her husband had not been active with the Cuban community for five years. She was surprised he was arrested working with that group again.

That observation fits in with the "Squad 19" plan which was arranged for San Diego. When the convention was moved to Miami, a whole new group of street people would have to set the milieu for confrontations. Some persons could be imported. Local varieties would be better. The radical, emotional, well-trained, constantly provoked Cuban exile community could be worked up sufficiently with enough of those C.I.A. $100 bills floating around again.

One man in Miami was offered $700 "C.I.A. money" to demonstrate on the streets in August for the conventions.

Kenneth H. Dahlberg, Nixon's campaign finance chairman for the Midwest, turned a check for $25,000 over to ". . . Maurice Stans himself" (the former Secretary of Commerce). That check plus another $100,000 was then deposited to the account of Bernard L. Barker the Cuban Conduit for the affair!

Barker handed out $30,000 to the Watergate men for hotel expenses and elaborate equipment. $10,000 went to Washington May Day provocations.

Frank Sturgis was planning demonstrations for the Republican conventions. Two private Catholic colleges received a call from Sturgis asking for "lodging in August for Young Republicans." He left his phone number at Bernard Barker's Real Estate office. Sturgis also called Barry College, said he was an "organizer" and wanted rooms for 200 places.

Where were these Young Republicans coming from? Douglas Caddy, attorney for the men arrested, was cofounder of Young Americans for Freedom. That group is infiltrated with radicals, extremists, and many who supported Agnew for President. Eugenio Martinez, real estate partner of Barker, was making his own reservations to

bring in about 3,000 Young Republicans for Convention time. Depending upon the background, training, beliefs of a para-military, religious, violently anti-Communist element, there is no way of telling if Martinez, Gonzales, Barker and Sturgis were planning to import trouble. If they hired provocateurs for the May demonstrations in Washington, who were they making these reservations for in August?

Howard Hunt, Jr., who fled the scene when his friends were arrested, also had experience with "radicals." Known as a very conservative Republican during his twenty-one years with the C.I.A., he had occasion to put down the "radicals," "Blacks," and "war protestors." When students at Brown University objected to hearing Henry Kissinger speak to them, Hunt wrote the alumni that he "deplored the lack of patriotism in youth." He called them "hirsute know nothings."

All the elements necessary for "Squad 19" were assembled. Five men, skilled in cloak and dagger intelligence operations, all with C.I.A. experience, veterans of the Bay of Pigs together, heavily and secretly financed, connected to military troops waiting for "direct combat" against the radicals and Left-wing, were dining together and living at the Watergate Hotel at the time they were all arrested wearing evening clothes and rubber gloves.

Had a Right-wing intelligence network penetrated and taken over the Republican Party at the highest level?

A thread connects the White House, the GOP National Committee, the Committee for the Re-election of the President, the C.I.A., and a fanatic band of Cuban exile cutthroats.

At one end is the President, rabidly determined to win re-election. His political Chief of Staff is John Mitchell who has allowed himself to believe (a) opposition to Mr. Nixon is stirred by subversive forces, and (b) these forces are strong enough to create a revolution. He said a year before the Watergate affair, "Never in our history has America been so threatened with revolutionary elements." This creates an attitude of "anything goes" in attacking alleged subversives.

The Cuban Exiles—At the other end is a band of Cuban exiles; some were killers and cutthroats for Batista, a few are ex-Castro guerrillas. All have a raging and fanatic

desire to unseat Castro. Most have C.I.A. connections, were involved in the ill-fated Bay of Pigs, and developed a vicious hatred of President Kennedy for refusing to give them U.S. air cover.

One of the Watergate suspects, Bernard L. Barker, "attempted last year to obtain blueprints of the Miami Beach convention hall and its air conditioning system," reports the *Washington Post*. Miami architect Leonard Glasser said, "Barker asked him to use his professional influence to obtain blueprints ..." At the time, only the Democratic convention was scheduled there.

What was the air conditioning system to be used for? The C.I.A. has developed two odorless gases which could be inserted into heating or air conditioning systems. They are not lethal, but can put out of rational action all who breathe it. This is incredible but not improbable. Particularly, since the press has tied the Watergate gang and Republican operators with attempts to disrupt the Democratic convention with crowds of Cuban emigrants and conservative youth.

With the Watergate arrests and Tackwood's revelations, other tips of the conspiracy icebergs appeared.

In Miami, William Lemmer, a tormented agent-provocateur for the F.B.I. confessed just in time to avert violence at the GOP convention. But a Florida Federal Grand Jury charged leaders of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War (VVAW) of conspiring to "organize fire teams with automatic weapons" and to "disrupt communications systems in Miami Beach."

William Lemmer was a Vietnam veteran active in anti-war organizing. His psychiatric history and continual harassment by military intelligence made him a perfect "profile" to be used by intelligence for informing and provocation.

When Lemmer could no longer bear the conflict of setting up his brother veterans, he took his story to the VVAW and to the ACLU.

Frank Donner, Director of the American Civil Liberties Union Project on Political Surveillance, concluded of this sad case that in using Lemmer's mental anguish to betray

his friends, the F.B.I. sharpened already unbearable conflicts and "brought him in from the cold."

by MARILYN KATZ and ROBERT DUGGAN
with taped commentary by LOUIS TACKWOOD

PART V

When you look at Louis Tackwood, open your eyes wider and you will see the Glass House looming behind and over him.

They have an overall plan. You see, like I say, most of them are sergeants from the start, most of them make money you wouldn't even believe, and their major plan, let me tell you, their major plan is that they want a full Police State. I don't just mean California, but all over. They talk about it all the time. Total Police State, you see my point. And when they get to the top of the organization, they're saying that whenever it comes they're going to be No. 1 man, No. 2 man, and I'm going to tell you, they talk about making that big dough. See my point. Plus the prestige of being on the top . . . I'm saying people who are involved are now looking at the future. Wow, when we do get this police thing, phew, look out. They got a plan working right now where they're trying to figure out how they can get Nixon to declare martial law.

. . . It's in the planning stage right now. He would create martial law, and that would give an excuse to arrest hundreds of people—hundreds and hundreds. See what I mean. And once they arrest all these people, I'm going to tell you, there'd be no stopping it. Even if tomorrow morning you say martial law wasn't in effect, you see my point, they'd still have been out there and they got control out there now. In other words, like I mean, this would be a Police State ever afterwards.

They (Criminal Identification and Investigation) were watching the Hammer house. What C.I.I. was fearful of is that a coalition with the Revolutionary Union would come about, they didn't want a coalition . . . for the first time up North there was a coalition of the black militants and the white militants, and they didn't want it to spread down here. They wanted to destroy it before it started. First of all, it started on the school level, then it started on a new level with E.O.P., then MECHA and the Chicanos got together with the blacks in the B.S.A. The Coalition happened in Berkeley, but by the time it happened in Berkeley they had it so infiltrated with the police that it didn't make any difference, they took two dummies and made councilmen out of them. You see what C.C.S. was trying to do was find out who was creating this thing.

In other words they have a theory that behind every organization is money . . . they want to find out who, what, where and when.

In the early morning hours on January 14, 1938, Harry Raymond stepped on the starter of his late model Chrysler—and it exploded. The explosion lifted the heavy car off the ground, leaving it in a pile of disassembled parts. Somehow the limp body that was pulled from the wreckage survived. The men who planted the bomb were Chief of Intelligence, Earl E. Kynette and his trusted assistant Lieutenant, Roy Allen, also assigned to the Intelligence Bureau.

Raymond was not exactly what one would consider a "subversive." Former Chief of Police of San Diego, once the District Attorney's Chief of Detectives and a veteran police officer of many years. At the time of the bombing, he was a private investigator for a citizens' watch dog committee called the Civic Independent Vice Investigation

Committee which was led by a County Grand Juror, Clifford Clinton. Only four months earlier, Clinton narrowly escaped a similar assassination attempt when a bomb went off beneath his house while he and his family slept. CIVIC was carrying on an extensive investigation into the connection between organized gambling and prostitution interests and the Los Angeles administration under Mayor Shaw. Clinton had exposed the protection of gambling and vice syndicates provided by the Los Angeles Police Department, and sought to use CIVIC to publicize the corruption in city government and to press for reform. The criminal bombing of Clifford Clinton's home remained unsolved in the courts; it was the culmination of a long list of attempts to stop his crusade, including a bribery offer to finance him in the purchase of a hotel worth $2,000,000. Clinton refused the ribe, so they tried to kill him.

Four months later, Captain Kynette placed a bomb in the car of Clinton's chief investigator. During the sensational trial, Kynette alleged that he was the "victim of a police frame-up" and compared himself to Tom Mooney and Alfred Dreyfus. But the prosectuion had the evidence: on the day of the bombing, investigators found detonator wire in Kynette's garage identical to the type that fired the Raymond bomb. There was also proof that Kynette had set up a constant surveillance of Raymond for several months prior to the bombing, which included renting a bungalow across from Raymond's house and the tapping of Raymond's telephone.

The evidence of a police conspiracy to murder Raymond was overwhelming; the jury convicted both Kynette and Allen on all the charges. Kynette was sent to prison on the charges of attempted murder, assault with intent to murder and the malicious use of explosives. Allen was sentenced only for the latter charge. Kynette was given a 30-year sentence in San Quentin; he served seven. In 1948 he was paroled, despite a written protest by Raymond to the Parole Board. Kynette was freed and was quickly granted a state license to become a pharmacist in Oakland.

In the closing arguments of the trial, the Prosecuting Attorney said of the Intelligence Division, "Captain Kynette's Intelligence Squad was utilized for only two purposes. We have established beyond any question from the Intelligence Squad's own records, that they had two purposes only. One was to attack anyone who had the temerity to run for mayor in opposition to Frank Shaw and the other was to silence anyone who raised his voice to cry out that there was vice and corruption in the city."

Los Angeles Chief of Police, James E. Davis corroborated that statement when the allegations were first leveled at Kynette's Intelligence Squad. In explaining the reason for a special intelligence unit, the *Los Angeles Times* of January 25, 1938, quoted Davis as saying:

> The citizens of Los Angeles should know why there is an intelligence unit in the Police Department. Such a unit is an important and indispensable part of every metropolitan police force in order that they may keep informed of the methods of operation of both potential and actual criminals. It is an age old practice of criminal elements to attempt to destroy public confidence in law enforcement agencies. This is done by disseminating insidious propaganda and innuendoes, through the medium of individuals who wear the cloak of crusaders or reformers. Naturally, operations of this nature are conducted with the greatest secrecy and it is only through an intelligence unit that the Police Department can keep informed as to the real identity of persons involved in such activities and their motives and operations . . .

Davis frequently suffered from the inability to distinguish self-interest from the interest of the community. In the same statement, Davis made a clumsy plea to the public:

> It is to the vital interest of the community that its citizens have faith and confidence in their Police Department. Without such confidence, no police force can operate successfully and the community thus suffers. To maintain this state of confidence, every groundless attack designed to discredit the Police Department and thus destroy public confidence, must be exposed and halted . . . The investigation of every attack upon the department is consequently routine procedure for the intelligence unit and requires no

special orders or instructions from any officer's superior in authority to the commander of the unit.

It seemed an absolute inversion of priorities, if not an indication of the smug arrogance that comes from being at the top. These powers appeared immune from attack or criticism. Perhaps it was this arrogance more than ordinary stupidity that explained Kynette's behavior during the investigation prior to the trial in handling the detonator wire. When the D.A. arrived at the Intelligence Division with a subpoena to confiscate all Intelligence Division files, Kynette wrapped the massive bundle of secret records in detonator wire from a spool sitting in the office. The wire was the type found in Kynette's garage, was the identical type used in the Raymond bomb, and was the spool which a Bakersfield hardware store manager testified he sold to Kynette. It was too much for the public. Sending two men to prison as patsies for the crimes of a whole administration was not enough.

A recall movement was organized with the reformers falling behind Superior Court Judge Bowron as candidate for mayor to replace Shaw. A coalition including Clinton's CIVIC, the C.I.O., Labor Non-Partisan League and the radical Federation for Political Unity, sponsored the recall movement and supported Bowron. Bowron was elected overwhelmingly in probably the only successful recall initiative in the country.

The first act of the new administration was to dump Chief of Police Davis, who was immediately picked up by Douglas Aircraft to head that company's police force. The new Police Chief abolished the Red Squad, transferred more than 200 police officers and broke several superior officers. The work of the old Intelligence Bureau was transferred to the Metropolitan Division where it remains to this day on 13th and Georgia.

Georgia Street, right here, this is Georgia Street on 13th and Georgia. Let me explain something to you for your own benefit, look over there at all those cars that Intelligence and C.C.S. have. They look like regular cars. See it looks like a regular parking lot where people park. But

those are all police cars. I'll tell you that now, okay. It's on the other side of that building there—the new convention center. It goes all kinds of ways. That's Georgia—see all them new cars.

The whole third floor is the Intelligence Department. You don't see any police cars do ya? All of these cars are the personal cars of Intelligence, C.C.S., and S.I.I. men, but the city bought them, they just use them as if they were their own cars. They are all equipped with radios and a different radio channel from the black and whites, and they're all kinds, see my point, jeeps, Cadillacs, everything.

It's a big secret but they plan to put all police intelligence divisions in this one building, even the F.B.I. is going to have their liaison man here. Intelligence is on the second floor. The third floor is going to be where they keep all the computers, files, and everything, right there on the third floor. Georgia Street is supposed to be condemned. It's not supposed to be in use anymore, see my point. As far as the public is concerned it's not even occupied. It used to be a regular police station, the Georgia Street Division it was called.

Now they say that they got some funny little desk called the Bureau of Public Information, or something like that, but that's not what it really is, jus' try and get some public information from them, you'll get your ass blown off.

The Thirties scandal that shook Los Angeles was one of the rare moments when the public has been able to view in sharp relief the prurient intercourse between police, politicians, business, organized gangsters and the mass media. Perhaps more significantly, it demonstrated that intelligence bureaus are organized as a political instrument by those who wield power, economically, socially and politically. Power in the hands of the intelligence bureaus has many uses, but its most immediate one has always been the enhancement and expansion of the police establishment.

The recent use of intelligence files by the Chief of Police in Philadelphia against school board members was similar to Kynette's use of them thirty years earlier. Richardson Dilsworth, a former Mayor of Philadelphia, accused Frank Rizzo of threatening school board members by claiming he had information, contained in police dossiers, that would ruin their political careers. He threatened

to release that information to the press and run them out of the city. Dilsworth, who was president of the school board at the time, said that while Rizzo was Chief of Police he kept dossiers on thousands of citizens in Philadelphia and in this case used the files to intimidate rising public opposition to police methods being used in the schools. Frank Rizzo became Mayor of Philadelphia.

The broader function of intelligence has been and is the defense of a social system that places private property rights above civil and human rights and protects the right to profit, and the control of government by those who own the property. Corruption and brutality are always incidental. Corruption may be widespread throughout the ranks of the Police Department as the Knapp Commission has exposed it to be in New York's police force; or it can be penny-ante payoffs for traffic tickets to individual officers. In either case it is incidental to the life and function of the police establishment. Individual morality does not influence the expansion or control of police intelligence or the power of the police and those whom they serve.

The instructive lesson of the Raymond case is that while political and administrative figures fell away in the wake of a great popular reform movement, the institutions survived the individual personalities in new forms. The scandal exposed the alliance of a "ruling group" of which intelligence was an indispensible instrument. It swept the "corrupt" politicians out of office, it abolished the "Red Squad" but it did not touch the basic function of police intelligence, nor the business interests that it served. It could not do that without calling into question the basic premises of the police establishment, without questioning the values by which the society is ruled.

They found out that the coalition wasn't happening in Santa Cruz, they found out that it was taking place in Berkeley. So they sent me up there to work on the election. With the good wishes of C.C.S. from down here and enough money to spread around. I found out who was going to work as campaign manager in the election so I went right along with it. I worked in the campaign, helped plan it, and everything.

I met D'army Bailey and Ira Simmons. Those are the two who got elected as Councilmen. I met Ron Dellums,

and I met the coordinator of the Free Angela Davis Committee, and they got a dude up there too. Let's see, his name is Franklin Alexander. I followed him quite a few places—where white folks gave lots of money and I just picked up the names. I was working with the Black Caucus.

How should I put it ... I am the coordinator of the D'army Bailey and Ira Simmons thing. But not officially. And they have a coalition between the Black Caucus and the white radicals. My job is to break it up, if I can.

The early growth of police power in Los Angeles was engineered by two imposing personalities, Police Chief James Edgar Davis and the Captain of Detectives in Intelligence, in charge of the Radical Bureau, William "Red" Hynes. They were associated in the very early stages with the establishment and growth of a police intelligence bureau whose responsibility became the control and surveillance of ideas of social and political movements. The birth of police intelligence gave rise to a whole new genre of police work.

Following the Palmer Raids and the organization on a Federal level of the Radical Division of the Department of Justice under J. Edgar Hoover's leadership, every metropolitan city founded their own intelligence division. They each adopted a variety of names and labels: in Los Angeles it was the "Red Squad"; in New York it was BOSS; and in Chicago it is known as the "Gang Intelligence Unit," but there is a common denominator.

"Red" Hynes and James Edgar Davis were prime movers in creating one of the prototypes of the intelligence bureaus that became a model for other police agencies around the country.

We must look at both the men and the social context in which they existed and flourished.

The control of Los Angeles by businessmen and their syndicate allies, that existed during the Shaw regime, was nothing new. From the founding of Los Angeles, one of the "last frontiers" in the country, the city was dominated by the interests of the agricultural land barons, the railroad magnates, and the *Los Angeles Times* ownership under Harrison Gray Otis and Harry Chandler. The first challenge to their rule was in 1910.

Citizens sickened and impoverished by the callous and

corrupt policies of the railroads and businessmen began a huge reform movement in Los Angeles. It seemed clear that working people, tired of the tyranny of the police and their masters in business, were going to elect a Socialist for mayor.

Chandler and Otis of the *Times* and their followers in the business community were terrified. Losing control of the mayorality and thus the police department would leave them vulnerable—it would threaten their "dictatorship." But they were saved. On the night of October 1, 1910, the *Times* building blew up, twenty persons were killed, twenty-one people were injured. The ownership of the *Times* and the rest of the business community immediately seized the opportunity to blame the explosion on union men and the Socialists. The McNamara brothers, two union leaders, were indicted for the explosion. Their attorney, the Socialist candidate for mayor, made a deal with the District Attorney and pleaded them guilty. Although it has never been clearly resolved as to who or what was responsible for the blast, the incident was a victory for the ruling elements in the city. Big business regained its hegemony, and a context was established for the passage of long desired anti-labor legislation such as the anti-picketing ordinance, and the Criminal Syndicalist Act which made it a crime to even advocate the abolition of private property. The police almost became a private army for the industrialists.

Armies need generals, strategists and tacticians as well as foot soldiers. "Red" Hynes and James E. Davis were the vanguard theorists and tacticians for the development of this army, their histories are the history of a whole era of deep social conflict in America.

William Francis Hynes was born on July 30, 1898 in St. Louis, Missouri. Young Hynes was destined to despise Communists, Syndicalists and revolutionaries of every shade. "Red," as his friends called him, was nineteen years old when the Bolshevik revolution in Czarist Russia shook the smug, complacent bourgeoisie of the world. It was only five years later that he enlisted in the Los Angeles Police Department and was immediately assigned as an undercover agent on the waterfront. He infiltrated the International Workers of the World (I.W.W.) strike that paralyzed Los Angeles harbor in 1923. Hynes became

secretary of the strike committee and editor of the *Strike Bulletin*. He also was the state's "surprise witness" on the stand when they prosecuted the union leaders and broke the strike. "Red" Hynes was credited by the Department of Justice with doing "more than any other person to help the government in their operation against the I.W.W. throughout the nation during the general strike . . ."

It was a sensational beginning for a young ambitious man, rather like the beginning of another young man on the East Coast, John Edgar Hoover, who began his career in the Palmer Raids and the Radical Division of the Department of Justice's Bureau of Investigation. These young men were pioneers in the early anti-Communist crusade at a time when few people accepted the idea that revolutionaries were a menace. But there were many others to follow and profit from "Red Hysteria": California's Richard Milhouse Nixon and Los Angeles' Samuel Yorty and many others were to build their political careers on a platform of anti-Communism.

On September 19, 1937, Police Chief James E. Davis read a report "on the Communist Situation in California" prepared by "Red" Hynes, to the convention of the California Peace Officers Association:

> "Efforts in industry, pride in labor, thrift, investment and provision measures for comfortable old age—all of these are components of American life. The vision conjured by our forefathers of commerce flowing freely from coast to coast—from our shores to those of distant lands became a reality. But something went awry. And suddenly we find ourselves in a maelstrom of strife . . .
>
> When a crime is committed we seek the culprit. Here is a crime committed against the country as a whole. Against the workingman and against the industrialist as well . . .
>
> Who is responsible? The barbarous monster which is bringing this scourge upon the American people is that organization which is known as the C.I.O. and behind it stands the arch vandal of the world—the Communist Party. This is a call to arms. It is a call

to all of the people to unite in this campaign. All patriotic, religious and fraternal groups and organizations should join in lighting the torch of battle against this enemy—the Communist Party."

This was only four months before the Raymond bombing exposed him and his men as the true "arch vandals" in California and removed them from the public trust. The Raymond Case and the following two years of congressional investigations into violations of the civil rights of citizens and labor unions exposed the nefarious activities of these men and their backers in the hierarchy of Los Angles politics.

Davis was a less colorful figure than Hynes, but perhaps more instructive as an example of the police as the tool of big business and their strange bedfellows in the underworld. James E. Davis was first appointed to the position of Chief of Police in the 1920's by Mayor Cryer. Together they acted as front men for big business led by the *Los Angeles Times* and its organs the Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants and Manufacturers Association and for the local crime syndicate headed by Guy McAfee and Kent Parrot. During their reign Los Angeles was an open town; open to gambling, vice, prostitution and bootlegging. The shops and factories were open too—no unions allowed. Davis was removed from his post in a brief and sickly attempt at reform during the following Porter regime, but was reappointed by Mayor Shaw in 1932. Shaw, who during his campaign had not received the support of the business and syndicate moguls, made his peace with these interests through the appointment of Davis. Davis acted as the coordinator and protector for all leading interests, business, syndicate and police.

His men were sent to protect race tracks, gambling casinos, factories and stores, businessmen and gangsters all in the name of the public welfare. Gangland killings were never investigated. When Hynes and his "Red Squad" were under attack by citizens for their mutilation of the Constitution, Davis defended them against the "body of disloyal men" trying to destroy the police. When there was a demand for an investigation of twenty-seven syndicate-owned brothels, Davis resolved the matter by declaring the houses were "under investigation." The "investigation"

went on until his dismissal with no results. When the City Council demanded the resignation of four policemen responsible for the murder of a Negro citizen, Davis called them "busybodies," and with the help of the *Los Angeles Times* had the matter dropped. Davis had his own solution to the "Negro problem." He proposed that "all domestics" (where a majority of Negro citizens were employed) be fingerprinted. When objections to this were raised he called it a Communist plot. Davis considered every struggle for Negro equality to be a Communist plot.

In his 1937 speech to the California Peace Officers Association, he outlines some of these "subversive" activities and gives his views of the situation. He describes agitation against discrimination or for relief, opening of jobs to all races, equality in the trades, support for the anti-lynching bill, and the fight for the right to rent and buy property as part of the "conspiracy." He said:

> We take note of the fact that that portion of our population which comprise the colored is a self-contained section many of whom are well-educated, cultured and practically all of whom are satisfied with their position as respected citizens. But the arch-agitators, the Communists, are not content to see the Negro people living their own lives in the privacy of their own race. They strive diligently to stir up race consciousness among the Negro people, they agitate on the question of discrimination, pointing out that Negroes are not treated with the same consideration that white people receive. They attempt to get the Negroes to fight for social equality and agitate for the intermingling of the races.
>
> In justice to the many, admirable, colored people who are a part of our citizenry, it should be said that they resent the encroachment of the Communists upon their domain. They have no desire to mingle with the white people, being happy in their own surroundings, nor do they attempt to force themselves upon the white people. Their modesty and restraint in this manner are outstanding. But the Communists will not rest and are not satisfied with this situation. The agitation of the Negro people continues with undis-

couraged vigor, even in the face of the resentment and disapproval which the Negro people do not hesitate to express.

One method of attack employed by the agitators, against their victimized race, is the encouraging of the mating of black and white. White girls connected with the Party or the Young Communist League are thrown into the paths of Negro men—usually the young men are chosen as the targets. Familiarity between white girls and young Negro boys is bred through propinquity in activity in various organizations, at dances, etc.

Loose conduct and excessive familiarity are certain to be the issue ... Further than this, we have on record numerous cases of the mating of Communist white girls with young Negro men. Without a doubt this type of vinculum is as objectionable to our respectable colored citizens as it is to the white people who learn of it. We must solicit the assistance and cooperation of the better class of colored citizenry in a joint effort to discourage and abolish this practice. The prohibition of these practices ... is the solemn obligation of every citizen black and white, who is interested in preserving the purity of the races.

Davis's race theories parallelled those of the champions of fascism in Europe. His bias made him the perfect servant of the industrialists of the city. He also said:

Great industrial institutions have been garrotted by the C.I.O. A period of recklessness has followed in which undisciplined unions have gone mad with power; strikes have been attended by violence, bloodshed and deaths ... Wise men blessed with keenness of perception and with the ability to penetrate below superficiality will detect the farcical nature of the announced purpose of the C.I.O. "to encourage and promote organization of the workers in the mass production and unorganized industries of the nation ..."

The irony of his position when juxtaposed against the

history of the L.A.P.D., especially its Red Squad, is only outdone by the timing of this statement by Davis. He made it at a time when the country was beset by crisis not due to the struggles of the C.I.O. but to the irrationality of an industrial system which produced goods that no one could buy. All over the country men and women of all skills, ages and occupations were struggling simply to survive.

The history of the L.A.P.D. is an exposition of violation against the civil rights of workers: of violence, bloodshed, treachery and illicit activity. During the years when Red Hynes was developing his skills as a "fink" and James E. Davis was learning how to get his bread buttered, the L.A.P.D. was developing its method of enforcing the "open shop" policy for Los Angeles.

From 1919 until 1925, police arrested 504 union organizers and political activists on the charges of Criminal Syndicalism. It was not necessary to prove these men and women had committed any crime for a conviction to be obtained. No industrial sabotage had to be shown, no burnings of fields, or bombings of factories. Political association or sympathy with radical and socialist groups or ideas was sufficient for conviction. One hundred twenty-four convictions of up to fourteen years in San Quentin were obtained in those five years, many under the supervision of the "Radical Bureau," through the conjured up testimony of police agents and informers. As the La Follette Report (the report of the Congressional Committee looking into industrial espionage) states:

It is clear that espionage has become the habit of American management. Until it is stamped out the rights of Labor to organize, freedom of speech, freedom of assembly will be meaningless phrases. Men cannot meet freely to discuss their grievances, to organize for economic betterment; they may not even express opinions on politics or religion so long as the machinery of espionage pervades their daily life. ...

Prosecution of political ideas, unlike prosecution where there is evidence of a criminal act, could only be obtained through the use and growth of a network of spies and

"finks" whose sole function was to "get the goods" on people and break the unions.

Criminal Syndicalist trials were costly and the public grew weary of witnesses who by their own admission could not be trusted to ever tell the truth. An easier method was found to destroy political organizations outside the courtroom: the Red Squad.

While Hynes was busily infiltrating the I.W.W. in San Pedro in 1923, his cohorts in the Bureau were inveigled by the shipping barons to deliver the final blow to the strikers by arresting 300 of them *en masse* and prohibiting the union from meeting in the harbor district during the strike. There was great protest to this action by such men as the crusading author Upton Sinclair, who came to San Pedro to aid the imperiled strikers. Hynes and his friends treated notables no differently than the strikers. When they tried to hold a rally in support of the I.W.W. strikers, all were arrested by Hynes and the squad on charges of "conspiracy." The case was later dismissed.

When Davis was made Chief of Police, his first command to Hynes was "to redouble his efforts against Labor." Hynes carried out this command vigorously, making "mass arrest" one of the Red Squad's favorite tactics. In every strike such as the meatpackers' strike or the furniture workers' dispute, the Red Squad used mass arrests and beatings, did strike-breaking duty, and acted as armed guards for the owners. Strike-breaking proved to be a profitable enterprise as well. According to the La Follette Reports, the L.A.P.D., particularly the Red Squad, received $145,000 for their work in the three-month long strike. Hynes himself received close to $6,000 for his strike-breaking services in the years 1934-1935 (although such extracurricular activity was forbidden to the intelligence bureau by official policy).

The Red Squad profited by their "intelligence" activities as well. They were sent around the state in the pay of the Chamber of Commerce and the Merchant and Manufacturers Association to collect data on "effective" organizers who were then branded as Communists and blacklisted. The La Follette Committee describes this use of anti-Communism as a ploy. "Although, as the investigations reveal, the employer directs his spy forces against any kind of union activity, he cloaks his hostility under the pretext that

he is defending himself and the country against Communism." Among those branded as Communists were such famous "Reds" as Philip Murray, head of the steelworkers, Walter Ruether, John L. Lewis, Heywood Broun, David Dubinsky, Victor Ruether and Harry Bridges. By branding them such they hoped to win public acceptance of their ruthless means of breaking the back of labor.

The La Follette Reports quote Chief Davis speaking of the necessity for public acceptance of unusual methods of dealing with labor in a speech to the California Peace Officers Association.

> We must develop counter-propaganda activity, such as materials you can give to the press to support you in extra-legal methods. The suggestion made by one of the Sheriffs regarding the use of coupling pins and things like that are very effective in communities where you can use them. In some of the larger cities, that is what I meant when I mentioned Sentimental Alice; it isn't possible to use the methods you can in some of the smaller cities and counties. God knows we would like to put them all in the hospital, particularly the leaders, but we can't get away with it anymore; there's too much sentiment in their behalf.

What did the Chief mean by extra-legal methods?" Was it solely brutality or the tear gas or the unprovoked beatings his men dispensed? These incidents and activities only dramatized and gave color to the underlying insidious nature of the weapons being used in this intense period of class struggle. The La Follette Committee held hearings throughout the country for over five years; investigating the anti-union policies and activities of industrialists and agricultural magnates and the abridgement by these interests of citizens' civil rights. In describing the committee's findings, La Follette makes clear on whose side the violence was nurtured.

> Espionage is the most efficient method known to management to prevent unions from forming, to weaken them if they secure a foothold, to wreck them when they try their strength. Its use by manage-

ment is an entirely "natural growth" in the long struggle to keep unions out of the shops.

In some states the sabotage and treachery was carried out by private police forces belonging to various concerns such as Republic Steel's private police department or by giant detective agencies such as Pinkerton or Burns. It was estimated by the La Follette Committee that in the 30's $80,000,000 a year was being spent by major industries to employ intelligence operatives, provocateurs, spies, saboteurs, and special police. State and city police was well as National Guardsmen were used to impose the dictates of the owners. But California was the worst.

The investigators for the Committee, in Los Angeles, were able to intercept a communication between Hynes' Intelligence Bureau and his agents in the Oil Workers' Union. One of the many documents copied by the La Follette investigators included a long directive by Hynes to his agents which was to serve as a "Plan of Operation."

DOCUMENTS RELATING TO URBAN LABOR ORGANIZATIONS AND STRIKES
A. OIL WORKERS UNION
EXHIBIT 10220
PLAN OF OPERATION

November 8, 1933

In combating the union movement concerning which Agents 10 and 20 have been reporting, following is the plan of operation proposed by them:

Agents will concentrate their work to keep the organizing of the men to a minimum for the immediate present and as an ultimate end to disrupt the movement entirely. To accomplish these objects, Agents will use many methods to assume leadership and to secure the removal of aggressive, efficient organizers.

The most aggressive among union organizers and usually radicals and Agents who will turn the names of all such over to the Department of Justice and to the Police in such cities and towns as are administered by officials not in sympathy with radicalism.

Workers who are active in organizing will be reported to their several employing companies so that they may be transferred or discharged. Agents will keep the union treasuries to a minimum by getting the officers to spend money foolishly, in order that no strike benefit fund may be accumulated. Agents will keep notices of meetings and literature from reaching the men to a great degree.

The movement will be discouraged by securing men employed by the companies to talk to their fellow-employees against the union. Agents already have several contacts of this sort who do not like unions and who can be depended upon to discourage the

movement. Within the union itself, Agents will promote internal dissension among the members and among the officials and organizers.

It will be possible to assume control over the organizing of the Foremen and Inspectors' Union so that this organization will not function in the manner expected by the union officials.

All union meetings, organizational conferences and official committee meetings will be covered and reported by Agents in all sections from Long Beach and Ventura to Coalinga, Taft and Bakersfield.

Agents will secure all information on sabotage, prevent a strike and block every move the union makes which holds any promise of effectiveness. The numerical strength of the union will be kept within safe bounds and later disrupted, officials and organizers will be encouraged to dissipate their efforts in fruitless channels, internal quarrels among the members and officers will be purposely created, and dangerous members and officials will then be removed through definite action, all by using the above described methods and by other methods known to be effective by Agents.

In addition, of course, the clients will be kept informed at frequent intervals of the activities of the union and photostatic copies of important documents sent to them.

Agents are perfectly familiar with this work and stand very high with the American Federation of Labor headquarters in Washington, to which they have wired for credentials as organizers in this particular union. Agents already have credentials which will admit them without question into any union or executive committee meeting of any organization affiliated with the American Federation of Labor or the Brotherhoods. Agents are also delegates to the conventions of the California State Federation of Labor and of the American Federation of Labor.

Agents have devoted their time for years to this sort of investigation work and are fully trusted in all liberal, radical and labor circles on the Pacific Coast and elsewhere. They always have most valid reasons for their presence at any place or meeting so that no suspicion can possibly arise.

Agents are also in a position to assume control of the newly organized Friends of Organized Labor, and will be able to keep this organization from having any effective influence upon the movement in any way.

There is absolutely no danger of the clients being involved in Agents' activities nor of being embarrassed by them to the slightest degree, as Agents' methods of working preclude any possibility of their being uncovered or even suspected. Agents will always be well within the law in all their actions, and their methods have been found to be more successful than so-called "strong arm" methods.

In order to handle the situation and gain the objects noted above, three men will be necessary. The cost of these men will be ten dollars per day each, plus necessary expenses, and will include any investigation wanted in the area under discussion and reports will cover every section. Agents would prefer to report to Captain H. as there is sometimes considerable danger in sending reports to small towns.

Agents do not consider that the present situation is serious, but it could easily and quickly become so. Since the NRA went into effect, organizers are more active throughout the country than ever before in the history of unionism, and now that open attacks on the NRA and the Roosevelt Administration have started by Hearst and others, American Federation of Labor officials have ordered a redoubling of active effort to solidify the ranks of labor quickly in the event of a dissolution of the NRA setup. Organizers are preparing literature designed to convince workers that the safety of their jobs lies in union organization.

Unions everywhere are trying to force the closed shop on employers, and the A.F. of L. is trying to get enough members in the United States, according to several leaders, to carry the next presidential election even if it is necessary to use the A.F. of L. Brotherhoods as the nucleus of a new Labor Party.

Agents would not desire to remain on this investigation for the sole purpose of reporting the activities of the union. This can be secured, except for plans made in conferences of organizers and officials, from employees of the companies for a few extra dollars per week. The cost of breaking up the movement is but a small percentage of the cost which would result were there to be a strike, whether such a strike would result in higher wages or be entirely lost by the union. There will be no local strikes in this industry in the future; all workers will be called out in the event the union is strongly organized and the companies do not recognize it and accede to its demands. The cost of Agents' work will be but a small premium for the security which it will give against trouble with the unions.

Captain H. will vouch for the fact that Agents always bend every effort to disrupt the union and close the case as quickly as possible. They do not "string out" the job as there are many concerns in need of their services at the present time.

If the intelligence bureau itself could not handle the job, the Red Squad acted as a clearing house for the contracting of professional strike breakers and agents-provocateurs for the various companies. In the confidential files of the Red Squad the La Follette Committee found a letter from the West Coast office of the Burns Detective Agency to their home office. In describing the lucrative deal the agent had consolidated regarding the Longshoremen's strike in Los Angeles, the letter states: "We obtained the contract (with the Marine Service Bureau) through the cooperation of Captain Hynes of the Red

Squad of the L.A. Police Department, and Mr. Nichols who is the manager of the Marine Service Bureau . . ."

These relationships were so beneficial to everyone (but the workers) that the Intelligence Bureau urged Chief Davis to organize a celebration for the oil company executives to thank them for their cooperation in crushing the strike, organized by the Oil Workers Union two years after the instructions to Hynes' agents in the "Plan of Operation:"

Memorandum for Chief Davis: June 19, 1935
Re: Oil Tankers Strike

As the oil tankers strike is now drawing to a close, I wish to call briefly to your attention the following facts and recommendations:

That the strike was called on March 9, 1935, ships stood idle until a meeting was held in your office on March 29, 1935. A police detail was sent to the harbor district on April 2nd and during this strike it was the first time, to my knowledge, that all affected by labor trouble within the oil shipping industry united together in a united front and pooled their efforts in combating all subversive activities and the recruiting of labor to fill their ranks; this being done by a committee of three selected among their groups . . .

I feel that we have made some wonderful contacts and boosters for you and our department, and furthermore, recommend that each executive from each oil company in the harbor district should be invited and entertained at our police range for lunch (perhaps next Wednesday), and there presented with a police badge in recognition of their splendid cooperation and in furtherance of their friendly relationship toward you and our department.

Now, the majority of the officials of these oil companies already have police badges. There are perhaps three or four that have not. I think it would be a fitting occasion for you to present them at our lunch

with a badge, and if you deem it proper, I will make all arrangements to carry out above suggestions.

Respectfully,

Luke M. Lane
Detective Lieut. Commanding,
Intelligence Bureau

Agents were not the only methods used by the innovative Red Squad in their relentless attempt to smash organized labor. In their attempts to get "inside information" they pioneered some of the earliest electronic surveillance. The Teamsters too fell under the category of "potential criminals" in the minds of Davis and Hynes. Thus in 1938, according to the La Follette testimony, both Teamster Local 201 offices were bugged as well as the office of their attorney, Clarence B. Conlin.

The people of this country and the Federal government, by the middle of the tumultuous '30's, had agreed that labor had the right to organize, that working men and women must unionize if they were to exercise their constitutional rights. The problems of Labor in this country were immense; pervasive unemployment, rank discrimination, no job security, intolerable working conditions, violation of the child labor laws, and unliveable wages. The only method these men and women had to gain power was the use or denial of the use of their labor power to their bosses: the right to strike. Davis and Hynes had another idea of how to deal with the "Labor problem." In Davis's report on the Communist situation in California he proposed:

—that the Criminal Syndicalist Laws should be maintained and extended to other states;

—that city ordinances be enacted that prohibited the use of city streets by "Communists and their cohorts";

—that attorneys who defended radicals be disbarred;

—that aliens involved in "subversive political activity" be deported. (They attempted to do this to Harry Bridges of the Longshoremen's Union for many years.)

Labor was not the only victim of the Red Squad. Hynes, Davis, and their men used the cloak of anti-Communism to stifle all citizen movements for social justice. No

gathering in Southern California was safe from their "censorship." Early in his career, Hynes formed an alliance with the American Legionnaires and other vigilante groups for the purpose of breaking up meetings of the Left. Meetings of groups working for full employment, or fighting racial discrimination held in halls, homes or in the streets were met with disruption, prevention and arrests.

Early in Los Angeles' history, the Plaza had been declared a "free speech area" where citizens could address the crowds who gathered there. No permit was required. However, when Left and Labor leaders attempted to exercise their rights to use the rostrums especially constructed for that purpose, Hynes' Squad was unleashed in all their fury. One of the most blatant examples of this occurred when trade union and Communist Party leader William Z. Foster attempted to speak in the Plaza but was prevented from doing so by the Squad. Foster and eleven others were grabbed and thrown into jail without charges. Foster was held for twelve hours and others were held up to thirty hours. None were ever charged with a crime or brought to trial.

The Red Squad had become the dispensers of civil liberties allowing only those whose political and social ideas and outlook they shared to exercise their rights. They regulated, in their own and in corporate interests, the freedoms of assembly, press, speech and right to travel.

The 1930's, besides being a time of great unemployment and social turmoil, was the time of a disastrous drought in the Dust Bowl. Thousands of impoverished families moved from their barren soil and ruined farms to find work to keep their families alive. Many of them came to California on the promises and myths contained in the cheap labor advertisements of California newspapers which showed the state to be the land of "milk and honey." However, instead of being greeted at the border by California sunshine, they were met by 135 armed guards under the control of Chief Davis and Captain Hynes who inspected them like fruit and decided if they were "rich" enough to enter the Promised Land. Cadillac-driving tourists, pullman passengers, even members of the Chicago Capone gang were permitted entry. But the Dust Bowl victims were kept out by the well-armed cordon of L.A.'s finest.

Some poor and working people were not wanted. Under whose mandate was this done? Was there a city council resolution or a state law on entrance requirements for California? No! Backed by the Chamber of Commerce, Davis had sent his "review board" to the border. To end this barricade, it took the filing of a Federal law suit and the outrage of thousands of Americans who felt that the blocking of a citizen's access to another state was "going too far."

The spectre of fascism was rising in Europe, spearheaded by the reactionary landowners and industrialists and executed by the military and police forces in those nations. Trade unions and Left political organizations were trampled there in the wake of the "iron heel." Americans as well as Europeans were beginning to understand the threat to Democracy not only in Spain or Germany but also in their own country. The assassination attempt on Harry Raymond brought the question home to Los Angeles. A "United Front" was formed.

None of those mad-dogs get along. C.C.S. don't want to give nothing to S.I.I. S.I.I. wants to keep its information from C.C.S. And all of them want to keep their tips away from C.I.I. And they all want to keep the credit and the information from the F.B.I. See they all want the credit. It's like this jealousy thing. But they all get around that. See like C.C.S. has "their man" in the Intelligence division—R. G. Farwell. He may work for Intelligence, but he's really Lt. Keel's from C.C.S.'s man. See what I mean. Anything Intelligence won't tell C.C.S. why Keel just calls Farwell. And the F.B.I.'s got their man in C.C.S. See how it works. They're really on top of it all.

Hynes's humiliating demotion to patrolman, after the Reform Administration came to power behind the Raymond scandal, did not last long. In 1940 he moved ahead to fight subversion side by side with J. Edgar Hoover. In that year a liaison squad between the L.A.P.D. and the F.B.I. was set up with Hynes as its head, "to investigate in close cooperation with the F.B.I. all suspected 'fifth column and subversive activities which may be found within the city'."

This was significant because this was the beginning of serious coordination on the local, state, and federal level

in intelligence services and in the prosecution of social and political activists. The Dies and McCarthy committee relied on local informants as well as Federal agents to ferret out those with "alien ideas."

"Red" Hynes retired in 1942, but he left an heir to the special Red Squad that he created: Metro—the Metropolitan Division of the L.A.P.D. originally formed in the late 30's as a buffer force in the violent labor disputes of that era. Following the Raymond scandal, the Red Squad was abolished, and Metro assumed responsibility for all intelligence work. It became an elite corp, perhaps the most important in the Police Department, in which was organized a new Intelligence Bureau headed by James H. Hamilton. Metro's development reflected an advance in the organization and technology of police systems. By the end of World War II, there had been consolidated an apparatus for the coordination and exchange of ideas and methods of various Municipal Police Departments through the newly formed International Association of Chiefs of Police.

World War II had taught many policemen the value of intelligence and the F.B.I. and its Special Investigation Service had expanded their facilities for gathering information on what ideas some people were thinking.

The theories of military intelligence that came out of the war were transferred to the realm of domestic intelligence through this newly formed organization of Police Chiefs. Many of the members of the organization were former F.B.I. agents and Army O.S.S. officers.

California took a leading role in this new field and in the coordination and uplifting of the role of intelligence. The California police had used this method for years and in 1955 they led in the creation of a formal nationwide organization of Municipal Intelligence Departments: now known as the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit. The L.E.I.U. was created by a special conference of a select group of police officers from seven states.

The need for some means of organization in law enforcement to exchange confidential information on certain individuals and organizations as well as a central clearing house for this information was outlined to the group by the conveners of the conference, San Francisco's Chief of Police Frank Ahern and Captain Hamilton of Intelligence

Division of the Los Angeles Police Department. This was to supplement that "which was already obtainable through regular police records." The purpose of this organization shall be the gathering, recording, investigation and exchanging of information concerning local or any known individual or organizations whose background, activities or associates identify them with any of the following criminal activities:

—Bookmaking, principals only
—Fixers
—Gambling house operators
—Mafia
—Narcotics, principal peddlers
—Pimps and procurers
—Racket attorneys
—Racketeers
—Receivers of stolen property
—Roving "professional gamblers"

Yet the scope of their "strategic" intelligence activities was to go far beyond that prosaic laundry list. As they admit themselves, "Who can predict the immediate value of a survey dealing with marginal living in a slum section within the city?" It was decided that the California Investigation and Identification bureau was to act as the clearing house for all information on individuals and organizations considered "suspect." What was organized ostensibly for syndicated criminal activities became an intelligence center for the surveillance of political activity.

C.I.I. sent me to Berkeley to work on the coalition. I was to get information on the Revolutionary Union and the Panthers and everyone involved in militant organizations. I made contact with one of C.I.I.'s contacts who was a Minuteman. He was supposed to sell some guns. C.I.I. coordinated the whole thing. That's Criminal Identification and Investigation. They are undercover for the state. They have their own little technical squad, then L.A. has its own little technical squad, and Frisco has its, and so on.

Since 1955 and the formation of the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit, two major factors have spurred the growth of the police intelligence establishment and intensified the coordination of data and activities: a revolution in

data processing technology and the upsurge of political dissension and activity in the nation.

Out of the quietude and fear of the McCarthy witch hunt years emerged movements for civil rights, an end to the expanding war in Indo-China, and for the implementation of the promises of "The Great Society."

The ghettoes, college campuses, and rural South seethed with unrest. Youth were no longer willing to accept the existence of the democracy on the word of their textbooks—they wanted to test its strength and limits. Growing sectors of the populace were unwilling to accept the government's definition of national "security" and demonstrated their opposition to its military implications. Blacks and other minorities were unwilling to settle for an "equality" that left them jobless, powerless and undereducated.

Hard hit by unemployment, poverty, police brutality, the ghettoes of the United States "blew up" in the mid-sixties. Millions of words were written in government-financed studies, analyzing the disturbances and making recommendations for remedial action. While the studies spoke of the need to correct the social injustices that had sparked the uprisings, they all recommended that the most immediate task of government was to create broad intelligence networks that could "predict" where and when "trouble" was likely to erupt.

Intelligence Department budgets, not the budgets of ghetto families, were doubled. New jobs were created, not for members of the "troubled" communities, but for new police operatives and researchers.

During this period, advances in computer and data processing technology enabled police and Federal agencies to increase their coordination. In 1965, the F.B.I. created the National Crime Information Center (N.C.I.C.). The Center and system provides for the compilation, coordination and transmission of information on "suspects' " intelligence reports, etc. in a matter of seconds. Despite the technological sophistication of the system the data for the Center is still gathered by local Intelligence Departments as it always has been.

In Los Angeles, METRO does the job.

In 1967, two years after the Watts uprisings, Metro was expanded from a unit of 85 men to well over two hundred

specially-trained men. The activities of the Intelligence Division are described this way in *Police Operational Intelligence*, a well-known police intelligence text. "The Intelligence Division is responsible for gathering information and the investigation of all phases of organized crime. This includes individuals who by their previous associates or suspected endeavors constitute a potential hazard to society." Perhaps the best example of what is meant by "potential hazard to society" can be found in an article by Reuben Salazar which appeared in the *Los Angeles Times* April 2, 1970.

> Los Angeles police sergeant Robert J. Thoms, formerly a "community relations" officer, has gone into the intelligence business and has testified before a U.S. Senate subcommittee about what he considers subversive and violent organizations.

As a community relations officer from March 26, 1967 to February 11, 1968, Sgt. Thoms worked with many of the barrio and ghetto organizations which, if nothing else, understand the problems of people who do not relate to, much less participate in, the mainstream of American life.

Thoms gained the confidence of leaders in the barrios and ghettoes who felt there was still hope for at least a working relationship between frustrated and disadvantaged communities and the equally frustrated but relatively powerful police force.

After working for a year in this sensitive area, Sgt. Thoms was transferred by the Police Department to intelligence work.

The next time the communities, which had known Sgt. Thoms as a community relations officer, heard from him was as an Intelligence Officer testifying before a U.S. Senate subcommittee investigating subversive and violent organizations.

In the 59-page report, however, Sgt. Thoms also touches upon such diverse organizations as the Ford Foundation, the League of United Citizens to Help Addicts, the Episcopal Diocese of Los Angeles, the U.C.L.A. Industrial Relations Commission and the East Los Angeles Community Union.

On page 22, Sgt. Thoms tells the subcommittee that "Next I would like to deal with the Federal funding of various organizations in the Los Angeles Area."

Sourwine: "Funding subversive and violent organizations?"

Thoms: "Yes, sir."

Sourwine: "Go ahead."

Thoms: "One program known as the educational opportunities program (EOP) for the California State College of Los Angeles, was funded in 1968 in the amount of $250,000 for 124 students."

After explaining that the money was used to give minority students "a monthly stipend for attending school and also used for books and a place to live," Sgt. Thoms said: "I can document that there are forty-three students (of the 124 students receiving EOP funds, presumably) attending Cal. State College at Los Angeles that belong to militant organizations in Los Angeles."

Thoms's report should be read by all Americans concerned with the problem of the credibility gap.

As the Skolnick Report to the National Commission on Causes and Prevention of Violence observed, "The emergence of the police as a self-conscious independent political power" is a creature of the last decade. William F. Turner, a former F.B.I. Special Agent, points out in his book *Power on the Right*, "Despite intramural bickering the police establishment presents a unified front lobbying for more power and less outside control. Its principal objectives are to nullify Supreme Court decisions by legislation, legalize Big Brother devices in the interests of the 'crime war,' obtain more repressive laws, perpetuate the punitive theory and become a national thought police system."

The irony of it is that it is all legal. The police have gained power every year from Congressional legislation. The Omnibus Crime Bill of 1968 made it a crime to cross a state line to participate in a demonstration where violence may occur. The city of Washington D.C. has passed preventative detention legislation (modeled after South African laws), which permits ninety-day "detention" with no charges. Most cities have passed legislation which makes legal the age old police practices of "no-knock" entrances to homes and "stop and frisk" without substantial

evidence of commission of any crime. The police are no longer relying solely on rallying behind friendly legislators or presenting "expert testimony" to Congress to gain influence, they are now beginning to elect officials and legislators from among their own ranks—whose loyalty can be assured.

Police Commissioner Frank Rizzo was elected Mayor of Philadelphia and Chief Inspector Sanford Garelik, former head of New York's Red Squad, was elected president of that City Council. New York's Civilian Review Board proposition was defeated in large part by the public campaign organized against it by policemen in uniform. The large and influential policemen's associations (International Conference of Police Associations claims 125,000 members, the Fraternal Order of Police boasts 130,000; New York City's Patrolmen's Benevolent Association claims 29,000) act as political lobbies for both national and local legislation in their interest and in concert with their particular ideology.

Of course, these associations encourage the expansion of and maintain their own intelligence operations. The I.C.P.A. operates a Committee on Subversive Intervention into Law Enforcement, chaired by Inspector Henry Kerr of the Los Angeles Police Department. This body acts as an unofficial clearing house for exchange of Red Squad information between cities. These files kept in private hands are used for a variety of purposes. A resolution passed at the 1970 I.C.P.A. convention after the shooting deaths of two policemen in Chicago, indicates one probable use of such intelligence files. The resolution called for "all out retaliation for these senseless killings even if it is in the form of on-the-street justice."

"Justice on the streets" is all too similar to the rationales of police terrorist organizations in Latin America such as *Mano Blanca* in Guatemala or the Death Squads of Brazil. The similarity is limited, however. Perhaps more insidiously, the thrust towards a police state in the U.S. comes clothed in the cloak of Democracy. The fabric of police powers is woven in the legislatures amidst a clamor of anti-crime propaganda—crime in the streets, heroin, organized crime, etc.—which plays upon the fears of a broad sector of the middle class. Behind the euphemisms

are the reality of the goals—keeping the lid on the ghetto; squashing political dissent; increasing the power of the police.

Behind the mirrored surface of the Glass House—that reflects the fleeting images of all the Louis Tackwoods—are the ever-prying eyes of the Criminal Conspiracy Section, Special Identification and Investigation, and the Metropolitan Division. The Glass House is a one-way mirror. They can look out but we, the public, cannot look in. Tackwood's reflection on the mirrored surfaces allows us a fleeting glimpse into the halls where we, the public, cannot go. Domestic intelligence is a private fiefdom of power and secrecy. Like the feudal estate it is hostile to the concept of governing by consent of the governed. And as libertarians of an earlier epoch said, "who will watch the watchers?"

They set up the whole thing, C.C.S., the whole thing is set up on the same basis as the C.I.A., it is more internal security than it is external. The whole thing is set up on the same basis, all of these men have been trained, went to Washington, D.C. and at one time or another, have been trained by the Federal Bureau, from lieutenant on down, there are only fourteen of them.

Lt. Keel knows a man who's in the F.B.I. out here, this is the way the chain of command goes, the captain is the head man, he and the Mayor are the only men Lt. Keel takes orders from, and say they want to bust Sam Jones, and they want everybody to do a trick on him, and Lt. Keel will call a certain party at the F.B.I., who will send out a certain number of men who already know what's going on there, and then he'll call S.I.I. here and they come out and then you've got the F.B.I., C.C.S., S.I.I., and you got State, Federal, and Local. I'll tell you something else they don't work with the counties, no way. C.C.S.'s jurisdiction is California, they're based in Los Angeles, are paid by the city, and their jurisdiction is the state. And there ain't nowhere they can't go. And I'll tell you what, when the F.B.I. found out where—I got to tell you how far their jurisdiction is—when they found out where G. [Geronimo Prat, Panther leader] was hiding, they didn't bust him, they called here. And you know who busted him? . . . Not the F.B.I., but the C.C.S., and in

Texas! And brought him back. No extradition whatsoever. How fast did they get them back here?

There was no extradition, you know G. wasn't going back here. With all those charges, he would have fought it for years down there, they kidnapped him. Arrested down there and they kidnapped him. There ain't nowhere they can't go. C.C.S., like they're Federally-sponsored. Like J. Edgar Hoover says, "they're my boys, they're my boys."

by DONALD FREED
with taped commentary by LOUIS TACKWOOD

PART VI

When they're not talking important business, they'll talk normal, on the phone. So somebody calls, using the paranoia thing, "My phone is already tapped," and they'll start talking funny. So the Police Department hears this funny talk between two people, and they automatically know, hey, this is something. So what they'll do on a particular day, they have the phone tapped. See my point, how they follow people on the tail thing? This is a Big Brother watching you, thing. On a particular day, say, Sam will call Henry, and Sam will say, "Hey, what it is, I'll be over, okay? I got something important to talk to you about. So don't talk on the phone, you know how it is." So what they'll do is contact one of their substations closest to your home, and this cat will pick you up. And you know the tail is behind you. They don't actually know where Sam lives at, really, they haven't chased back the trace yet, and they don't know how important he is. They watch you now, and if you go into some place normally, you'll just go in, but if you're going to do something, you'll go around the block, up the street, down the corner, and everything else. This is how they start tapping phones, and watching people. Now, you can place Sam in the position of being suspected because of the funny phone call you made to him or he made to you and then the funny way you went to his house. Now, they can lose you, going around the block, and they laugh at that, because at a certain point they cut it off. They just want to make sure that where you're going is the man they suspect. Then they'll go back to the line that they were tapping and the number will be cross-indexed into this machine. Then through the clicks they'll find the number and now they have Sam's number and his home address. Then they listen to who he calls, to who he is going to be funny. So you see that the

individual gives the person up. In other words, like if me and you were doing something, all they could suspect you in doing is the way I act and react . . .

In '65, I think it was, seven—through seven states, twenty-six different Police Departments got together on intelligence work. And they designated C.I.I. of California as a central bureau that all intelligence would flow through. So I know there was a working agreement between C.I.I. and C.C.S. Now C.C.S. being the top political intelligence organization in California, would automatically work with the top California branch. C.I.I. is the state investigating arm. But the people who put the plan [coverage of the Marin County shootout] together, weren't the C.I.I.; it was C.C.S. Everybody up there who was involved in it was from Southern California.

SAD is the Special Analysis Division of the Office of Emergency Preparedness and its objectives are to compile a national list of persons to be watched and to develop a censorship program that could be put into effect during a "national emergency". Until June 17, 1972, the head of this group was Watergate agent James W. McCord, Jr!

According to the National Censorship Plan—Section 1, Chapter 4—the plan would go into effect in the event of "(a) general war; (b) limited war or conflicts of the 'brush fire' type, in which the United States forces are involved elsewhere in the world on land, sea, or in the air." The President, who claims the censorship power as part of his inherent powers in foreign affairs, can implement the SAD plan by executive order. The President could impose censorship in the United States at any time the country became involved in a conflict like the Vietnam War.

SAD provides two types of censorship—voluntary and mandatory. The first type—voluntary—is like the kind Spiro Agnew suggested the press impose upon itself. Censorship of mail and telecommunications could be mandatory and automatic, but the suggested 'voluntary' type of censorship of the press quickly becomes mandatory censorship because the transmission of news by telephone, mail or cable falls under the automatic, mandatory censorship.

Democratic Representative William S. Moorhead of Pennsylvania, chairman of a House subcommittee on Government Information, suggests that the watch list may include the names of thousands of civilians gathered by the Army—the same dossiers of private and political activities which Secretary of Defense Laird was forced to order the Army to destroy.

Lists such as the one being compiled by SAD have been made in the past, in the United States. They are related to and have caused some of the least democratic periods of American history, such as the arrests and incarceration of Japanese-Americans during World War II and the Palmer Raids after World War I.

According to John Lannan, a White House Science Office spokesman, the office recently requested representatives of Federal agencies to present proposals on how new technological developments might meet the social needs of the country. The *Los Angeles Times* has said, "The White House Science Office has come up with a plan to put special FM radio receivers in every American home to permit the government to communicate directly with citizens twenty-four hours a day. Under the proposal, manufacturers would be required to install the FM receivers in every boat, automobile, radio and television set. The system must be operated twenty-four hours per day to cover 100% of the population . . ."

This proposal is only one of many contained in the three hundred page report titled "Communication for Social Needs". This document, dated August, 1971, was prepared at the request of Dr. Edward E. David Jr., Director of the White House Office of Science and Technology, for presidential assistant John D. Ehrlichman, chairman of the White House Domestic Council. The document is stamped "Administratively Confidential" on every page. After the study was uncovered by Representative William S. Moorhead, David said that the proposal for twenty-four-hour surveillance had been turned down.

Representative Moorhead called the proposal a "blueprint for the big brother propaganda and spy system which George Orwell warned about in his novel *1984*. The fact that the government has been testing a system that would give it access to private homes raises serious questions about the truthfulness of Dr. David's statement."

In Crystal Lake, Illinois, an experimental cable system can survey up to 180,000 homes in thirty seconds. A spokesman in Crystal Lake says, "Since we can determine who is turned to what channel ... if customer 741 in group 1 turns on his switch and turns to channel 13 ... at 10:45 in the morning, then we will know within thirty seconds of when he changed to a different channel."

According to the July, 1972, issue of *Progressive* magazine, "Viewers of the Experimental Rediffusion Cable System on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, select programs by dialing an instrument similar to a telephone. Each dial moves a mechanical switch in the central office. Anyone sitting in that office can see to which channel each set is tuned and whether or not each set is on. There is no safeguard against a person in the central office moving the mechanical switches until each set is tuned to the channel he has chosen."

In 1971, President Nixon suggested a Civil Defense Warning System that would automatically turn on every radio and television in the nation and tune them to the same emergency message. He did not define "emergency". According to Kenneth Miller, head of the Federal Communications Commission's Emergency Communication Office, the Defense Department System would operate on long-wave frequencies below the standard AM radio band. "It could turn on radios and television sets automatically and already has been tested." According to Miller the Defense Department plan calls for the construction of ten systems throughout the country.

In addition to the "Civil Defense Warning System," the three hundred page document also proposes a "Wired Nation" System that would hold information about police and court records as well as individual health records in a common computerized file system. Stephen Green, writing about the "Wired Nation" in the *Washington Post*, states that, "Information from the common file would flow back and forth between Washington and every area of the country."

According to the proposal, the "Wired Nation" System could solve many of the problems of the urban areas where there is "growing social unrest" and an "apparent social malaise". The document does acknowledge that "some concern about invasion of privacy" may occur.

"The Federal role in moral ethical training may be controversial. But there is a need for general parent education that government programs could provide."

See, they're going to get you one way or another. Get the poor man on his jail record, the middle class man on his school and bank record. It's wired right now for everybody! You think a cop sits and listens in on your phone. They got computers today that monitor 600 calls at a time—600 at a time. And they only have to review them once a week.

I remember the date so well, now, and for a reason—to show you how much power C.C.S. had. The date was the same night as Nixon came to San Jose and had the riot. Well, if you know anything about the Nixon party, he travels not only with Secret Service, but with F.B.I. agents. A whole vanguard of 'em, right? This vanguard of F.B.I. agents was stationed at Santa Cruz, at the Moon Bay Motel. Had the whole motel covered. And C.C.S. got permission from somebody to use the F.B.I. agents that were connected with them—they didn't want to use no Northern California people, see; they never had liked to use Northern California people, cause they don't trust 'em. But they got permission from somewhere to use the Presidential party's F.B.I. agents to track down these homes at night ...

The "electronic battlefield" is a kind of theatre of operations in the police-industrial complex. The term was coined in Vietnam where American "know-how" was translated, by our war parties in power, into body-count statistics and a techno-chemical fury.

Since World War II computers have multiplied geometrically. Telstar, the ICBM, and the moon program are all based on computers; so is the war in Asia, as will the new police-complex be unless citizens have something to say about values and budgets. The die is cast: computers make instant yes-no decisions concerning data that is programmed in, now, from *other* computers. Once a citizen's dossier is computerized there is no appeal. The United States is an electronic grid, a net from which a mistake or a lie in a file can never escape or be expunged.

At home, the emerging electronic battlefield is becoming a domestic variation on that automated battlefield of

Southeast Asia that is, in the words of the *Washington Monthly* magazine, a manless, giant lethal pinball machine from which no living thing can escape.

A *Los Angeles Times* editorial states, "A twenty-page dossier on every American can be stored on less than 5,000 feet of computer tape." According to ACLU statistics, 25,652 Americans had 381,865 telephone conversations monitored illegally in 1970 alone—and this is only the tip of the iceberg. "Many, if not most of the people are innocent," the ACLU asserted.

Since the Watts ghetto uprising, domestic counter-insurgency has become a "growth industry." Forty thousand fast-growing police agencies, containing more than 400,000 men and women, are becoming the chief customers for many defense industry contractors who are feeling the pinch of the reduced Pentagon budgets of the Asian wars.

After the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, defense stocks soared. Giant conglomerates like the Bangor Punta consortium now compete with vigor for the ballooning domestic defense budget. The Federal government alone is now spending more than one billion dollars a year through its new L.E.A.A. program.*

Les L. Gapay, formerly on the staff of the *Congressional Quarterly*, itemizes the waste:

——In Louisiana the state police on occasion roll out what they call their riot truck, completely equipped with peepholes for guns and a trap door in the floor for a quick exit if needed. The police bought the frame and engine for the truck and themselves constructed the heavily-armored truck body. The troopers refer to it affectionately as "Big Bertha." It has been used, among other occasions, during an assault on a Black Panther headquarters.

——In one small rural area in Ohio, the police last year spent $230,000 for patrol cars, guns, uniforms, gas masks, and a myriad of riot control equipment, even though the area has never had a riot.

*L.E.A.A. = Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. Also used in this section are the following: ESB = Electronic stimulation of the brain, STAVS = Sensitized Transmitted Alarm Video System, SDC = Systems Development Corporation, SEARCH = Systems for Electronic Analyses and Retrieval of Criminal Histories, PSE = Psychological Stress Evaluation.

——In Kettering, Ohio, a small Dayton suburb, the police have bought two helicopters to keep an aerial watch on the town. Each craft is complete with radio, searchlights, siren and public address system. The police have a video-tape camera they can take aloft in the choppers if they want to record a capture, or possibly even a crime, on film.

——In Mount Vernon, New York, police use a closed-circuit television system to survey the town's main business district day and night. The manufacturer boasts that at night the cameras can "spot a black cat walking on an unlit street."

The magazine *Computerworld* has announced LENCIR. The Law Enforcement Network Central Iowa Region now has on file over 900 people under the category of "criminal," according to the newsweekly, but *"none of them have been convicted of anything in any court of law"* (emphasis added).

The House subcommittee on Legal and Monetary Affairs stated that the new programs "had no visible impact on the incidence of crime in the United States." "Inefficiency, waste, maladministration, and, in some cases corruption," these, said the committee, characterized L.E.A.A. The House in-depth report took note that "no federal grant-in-aid program has ever received a more rapid increase in appropriated funds than L.E.A.A."

The Safe Streets and Crime Control Act of 1968 set up as its operative agency the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration.

L.E.A.A. gives grants in aid to the various states for experimental projects. L.E.A.A. was one attempt to modernize police techniques as a substitute for "shoot to kill" repression.

Under the looming shadow of Watts, a group of white, wealthy men sat down to play domestic counter-insurgency. This was 1965. The budget then was merely $63 million; now it has multiplied twenty-five times to $1.5 billion and it is going up. The police get some 85 per cent of the budget, the jails eight per cent, the courts six per cent. The budget increases are cheered by liberal as well as conservative Congressmen. Representative James Scheuer (D., N.Y.) cites an example.

As a result of spin-offs from medical, military, aerospace and industrial research, we now are in the process of developing devices and products capable of controlling violent individuals and entire mobs without injury. We can tranquilize, impede, immobilize, harass, shock, upset, stupefy, nauseate, chill, temporarily blind, deafen, or just plain scare the wits out of anyone the police have a proper need to control or restrain.

Speaking to a Congressional committee, Quin Tamm, executive director of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, called for "interdisciplinary teams of mathematicians, computer scientists, electronic engineers, physicists, biologists and other natural scientists ... and psychologists, sociologists, economists and lawyers ..." to work on raising the level of police technology.

In another speech, this time to the executives of Western Electric, Tamm asked for their help on technology. "You gentlemen probably know better than I," Tamm said, "that industry spends huge sums on research and development. Unfortunately, an almost negligible portion of this is directed towards law enforcement because the market is so small and what little there is is greatly fragmented. Without a profitable market, industry logically has little interest in devoting any major portion of its research resources to police needs."

Since Tamm spoke, the police-industrial complex has pushed a lot of money into research and development.

The industry includes everything from firms renting factory and bank guards to those who sell burglar alarms, mace, pistols, uniforms, high-powered rifles and armored cars.

The new conglomerates are trying to escalate the law enforcement industry. The Bangor Punta Corporation has organized a Law Enforcement Division through the acquisition of six companies. Another corporate giant entering the industry in a big way is Walter Kidde and Co. through its Globe Security System which offers a "total product and service package concept" of security. Kidde's board chairman Fred Sullivan, in a speech to the Los Angeles Society of Financial Analysts, recently noted that "with the conclusion to the [Vietnam] war, Federal spending would be more directed to domestic programs, including the war against crime."

ITT, the giant consortium of International Telephone and Telegraph, that is larger than most *countries* in treasure and power, has begun the "Americanization" of the war technology. The result is, as Robert Barkan of the Pacific Studies Center envisions it, that Americans, from marijuana smugglers to political dissidents to shopping housewives, are looking—though they may not know it—into the wrong end of surveillance devices that formerly spied on the Vietnamese.

The "Pentagon Papers" are the most dramatic of the de-briefing or confessions of the military-industrial complex that are beginning to pour out. At the height of the war escalation, as early as 1967, Paul Baran of the Rand Corporation warned that the bringing home of the sensors and "bugs" of war technology could easily lead us into "the most effective, oppressive police state ever created."

It's a thing where they don't work together no kind of way—very seldom, very, very seldom. And lemme tell you, if you work for one, as soon as you get back, the other one say, "Whatcha find out? Whatcha find out?"

... They don't work with each other, but they steal information, and they work on the premise, well, we're gonna sneak in there and—so the F.B.I. is following Angela Davis, you know, through their special squads, okay? And they're robbing the C.C.S. 'cause C.C.S. has got a heavy thing going with C.J.I. You see? C.C.S. find out something and they don't tell the rest of them, but they'll go and act on it themselves, if you see what I'm saying. In other words, like through Birch and his little crowd, who were involved in a special squad. He has heavy connections with C.C.S., so he telling the C.C.S. what's happening, you know. But C.C.S. ain't telling him shit. They acting surprised: "You don't say." "Gee. Wow." You know.

Inspired, perhaps by the "Pentagon Papers," someone in the bureaucracy of the Federal government has smuggled out a Xeroxed nightmare made available to C.R.I.C.: A 92-page monograph—whose official title is "Development and Legal Regulation of Coercive Behavior Modification Techniques with Offenders"—that is "out of stock," according

to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare who financed its preparation.

The H.E.W. thesis is that social or cultural or, finally, political "rehabilitation" begins inside the nervous system of the citizen. A miniaturized radio transmitter, implanted inside the brain or body, can monitor and transmit the conversations, locations, even the sexual responses of the subject, twenty-four hours a day. The report explains that sewed up inside the subject's body along with the transponder would be a radio-controlled electric shock device. This device could deliver punishment to the "offender" anywhere in the world.

Who are the "offenders" or subjects? The author, Professor Ralph K. Schwitzgebel of Harvard University, dwells on homosexuals, but later in the monograph he talks about an "... offender's financial matters," and "... disputes over financial obligations," and, ominously, "socially troublesome persons."

The paper predicts that "microminiaturization" will permit near permanent "intra-cranial stimulation." Since the new program would relate to "civil" rather than "criminal" situations we are assured that the "cruel and unusual punishment" clause of the Eighth Amendment to the Constitution would not present any serious obstacle to implementation of the plan. A euphemism for castration, "sterilization," is given as an example of a technique that is "more likely to be upheld [as a court statute] when it appears to be civil rather than criminal in nature."

A National Security Agency computer specialist has proposed attaching miniature electronic tracking devices to 20 million Americans. The "transponder" would transmit the wearers' locations by radio to a computer and could be used "for arrests following riots or confrontations" and "for monitoring aliens and political subgroups."

Such devices seem to be the bitter fruits of a rapidly developing field, referred to euphemistically by its adherents as "Behavioral Engineering." Its chief apostle, Dr. Robert Schwitzgebel, twin brother of Ralph, is urging government to consider increased use of devices "designed to control group behavior." Noting that the government already spends much of its budget on prisons, police, judges, etc. ("social control hardware"), Schwitzgebel proposes shifting "just a small portion" of the defense budget away

from the development of weaponry to "devices for measuring and positively reinforcing desirable behaviors of large groups." The government could easily accomplish this, he added, "because 80 per cent of the manufacturing assets in the United States is controlled by about 2,000 of the largest corporations."

Barton L. Ingraham of Berkeley's School of Criminology, suggests that "further control," could be achieved through recent developments in electro-physiology. Not only might "complete and continuous surveillance" of a person who had demonstrated "criminal tendencies" be possible, but "automatic deterrence or blocking" of the criminal activity by electronic stimulation of the brain prior to the commission of the act is also feasible. Electrical impulses injected into the brain can induce, inhibit or modify such phenomena as movement, desire, rage, aggression, fear, pain and pleasure.

At the Yale School of Medicine, Dr. Jose Delgado has implanted radio transceivers into the heads of his experimental animal subjects so that he can monitor and control their activities and emotions from a distant location. Computers have already been tested on subjects in mental "hospitals." The machines are programmed for undesirable behavior and send out inhibitory instructions.

In *Physical Control of the Mind,* Delgado—whose work is also funded in part by the government—predicted that ESB could become a "master control of human behavior by means of man-made plans and instruments."

Although maintaining law and order through brain control would "require a government with virtually total power," Ingraham sees several things in its favor: (1) it would be "completely effective"; (2) it would obviate the need for "massive changes in the social system," and (3) it "would be relatively cheap." Thus, it falls out that the "oral modalities" and psychotherapy are for those that can afford to talk to a counselor, while the poor enjoy chemotherapy, shock therapy and "psycho-surgery."

. . . I'm trying to tell you that now. Look here. Although they're [C.C.S.] in the L.A.P.D., and they are a part of the L.A.P.D., man, lemme tell you, they are so far above them, it's pathetic . . . the whole system of Los Angeles—the District Attorney's office and the L.A.P.D. here—go anywhere they want to. How do you think they

got me in New Orleans? Now that's 1,500 miles. 1,700 miles—that's way out of their jurisdiction. You notice, if you see what I'm saying, it's a thing where the end justifies the means, even if the cat gotta take a vacation to go. You know ... it's a thing where—how would I put it? They have no jurisdiction, because ... they have an interlocking thing with different states. Like the only witness to the Jackson killing—you know what I mean—the C.I.I. got him in Arizona somewhere in the State Prison, I mean they can ship—he was in Arizona—but they have just so much power to ship you anywhere they want to ship you. Or go anywhere they want to go. Because the F.B.I.'s the only person gonna say anything to 'em. You know, like in kidnapping, you don't hear about it, they just kidnap you out of the state and keep on going ...

One of the fathers of the new Behavioral Engineering Plan is Joseph A. Meyer, who works for the Pentagon's National Security Agency (N.S.A.). The N.S.A. is the most secret member of the intelligence establishment and the most powerful. With *twice* the budget of the C.I.A., its potency is unknown to most Americans.

Meyer wonders whether the "scheme is just" and "whether it can be misused as an instrument of oppression." His answer is that since the poor and uneducated urban dweller is fundamentally unnecessary to the economy, the pressures toward "crime" are relentless and therefore the transponder system is cheaper, more efficient and more just than an old-fashioned occupying army of police. Meyer's final rhetorical question is whether this super-technology could lead to a Police State. He reassures himself that government can remedy crime "without letting the technology spill over" to other areas.

Is this all science fiction? Joseph C. Goulden, an investigative journalist, reports that a surveillance system being developed in Tampa, Florida, uses computers to control a network of video tape recorders and alarms placed in "convenience" grocery stores, overlooking parking lots, and atop warehouses in high-crime areas. STAVS (for Sensitized Transmitted Alarm Video System) is an expanded version of the cameras long used by banks. Activation of the camera causes broadcast of a prerecorded radio signal to roaming squad cars or helicopters. A high-intensity

light comes on atop the target building. The Florida prospectus states:

> The possibility of immediate apprehension of a criminal while in commission of a crime is the ultimate of evidence for prosecution. In the event immediate apprehension is not affected, then the [police] department would have video tape evidence of the crime and positive identification of the culprit while in the act of committing the crime.

Tampa police said they realized "the use of the STAVS would be publicly known after it has been in operation for some time." Nonetheless, they said, the fact that the unit is compact, "affording efficient installation and secretiveness," means that "a potential criminal would have no knowledge as to which establishment has a STAVS unit installed in it." A central monitor, installed at police headquarters, will enable officers to observe what is happening in some fifty Tampa locations.

What might the monitors disclose? Adolescents engaged in their afternoon experimentation; a woman adjusting her stockings; a salesman taking a nap; a businessman using his car for a meeting he wishes to keep secret. All observed on a federally funded candid camera, with closeups.

And in California Dr. William W. Herrmann, a "counter-insurgency specialist" for S.D.C. (the System Development Corporation) told the *Los Angeles Times* that a good Computer Intelligence System would "separate out the ... activists bent on destroying the system" and then develop a master plan "to win the hearts and minds of the people."

A spinoff from L.E.A.A. is SEARCH (Systems for Electronic Analyses and Retrieval of Criminal Histories). SEARCH is a national data bank interlocking with industry, intelligence, credit rating, state and local police, and, of course, income tax and social security. On the floor of the Senate, Senator Sam Ervin reacted to this national dossier.

> The new technology has made it literally impossible for a man to start again in our society. It has re-

moved the quality of mercy from our institutions by making it impossible to forget, to forgive, to understand, to tolerate ... The undisputed and unlimited possession of the resources to build and operate data banks on individuals, and to make decisions about people with the aid of computers and electronic data systems, is fast securing to executive branch officials a political power which the authors of the Constitution never meant any one group of men to have over all others.

The federal Communications Act No. 605, which Congress passed in 1934, prohibited the interception of any communication and the divulgence or use of such communications. Wiretapping was out until 1942 when a series of Supreme Court decisions overturned the Act.

Due to its admitted use in the Chicago Seven and Berrigan trials, the question of wiretapping has once again come before the Supreme Court. Unanimously, the Court ruled that the government had violated the Fourth Amendment guarantees against unreasonable search and seizure. Attorney William Kunstler, who argued the case before the Supreme Court said that the decision was "a roadblock to the Nixon administration's attempts to institute repressive measures against those Americans who disagree with its foreign and domestic policies."

Under the Nixon-Mitchell team, wiretapping had become "legal and proper," "wholly within the power of the President" and mandated by the needs of "national security". In every political case since the Chicago Seven trial, the government has admittedly engaged in wiretapping without meeting the Constitutional requirement of a prior court order, and then refused to disclose the information gathered from the wiretapping.

Arthur Kinoy, writing for the *Guardian*, says, "The calculated reasons behind the deliberate open surfacing of the wiretap issue by the government became suddenly clear. The administration was aiming at the highest of stakes. It was seeking a stamp of legitimacy from the court for the proposition that the constitution can be disregarded at will by the President whenever he decides, in his uncontrolled judgment, that the suspension of the constitution is required in the 'national interest'."

In the Justice Department Mitchell, Kleindeinst, Rehnquist, the radical-hunter, Robert Mardian, Jervis Leonard, head of the "Panther division" and Will Wilson, before he was fired for his role in a huge Texas scandal, took part in transforming L.E.A.A. from Ramsey Clark's rather liberal, legal bureaucratic conglomerate to a hard line, activist, ideologically-committed juggernaut, fast equipping itself to root out the "bad apples" that Spiro Agnew has described for us. The Justice Department has enjoyed a massive increase of power during the first four years of the Nixon administration.

So serious is the situation that for the first time in its fifty-two-year history the American Civil Liberties Union spoke out against a nominee for public office.

> We know William Rehnquist as an advocate of dragnet arrests, as an opponent of racial integration, as a champion of executive authority to engage in electronic eavesdropping and political surveillance, as a campaigner for pre-trial incarceration and as an engineer of the Justice Department's programs to abrogate the rights of persons accused of crime. We believe that his commitment to state power at the expense of individual liberty makes William Rehnquist unfit to sit on the U.S. Supreme Court.

After this, followed the exposure of the whole sordid affair between the Justice Department and ITT.

In Washington D.C., the Dekter Counterintelligence and Security, Inc., has developed a new device that can detect "lying" by being connected to a telephone or tape recorder. The person speaking has no idea his voice is being "tested." The secret device, called the Psychological Stress Evaluator (PSE), is more accurate than the unwieldy and obvious polygraph machine.

Anti-war Senator and Alaska Democrat Mike Gravel, found his telephone bugged, according to Dekter experts. But Gravel and others in official, legal and industrial circles not only discovered that they were the victims of a wiretap but that their telephones had been turned into microphones, open at all times, by what Dekter calls an RF generator. This portable, remote equipment allows the

infiltrator complete access without ever having to touch the victim's telephone.

Who is doing the bugging? To begin with there is the C.I.A., the F.B.I., the D.I.A., Military Intelligence, I.R.S., the Bureau of Narcotics, the National Security Agency and the Secret Service.

"We will continue to seek court orders and to make installations under them wherever it is legally permissible." That is how Justice reacted to the new public and judicial reform trend that is growing out of the wire-tapping crisis. A Justice Department source told the *Associated Press* that in Philadelphia—where a Federal judge rules that the wire-tapping and surveillance sections of the 1968 Omnibus Crime Control Act were constitutional violations—they could evade adverse rulings by applying to other friendly judges.

A striking example of the new tyrannical powers building up in the executive branch is the case of Professor Laurence H. Tribe. When President Nixon wanted to appoint Justice Mildred L. Lillie to the Supreme Court, Professor Tribe, a former clerk of the California Supreme Court, released a study exposing Nixon's cynicism and power hunger in appointing a judge whom the conservative American Bar Association found unfit.

Now *Intelligence* (F.B.I.), on orders of the *Executive* (Justice), "called" on Professor Tribe to find out "why I am doing all this," referring, of course, to the *Judiciary* (Supreme Court). Then he was pressed as to whether he intended to research the Rehnquist nomination in the same way. When Kleindeinst, at the Justice Department, denied the intimidation, Tribe snapped to the *Los Angeles Times*, it "is a lie."

The president of Harvard complained bitterly to the Attorney General just as C.B.S. had protested the F.B.I. intimidation of a newsman, Daniel Schorr, who was critical of the administration. In each case the Department of Justice lied palpably when they were caught; in each case there was that same ominous combination of executive, intelligence, and judiciary.

This new power combination is the context for L.E.A.A. and for much more. As if to flaunt this swelling power when the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights charged L.E.A.A. with *subsidizing* racial discrimination,

Jervis Leonard, responding for the Government, mourned that "an agency with such an important mission" should be "dragged into politics."

During 1971 and 1972 the ACLU dealt with a growing number of cases in which banks have allowed police, F.B.I., and congressional investigators to examine the banking records of individuals and groups without the permission or knowledge of the depositors. Case examples are the F.B.I. searches of account records of the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee, a black economic development group, and the Unitarian-Universalist Association in Boston.

New Federal regulations will require banks and Savings and Loan Associations to keep complete records of all transactions for two years or more and to report any unusual deposits or withdrawals.

The ACLU and a bank in Walnut Creek, California, have filed suit seeking to have federal courts declare the regulations unconstitutional. There is a growing segment of banks which feel as Robert H. Fabian, Bank of America Senior Vice President does, "These rules will cause an impairment of the basic confidence the American people have in the banking system."

The ACLU's objections are that, "Obviously under the Bank Secrecy Act and its regulations, the Secretary of the Treasury can, by himself or at the request of some group, such as the F.B.I. scrutinize the bank account of the United Committee to Free Angela Davis, the John Birch Society, the ACLU, the Pete McCloskey for Congressman Fund, or any other group he wants."

The new power complex can be viewed in almost any morning newspaper: *The Wall Street Journal* reports that in 1972 electronic eavesdropping rose 36 percent; *The Los Angeles Times*—and the headline, BANK ACCOUNTS: CONFIDENTIAL OR AN OPEN BOOK?—describes the Bank Secrecy Act of 1970 which *requires* banks and Savings and Loan Associations to keep comprehensive records of customers' transactions for two years or more and, in the words of the Act, to report any "unusually large" deposits and withdrawals to the Internal Revenue Service who can then, in turn, pass the information on to other

agencies including the F.B.I.; in June of 1972 the Supreme Court ruled that wide-ranging Army Intelligence surveillance of the civilian population was constitutional. The Director of the American Civil Liberties Union commented that "Justice Rehnquist of the Supreme Court agreed with William Rehnquist, the advocate for the Justice Department," meaning that the Department was again in a conflict of interest; the same high Court upheld the right of Grand Juries to compel newspeople to reveal their confidential sources; in retaliation for the "Pentagon Papers" leak the Nixon majority on the Court ruled that members of Congress and their aides may be brought before a Grand Jury—in each of the above three decisions, new appointee Rehnquist was the deciding vote and in *each* case he had been an advocate for the administration's position when he was a prosecutor in the Justice Department.

The Los Angeles Times quotes Chief Justice Warren E. Burger as saying that "Congress, not the courts, should monitor the conduct of the executive branch of government." This opinion was contained in a Supreme Court decision upholding the right of the Army to conduct surveillance of civilians. This decision and others such as the one upholding the government's right to compel reporters to testify before grand juries have posed to Congress an immediate and difficult problem: to severely restrict the executive's right to collect information on citizens and to limit its right to keep secrets of *any* kind.

There is little or no doubt that having to 'tell all' before a Grand Jury—to tell the Justice Department or its numerous agents—will greatly damage a reporter's ability to collect and disperse information. Against his will, the reporter is turned into a government agent.

Ironically, the appeal to the Supreme Court in the "Pentagon Papers" Case created a trap for the media in its battle for immunity rights. The Pentagon Papers appeal argued that the government could not claim the right to keep secrets in order to protect its own operations. After three Supreme Court rulings, the President now has absolute authority to 1) determine what will be secret; 2) to determine whether members of Congress shall be called before a Grand Jury if they expose those secrets; 3) the right to demand sources of information gathered by the

press; and 4) the right to conduct its own surveillance to compile classified secret files.

D. J. R. Bruckner states in an editorial in the July 3, 1972 *Los Angeles Times* that "There should be no doubt that the Executive will exercise all those rights. Other Administrations have resolutely expended this snooping and secrecy business, and this Administration had made astounding claims for itself. Mr. Nixon issued an Executive order on March 8 cutting the roster of officials authorized to classify documents, and shortening the time they remain classified, but his order contained the harsh threat that 'wrongful disclosure' of classified information would be considered a cause for prosecution. And the order embodied the claim that the Executive has the exclusive right to determine what is secret."

So the 'people's right to know' is no longer a right but once again a goal. Without sources of information there cannot be a Democracy. To quote D. J. R. Bruckner again, "Ignorance in people is always the great instrument of control by a government; secrecy is the very life-blood of absolute authority. When the secrets a government keeps include records of its own errors and lies, for information that could endanger individuals, its power is not only unlimited, but particular, and it is certain to become corrupt."

In 1971, Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird ordered the Army to destroy all dossiers on civilians. However, the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights has suggested that files still might be kept at some of the three hundred and fifty different record centers kept by the Army.

The same Senate subcommittee found the Army's spying on civilians "far more extensive than first imagined." The subcommittee's report gives numerous examples of the kinds of information that the Army has been gathering on civilians since 1940 to prepare for quelling civil disturbances—details about financial affairs, the sex lives and psychiatric care of people completely unconnected with the Armed Forces. The Subcommittee report states that, "Convicted Soviet spies join Nobel Prize winners and entries from 'Who's Who' in the files." *The Los Angeles Times* suggests that "no effort was made by the Subcommittee to determine how many civilians have fall-

en under the Army's gaze." But the Subcommittee report warned, "As of December 31, 1970, the Defense Central Index of Investigations alone reported twenty-five million index cards representing files of individuals and 780,000 cards representing files on organizations and incidents." The Subcommittee reported, "These vast collections of fragmentary, incorrect and irrelevant information, composed of vague conclusions and judgments and of overly-detailed descriptions of insignificant facts, could not be considered 'intelligence' by any sense of the word."

According to Senator Sam J. Ervin, Subcommittee Chairman, "The reports posed a clear and present danger to the privacy and freedom of thousands of American citizens—citizens whose only 'offense' was to stand on their hind legs and exercise rights they thought the Constitution guaranteed them."

It is Senator Ervin, the constitutional expert, who has warned the country that the new technological dossier system "makes it impossible for a man to start over" in America.

In a 5-4 ruling by Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, the Supreme Court rejected the case that the existence of the Army's Intelligence-Gathering System had a detrimental effect on the freedom of speech as guaranteed by the First Amendment. The case was rejected on the grounds that the plaintiffs had failed to show they were "injured or immediately threatened" by the Army's spying.

Meanwhile Justice's intelligence arm, the F.B.I., has a new $25 million "university" in Virginia. Here, thousands of police agents from all over the "free world" will be trained. The already high proportion of F.B.I. schooled law enforcement executives will increase geometrically. Some 1,700 F.B.I. Special Agents now hold seminars for thousands of policemen all over the country. In training, computerization, philosophy, the F.B.I. means to organize the police.

Since 1935, the Federal Bureau of Investigation's National Academy has trained State and Local officers in addition to its own agents. But prior to the move to the new, ultramodern campus situated in the Virginia hills south of the nation's capital, enrollment had been held to two hundred men per year. With the latest and best in electronic teaching devices, two *thousand* men a year will now pass

through the courses in the twenty-five million dollar complex.

The course for policemen is twelve weeks long and includes: law enforcement management, criminal law, community behavior, forensic science, and law enforcement instruction. The latter will enable students to return to their home agencies and pass on their knowledge. Basic training for F.B.I. agents lasts fourteen weeks with heavy emphasis on Federal law and basic law enforcement procedures.

To encourage the smaller Police Agencies throughout the nation to send more officers, the Federal Government is for the first time now paying student costs at the Academy—averaging $1,300 for room, board and transportation.

More than six hundred colleges, universities and State and City Police Academies offer schooling for law officers. With the growing emphasis upon school training for police officers, the Treasury Department is building a new training center in Beltsville, Maryland, to school agents from twenty Federal agencies, including the Secret Service, Border Patrol and the Internal Revenue Service.

The headline in the *New York Times* for February 6, 1973, provided the cap-stone to the police-state blueprint: CIA DISCLOSES IT TRAINED POLICE FROM 12 AGENCIES.

Like when they picked up the Panthers in Texas, the F.B.I. snatched 'em up so fast it's pathetic, and held 'em. And when their lawyers came down, it was the F.B.I. they had to deal with, and not the local police. Then the F.B.I. contacted C.C.S. right away . . . C.C.S. went personally . . . so you see what I'm saying, that the end justifies their means, in other words, like no matter where you gotta go, they figure they can—all they gotta do is contact the F.B.I. And they go.

. . . Only certain top Departments of Intelligence can run in and run out like they want to. And the F.B.I. works hand in hand with all of them. You know, like, "You wanna go here, baby, go here." See, because California's the vanguard state, they can go, lemme tell you, for the simple reason they got more power out here than anybody. Los Angeles has more power as far as a Police

Department goes, because of the proximity of working with the C.I.I. and also the F.B.I.

We are approaching the state of total surveillance from several directions at once: (1) the economy is swiftly becoming computerized, the computers look into (2) the various kinds of insurance, private and public, then develop elaborate dossiers that make judgments on the applicant or recipient's social and sexual life, both of these conduits feed back into (3) the F.B.I. national data bank.

Police "community relations" programs have reached their zenith in California where the Attorney General has appointed a state-wide inquiry commission charged with the responsibility of investigating citizen complaints against the police. The Attorney General defended the composition of the twenty-five-man commission, headed by a vice president of the Bank of America, and which does not include any women or representatives of minority groups, by saying: "People who are disaffected never contribute much to any organization."

The Senate Finance Committee is considering a plan to issue a Social Security number and file for every child when they enter school, this to include their fingerprints.

New cradle to grave surveillance is already stimulating the first signs of revolt. At the huge U.C.L.A. campus, history professor Hayden V. White has filed a taxpayer's suit to prevent Los Angeles Police Chief Edward M. Davis from employing "secret informers and undercover agents" to register as university students, attend classes and join campus organizations, in order to compile dossiers on other students, faculty and organizations. The suit claims that the police activity is unconstitutional and an *illegal expenditure of public funds.*

Why is such protest so rare? Social critic Nat Hentoff reminds us that our passivity at school, at work, in all our institutions becomes a habit and we do not really know what the *feeling* of freedom is. That is why the chief danger today is the one pointed out by Richard Harris in his essay "The New Justice":

> The danger today is not only that the Constitution will be violated by the government . . . but that the present administration will rewrite the essential protections contained in that document, with the consent of the governed and the agreement of Congress and the Supreme Court, in the name of public and private security.

C.C.S. creates conspiracy and arrest. Intelligence doesn't do anything but look. S.I.I. would be the super-police of the department. They watch over everything, as far as the police level goes. Intelligence watches over everybody; and C.C.S. just watches over the militants.

They don't give a damn about robberies, kidnappings, nothing like that . . . just bombings, and if it's a political kidnapping, if it's a high-ranking person, that's a different thing. Their total overall thing they do specifically is political. Anything to do with politics is where they come from.

The basic structure of a police-military-academic-industrial complex is already built and this complex is growing rapidly. The Federal Government gives central direction and finances it out of tax dollars; business provides products for a growing and profitable market; and the universities contribute technicians and knowledge.

Big city Police Departments, aided in large part by the massive infusion of Federal funds, are already looking like big business. New York City's police budget is $360,000,000 and Chicago's is over $90,000,000. Both departments are large enough to be listed among *Fortune* magazine's list of the 500 largest American corporations.

A police management consultant explained in the professional trade magazine *Police Chief*, "In a real sense Police Departments are 'big business' and to function efficiently and effectively the 'executive' of this 'business' must have the knowledge, skills, and intellectual attributes of their counterparts in private industry."

In 1966, I.D.A. organized a task force that included Adam Yarmalinsky, Robert L. Sproull, Chairman of the Defense Science Board; and a defense expert on chemical warfare, Joseph Coates.

Emphasizing the advantages of a systems-analysis approach to police operations, the task force concluded: "The experience of science in the military . . . suggests that a fruitful collaboration can be established between crimi-

nal justice officials on one hand and engineers, physicists, economists, and social behavioral scientists on the other. In military research organizations these different professions, working with military officers in interdisciplinary teams, have attacked defense problems in new ways and have provided insights that were new even to those with long military experience. Similar developments appear possible in criminal justice."

"A few loose ends remain," admits Paul Wormeli of SEARCH.

> The communication load, with all of this data being exchanged, requires a lot of telephone line capability. We are discussing with NASA the feasibility of using a satellite for this purpose and we may conduct an experiment using an existing satellite to determine the optimum configuration of such a system. A second problem yet to be solved is to provide an equally fast way of verifying the identity of an individual about whom an inquiry is made. With fingerprints as the only positive means of identification, we need to develop high-speed methods of fingerprint transmission and classification or verification. We are investigating the use of satellites with wide band-width transmission capabilities and the use of laser-based holography for high-speed fingerprint comparison.

The Illinois chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union points out that the new cable television sets that can deliver library books and newspapers, pay bills, and order from shopping centers could be exploited to "tell what underground newspaper you're reading, or who you've had business with," and report what programs you watch, your private banking and insurance files, and even monitor your conversations through your television set.

In his essay "Cable Television: Servant and Spy" Jerrold N. Oppenheim points out that,

> Some day we will be shopping, banking, taking medical examinations, and reading over cable television. Facilities will be installed in every living room, just as telephones and television sets are today. The cable will have two-way capability. This means that while

> you are watching the hockey game, your television set may be watching you.

> The use of technology to invade privacy is not new, of course. Cable television, in fact, will simply be the latest in an array of implements designed to rob us of our right to be left alone. The average American is now the subject of multiple dossiers in government and private files. Files are maintained by the Justice Department (including the F.B.I.), the Army, Internal Revenue Service, the State Department's Passport Division, Social Security Administration, state and local police, welfare agencies, motor vehicle departments, telephone companies and credit bureaus. The Association of Credit Bureaus alone keeps 105 million dossiers, thus accounting for virtually every adult in the country.

As the telephone system records calls, so the cable system will be able to record the names of books and periodicals a household requests, or even the political speeches the householders listen to.

Fred Friendly, now of Columbia University, sums up the crisis exactly: "The nation needs an electronic Bill of Rights . . ."

All of us are occasionally "criminals" because criminal statutes make our sexual, cultural, social habits liable, at the discretion of a given law enforcement agent, to arrest and prosecution. Vehicle codes, tax laws, sex laws, anti-littering, marijuana, public gathering and relaxed life style codes, make most of us potential "criminals." When you add archaic behavior-conforming laws to sophisticated technology you have the model that influential social scientists like Jose Delgado and B. F. Skinner envision when they advocate the general application of "psychiatric techniques" to create a "brave new world." Referring to these behaviorial engineers, two scientists with a different philosophy—Roy G. Spece, Jr., and J. Anthony Kouba writing in the *Los Angeles Times*—leave us with a downright analysis:

> Their message is simple: Truth must be discovered and shared with the citizenry by searing it into their

minds with the psychiatric arts. If the doctors' suggestions are followed, we will all join the prisoners in line for our daily treatment.

Americans must prepare quickly to choose whether they will surrender their free will to the state. If they delay, their apparatus of choice may be confiscated and the freedom of selection forever lost.

It is all as the black revolutionary and psychiatrist Frantz Fanon prophesied: the violence, the war, the uncanny techno-chemical furies, are coming home.

They use the phone company to tap a whole city. What they'll do, they'll cross-section a whole neighborhood; all right, and then out of that, say, like out of maybe 500 phones, they'll listen to the conversations over the period of a week. Then they'll go back and somebody listens to all of them personally, and with the ones that sound important, then they'll go back and tap that line personally, you know.

... It's a big secret but they plan to put all Police Intelligence Divisions in this one building, even the F.B.I. is going to have their liaison man here. Intelligence is on the second floor. The third floor is going to be where they keep all the computers, files and everything, right here on the third floor, see there. Georgia Street is supposed to be condemned. It's not supposed to be in use anymore, see my point. As far as the public is concerned it's not even occupied. You see very few police cars don't you, your black and whites. It used to be a regular police station, the Georgia Street Division it was called.

by RICK SINCLAIR and DONALD FREED
with taped commentary by LOUIS TACKWOOD

PART VII

A list of charges as revealing and damning as those unleashed by Louis Tackwood would seem to be a newsman's dream story, a chance to shed light on the clandestine activities of the police for the public enlightenment. Yet for the most part this remarkable confession was given a shallow one-day treatment. Major media blew the story up in a flash and forgot it just as quickly, though the underground, Left, and college papers did accord it much more space and time. Press reception of the disclosures ranged from cool to neutral to sympathetic. Yet at the end the questions remain: Who *is* Louis Tackwood, and is what he says *true*?

First crack at the story was granted to three carefully selected Establishment reporters, Karl Fleming of *Newsweek*, Leroy Aarons of *The Washington Post*, and Jerry Cohen of *The Los Angeles Times*. They had the opportunity and the resources to investigate the claims. In doing so, they financed a lie detector test by a polygraph expert in an attempt to establish the veracity of their informant. Chris Gugas, past president of the American Polygraph Association and an ex-policeman who has an autographed picture of J. Edgar Hoover on his wall, was engaged. He reported that "Louis Tackwood did answer all the critical questions truthfully on his examination . . . Mr. Tackwood's statements have considerable validity." But this was not enough to counter the skepticism of some newsmen towards the ex-agent.

The Times wrote it off on Los Angeles so beautiful, it's pathetic . . . the Left-wing papers did a better job . . . but the people who should've been reached were never reached . . .

It's not that they didn't believe it. They didn't want to rock the boat. In other words, like, we were involved in

political issues there too ... and they didn't want to—what they were saying was, no, we're not going to touch it. 'Cause, like if you scratch the surface of someone in the media, a lot of those are—backing different people politically.

Cohen's story broke in *The Los Angeles Times* of October 17. The headline bore threatening implications: "NO WAY OUT FOR LOUIS TACKWOOD: WEB OF INTRIGUE TIGHTENS ON POLICE INFORMER." The report was an inconclusive account of the charges and countercharges in the mystery man's story. The main implication was that Tackwood's seemingly ambivalent behavior rendered the charges valueless. The *Times* report was more an indictment of Tackwood than of the police who employed him as a provocateur. For example, Cohen leads off his story:

> Ever since he was a runty kid, his cunning and cool have allowed Louis Tackwood to connive and survive in that hostile world out there on the streets of Los Angeles.
>
> ... Until now.
>
> Now, at the age of 28, he is caught in a web of his own intricate convenience. And, for the first time, it looks like there is no way out for Louis Tackwood.
>
> A criminal by choice and a police informer because of his fascination with plot and counterplot, as well as for more practical reasons, Tackwood has lived by his own rules.
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> To justify them, he developed a philosophy that is part ghetto-shaped, part the product of his native foxiness:
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> "Crimes are a part of the game. I've always liked intrigue. It's like chess (which he claims to play well)—you have to be a master at it ..."
>
> But the games have closed in on Louis Tackwood ...

Cohen failed to mention that the police forced Tackwood into their service. He did not seek them out because he was fascinated "with plot and counterplot" and wanted to be an informer. Cohen also stated that now "conflict has taken possession of him." He said that Tackwood had told "wildly conflicting stories" that could have some meaning "if any of what he says is true or even partly true." In the rest of the article, Cohen recounted the charges made by the agent, but focused on the few vague or contradictory portions of the testimony and ignored the decisive import of the existence of a widely interlocking Secret Police Force.

The *Times* quoted the District Attorney that "there will be no further investigation because of a lack of credibility and good faith on the part of Tackwood in refusing to take the lie test." And Cohen quoted the comment of Chief Ed Davis of the Los Angeles Police Department:

> A Bolshevik has been working for two weeks to plant a false story involving the President of the United States and the L.A.P.D. I think such a story would appear in Pravda. But I am surprised to hear that Los Angeles reporters are listening to the story.

Exit *The Los Angeles Times*. Ironically, a later editorial supported investigation of police graft in Hollywood. But no mention of police political provocation.

Leroy Aarons of *The Washington Post* produced a subtler disparagement. He featured Tackwood's "fascination for intrigue" and reference to himself as a "master of conspiracy." The story showed more balance than that in *The Times* and an attempt at some insight into the personality of Tackwood, even though he painted a picture of a megalomaniac with "dreams of making a lot of money for book and movie rights to his story."

Karl Fleming of *Newsweek* was the third member of the press called in on the story by C.R.I.C. Fleming seemed to believe the truth of Tackwood's charges. He also displayed more insight into Tackwood's flamboyant personality, stating, "One thing that had motivated him was wounded pride ... 'They thought I was just a black boy out of the ghetto who was good at snitching and they never looked past that.'" Although Fleming was

Newsweek's Los Angeles Bureau Chief and a contributing editor, his story was killed, supposedly because it was too long. It is not clear why after financing the lie detector examination, the newsweekly would not run the report. Fleming subsequently left *Newsweek*. Tim Tyler of *Time* magazine tried for weeks to break the story as part of a roundup on ex-agents. He failed.

Take the case of the Panther 13. What's amazing, to show you the viciousness of the press—they did something, let me tell you, that has caused maybe a bloodbath, in the handling of the Sandra Pratt murder. Police made the statement that it was a start of a war between the Panthers. And it was big headlines: "Panther versus Panther," "War." You see what I'm saying, they're playing it up. Anything to do with violence. In other words, they're trying to show that the Panthers are vicious and violent, and that now they're starting their own war within the thing . . . and yet they play the other part down, that it was police orientated from the start . . .

It's all one way. If it's violent and against the police, they'll print it like a son of a gun.

The select group of reporters who had been called in, distributed the story via their press services. But the Associated Press, United Press International and the remainder of the Establishment press provided little or no coverage. *The Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* ignored this story concerning the police forces of Los Angeles, while the extremely conservative *Santa Monica Evening Outlook* ran a banner headline, "POLICE CHARGED WITH PLOT FOR GOP CONVENTION," and a six-inch lead at the bottom of page one.

In San Francisco *The Chronicle* picked up *The Times* story, headlining it "A POLICE SPY'S STRANGE STORIES" and "STARTLING ALLEGATIONS OF INTRIGUE AND BIZARRE PLOTS." It was somehow easy for the editors to label Tackwood's story as "bizarre," so the reading public could shrug it off along with their morning coffee.

Suprisingly, the black press, both local and national, was just as tight-lipped on the story. One exception was the national Black Muslim publication, *Muhammad Speaks*, which ran a thorough three-part series presenting Tackwood's story in his own words. The Muslims came

straight to the point with the headline, "HOW POLICE SPREAD CRIME," and continued with Tackwood's description of police procedures.

Although Tackwood admitted that he set up a Muslim mosque for a police raid, the articles did not judge him. Instead of blaming Tackwood, the authors placed the guilt on the police, who masterminded the secret operations. Further evidence of police espionage was contained in the extensive discussion of Ron Karenga and his nationalist group US. No other paper covered any of Tackwood's charges in comparable depth.

Possibly the most rational account of the story was published in *The New York Times*. Brief but objective, it seemed to sum up the official viewpoint on the whole affair in the lead paragraph:

> A long-time informer for the Los Angeles Police Department appeared to offer an intriguing glimpse last week into the shadowy world of domestic espionage against radical political groups. But no one seemed quite sure.

Indeed, no one seemed quite sure. Yet, if the press was caught in a quandary of uncertainty, they did not go to great lengths to clear up the situation. Whether it was because of official neglect or just simple inertia on the part of reporters, at the end of a week the story lay dead on the newsroom floor.

I can see one of their main things is that . . . it's a campaign year, and all of them are fighting for that big money. What they're fighting for is that 80, 90, 100 thousand. The Republicans, they have 10 million dollars earmarked right now for advertisement, and about 8 million of it are going to television. You see what I'm saying? Major networks. So why cut 8 million dollars off your budget?

. . . The guy from Time *magazine took about a thousand pictures . . . he interviewed us, me and my wife both . . . Marilyn and Bob; and we never heard any more from it. He was going to print the story, he said . . . he was hot on it. And that was three weeks ago. And every week we buy* Time *magazine. Nothing. Canned it dead.*

How would I put it to you? I don't know—just like—it

just don't seem like nobody was interested . . . what I'm trying to tell you is that in this day and age, just using my story for instance, that we're under a state—we're living in a country where the State controls the press really . . .

Alternative media gave the story more than short shrift. In Los Angeles, the competing weekly underground papers, *The Staff* and *The Free Press*, dissected the barrage of charges with an eye to their significance for individual liberty. Both papers filled their front pages with illustrations of police machinations and back up their headlines with extensive interpretation of creeping police espionage.

The Staff's Michael Blake was the reporter first contacted by Louis Tackwood when Blake was with *The Free Press*. Recognizing a big story when he saw it, Blake referred Tackwood and his tale to the more politically knowledgeable Michael McCarthy and C.R.I.C. Blake related a very lucid, almost minute-by-minute account of the complex progression of events:

> In the almost three months that followed, Marilyn Katz, Michael McCarthy, Robert Duggan, and several others would interview Tackwood many times. Tape recordings would be made, cover stories, rationalizing Tackwood's new interest in these people, would be manufactured, careful copies of all information would be made. Marilyn Katz knew little of what she had when Tackwood walked off with her on that morning in early August. Boundless information on the activities of the police lay firmly ensconced in the informer's brain, information that most radical workers would give years to know. It was not to be known without a price however and that price turned out to be the agony of working with and through a man like Louis Tackwood.

Blake's story featured himself to a large degree, but nevertheless wound up with an articulate assessment of Tackwood's significance:

> It all means that the formerly fuzzy picture of police power and the illegal practices that go with it is much more in focus. Like the Pentagon Papers, Louis Tackwood's revelations tell us many things we already suspected but could not come close to proving . . .
>
> For those (and there must be many) who view Tackwood's story with skepticism, it can only be said that whether or not his strange tale is totally accurate cannot be crucial at this time. What is crucial is that Tackwood's allegations be investigated, not by the Internal Affairs Division of the L.A.P.D., but by the highest and hopefully the least tainted agencies in the country.

The major underground paper, in Los Angeles and the country, *The Free Press*, headed by long-time editor and publisher, Art Kunkin, had in September suffered a split which resulted in the formation of *The Staff*. Since Blake had left *The Free Press* for *The Staff*, the "inside story" of Tackwood went with him. Kunkin nonetheless ran a powerful story, somewhat more sympathetic to Tackwood than Blake's rendition. Kunkin ran this quote of Tackwood's position, which no one else seemed to notice:

> Tackwood says, "I am not politically Right or Left. It's not a thing where I feel I am politically obligated Right or Left. It is a time when political Right and Left (should demand) that the Police Department of Los Angeles stop being provocateurs. I feel once this atmosphere is cleared up that the black man and the Chicano can clean up their own houses."

Kunkin harked back to *The Free Press*'s 1970 report of a Rand Corporation study on the feasibility of cancelling the 1972 election due to "radical disruption." Emphasizing this point, the front page demanded, "WILL NIXON CANCEL 1972 ELECTION?"

In Berkeley *The Barb* ran the same story as *The Staff*, with a supplementary article on the San Diego plot, plus a column giving more personal details on the Tackwood revelations. The stories were transmitted around the communes and street ghettoes of the nation via Alternative Press Service and College Press Service, which acted truer to the tenets of good journalism than had the more established services. For example, to check on Tack-

wood's story a College Press Service reporter contacted F.B.I. officials in Washington. But, according to *The Barb*, "F.B.I. officials claimed no knowledge of Tackwood and his allegations."

The Left press played the story as an example of repression and the trampling of police on individual liberties. But the question, "Who is Louis Tackwood?" still ran through the minds of many. Witness the lead paragraph of Peggy Holter's report in *The Los Angeles News Advocate*, a self-styled alternative newspaper:

> Louis Tackwood—police informer, agent provocateur, opportunist, sociopath, publicity hound, a bit player in the dramatic struggle between police and the left, cunning and contriving or contrite and bewildered, pawn, a chameleon, the bearer of incredible allegations against the Los Angeles Police Department, and now, temporarily at least, the center of controversy.

This is not a paragraph, not even a sentence; it is more of a question, which tries to define the man of many roles. In the face of such puzzlement over the identity of their informant, the Left could not help but feel a little paranoid about his fluctuating statements.

The radical weekly *Guardian* began its story doubtfully, "If Louis Tackwood is telling the truth . . ." but later conceded, ". . . Tackwood's testimony about the police and his own career as an informer is consistent, detailed, and concrete." This was the key point, despite the colorful nature of his stories. As the *Guardian* concluded:

> What the next stage in Louis Tackwood's odyssey on both sides of the law will be, no one can predict. But the testimony he had already given—even if true only in part—should be enough to stimulate several investigations.

The Communist Party's *People's World*, published on the West Coast, gave half its front page to a picture of the ex-agent captioned "THE SPY WHO CAME OUT AND

TOLD." The story led off with one of his most significant quotes about his ex-colleagues: "They believe totally in the power of the police over the people." The *World* thus squarely planted itself on the side of "the people." As the paper put it:

> Tackwood is a child of the ghetto streets. He lives by his wits and admits being intrigued by the world of conspiracy. But as so often [happens] in that world he became a victim of its amoral intrigues.

To counter the victimization by police of blacks, whites, browns, radicals, young people, and poor people, the Left was unanimous in calling for an investigation of Tackwood's allegations. *The People's World* was the only publication to quote an official other than the Los Angeles Police Department's Chief, Ed Davis, when it ran black State Senator Mervyn Dymally's statement:

> "It seems to me that possible enforcement interference into election processes, and use of paid informers in city elections would be an appropriate area for study by the state legislature's newly created joint committee for revision of the election code."

Dymally, who is on the committee and is head of the Senate's Elections and Reapportionment Committee, added that "the public ought to know to what extent law enforcement officials and their informers are meddling in local and state elections."

The *News Advocate* recognized the ambiguity of Tackwood's position, yet noted,

> . . . Tackwood's personal character and his inclination to "love the one he's with," *are not* the main issues. Tackwood *was* a police informer, and this fact is central to the story and has been confirmed by independent sources . . .

> LANA [*Los Angeles News Advocate*] recommends that all citizens should DEMAND that the Los Ange-

les Police Department answer Tackwood's allegations and that a full-scale Congressional investigation be launched immediately.

College students have been in the forefront of protest against illegal, inhumane, and repressive policies on the part of government and its police bodies. True to form, they responded attentively to Tackwood's disclosures concerning the police state when he appeared at San Fernando Valley State and San Diego State Colleges. The two big western college dailies, the U.C.L.A. *Daily Bruin* and the U.C. Berkeley *Daily Californian*, stuck to a straight factual account of the events. It should be noted that in recent years the Regents of the University of California have brought increasing pressure to bear on the editorial policies of the campus papers.

The *Daily Bruin* article spoke of Tackwood as an "alleged" police informer (after *The New York Times*, *Los Angeles Times*, and *Washington Post* had revealed conclusively that he was). The story highlighted Tackwood's knowledge about Angela Davis, who had been a U.C.L.A. instructor prior to her arrest.

The Daily Cal ran an equally disinterested story. A prefatorial editor's note even displayed some doubt as to Tackwood's credibility:

> However, according to *The Los Angeles Times*, Tackwood's allegations have changed several times. He has aligned himself sometimes with leftist radicals against the police, sometimes with the police against the radicals, and sometimes with the District Attorney's office against both.

Perhaps the paper's misgivings about Tackwood stemmed from their findings reported in an accompanying article, an interview with radical black City Councilman Ira Simmons, elected as part of the April Coalition in 1971. In the interview Simmons denied one of Tackwood's allegations, which was that Simmons and D'Army Bailey had inadvertently discovered Tackwood's police status. Simmons claimed instead that Tackwood had freely revealed his role in an attempt to gain Simmons's confidence and

achieve a position within the campaign. Simmons added that by then there was no room in "the inner circle" for Tackwood, and that he then "drifted away from the campaign."

The *Daily Sundial* of San Fernando Valley State College carried the story by Bill Hill of the *London Globe*. (The *Sundial* later quoted Hill as calling Tackwood a "colorful liar.") The paper also carried a front-page account of Tackwood's speech on campus, in which he reiterated his charges. Headlined "INFORMANT LASHES OUT AGAINST 'REPRESSION'," the story reported that an enthusiastic crowd came to hear the ex-agent's speech which was sponsored by the Leftist Coalition.

The *Sundial*, however, noted the skepticism of some students when it reported that,

> Apparently Tackwood's advice [to "Search your own campus" for spies] was heeded as one sociology student observed, "Who knows, he could still be working for the L.A.P.D."

Although the printed media covered much of the Tackwood disclosures fully, and underground and Left papers followed them up in the ensuing months, there were only scattered reports of the matter on radio and television. The self-confessed provocateur was interviewed by several different television newsmen, and he even appeared on a local talkshow. But the host of this show was subsequently fired, and the other interviews never got past the editorial chopping blocks. This more restricted coverage demonstrates the difficulty of airing diverse views on radio and television as compared to the relative ease of getting into print. Apparently, Marshall McLuhan notwithstanding, the linear media will continue to have a sizable impact in communications for a long time to come, since it provides more space and time.

The bright spot in electronic coverage was the extensive attention given the case by KPFK, the local listener-sponsored radio station run by the Pacifica Foundation. The station aired Tackwood's press conferences on a line hook-up with its sister stations in San Francisco and New

York, and continued to follow up closely all angles of the story. As a result, KPFK and reporter Mary Bess were presented the Golden Mike Award by the local Broadcast Journalists' Association.

After Watergate it was a different story.

After it was all written, the question remained: Who is Louis Tackwood? Few could come close to the answer, including Louis Tackwood himself. As anyone who deals in words or ideas knows, "truth" is not easily found; it is a very slippery substance. Louis Tackwood did not play out his role, as some ethereal charade on a metaphysical plane. His character of a man with many faces, trapped between a hostile Police Department and a wondering public, was all too firmly rooted in American social reality. And it is a reality that continues to permeate our lives, whether we know it or not.

Now Tackwood's confession has begun to circle like a litany. He has become an enigmatic but familiar icon in the American underground. But he is just the thin edge of the wedge. New voices are screaming and whispering as the center falls apart.

The heavy breathing voice is that of Frank Martinez:

"They told me, you know, that the main reason they wanted me here was because they wanted me to get the information and everything—in other words—the purpose was to eliminate—all the organizations. So in order to cause confusion within the organizations, to provoke incidents . . .

"I had pressure from the Treasury. I was being pressured and how come I wasn't givin' them information and how come there were no busts, you know? So I was under pressure in order to get them off my back. So I walked out with the rifle so the pigs could see it, so that was the purpose, to get raided . . .

"I was under pressure, you know, they was gonna cut off my gas money, but they also had that five-year rap, that illegal sawed-off shotgun, that five to ten year rap . . ."

Martinez is former national chairman of the Chicano Moratorium. An informer-provocateur for the alcohol, tobacco and firearms division of the Treasury Department.

When a group called *Casa de Carnalismo*, which was engaged in driving narcotics *out* of the barrio, was being set up by Treasury agents, Martinez could not stand the evil any longer and he followed Louis Tackwood to C.R.I.C. He had provoked the Los Angeles Sheriff's Department into attacking the giant Chicano moratorium anti-war demonstration.

And there are others. As in a colonized country, at a critical moment of torture the hustlers and failures put their backs to the people and turn on their former "handlers," as agents in control are called in intelligence parlance. In the ghetto and barrio even the pimps and the informer-provocateurs cannot be counted on. In these domestic colonies technology alone is not sufficient for political control of the underclass, any more than it is in Indochina, and for the same reason. Martinez speaks again:

M:—This pig in our sheriff station in East L.A. gave me a finger digit sign, you know, so I gave it back to him. I called him a dirty "hillbilly," and called him a "red neck" and I called him all kinds of names. I told him I had just finished screwing his mother, you know like that. When I hit him with his precious mother, he must've gotten mad, you know. I challenged him and finally, I told him if he took off his gun and badge I would fight him! But one thing, you know, I was hoping he would get near because I had a pipe in my pants, my back pocket.

Q:—Do you think the Treasury Department would have been pleased if you had smacked the sheriff over the head with a pipe?

M:—I didn't give a shit then. 'Cause it would have been a pleasure.

Q:—Were you trying to provoke an incident when you started?

M:—At first I was.

Q:—At what point did you start hassling, just out of your own feelings?

M:—When I saw—when I saw—when I saw him comin' at me. And I thought, man, shit, let me

have it. At that time I didn't give a shit about the agency—I didn't give a shit about anything else. I just wanted to get me a pig, that's all.

Finally, will this systematized insanity of the poor and the police prove contagious to the middle-class white citizen?

The answer is simple: in a cold war or a continuing domestic cold war the sons of the American majority will have to fight and die for "law and order," and pay for it, just as in Indochina; the plague of crime and pollution must spread from the flaming core of the city to the white suburb; the dream of a college education, for the children of the children of the depression and repression, will go up in smoke because of the policies of the warfare-welfare state; there are only about thirty million black and brown people, so whose names will be going into the new computer center that the Justice Department is building in Washington? Martinez talks again:

"Well, without them knowin' it I organized the Brown Berets. They had told me to infiltrate them . . .

"They paid me $10 a week. It's hard to believe. And, and, by that time I was aware I was in between my people, Chicanos, and, ah, the people who, ah, had hired me. Then they sent me to California and sold me to the agency here . . .

"My code name was 'Twenty-Seven Adams.' But there was another guy they had brought from Oakland that was 'Twenty-Six Adams' and he was a drug addict that had hype marks, you know . . . so I talked to him in Spanish and he rejected it. He was a 'tapado,' completely—coconut, coconut. He wanted a fix. And I says to myself—I found out to what extent the government would go. They were using drug addicts and they were supporting him with his habit! . . .

"And there was a Federal agent from Mexico there as an observer. When he got back he could tell people how to handle people like we do here."

Someone tried to kill Martinez after he broke with the Treasury Department.

The ideology of America defines the State and its essense, law enforcement, as a neutral force that exists in order to maintain the democratic process.

The history of America contradicts this official image of neutrality and equal justice. The pattern is clear: when women tried to vote and Labor claimed its right to organize, at the beginning of this century, police were used as poll-watchers, as strike-breakers, and as shock troops by those who held industrial power; in the 1950's as black people began a new round in their centuries-old struggle for equal protection, police were once again used to defy the Constitution in the name of states' rights and public order; in the 1960's police again and again were sent in to disperse hundreds of thousands of citizens peacefully exercising their First Amendment rights to protest an unconstitutional war in Southeast Asia. All this time, on a day to day, face to face level the typical law enforcement slogan "to protect and to serve" meant one thing to the powerful or the passive and another to the powerless or the dissident.

Louis Tackwood has been called a "classic" agent-provocateur, a pathological person incapable of knowing or telling the truth. But Tackwood's lies, his aggressions are no more than a caricature of what we know as "free enterprise." He lies, we advertise; he steals, we "write off"; he informs, we commit the crime of silence; he provokes and we pay the bill.

Louis Elbert Tackwood was poor in America. He found himself in a "limit" situation. Between prison and the police he chose the police. But when they went for the Panthers, George Jackson, Angela Davis—his exquisite sense for survival and self-interest told him that it was time to join the victims openly.

Or he seemed to. Was it because Intelligence had no more use for him? Did his studies of Germany foreshadow the fate of the race informer? Or maybe it was, as he said, "I jus' got tired of it. I'm going to quit all this shit. I jus' got tired of it."

Overdetermined though his motives were, terror and pity were not the least of them. Terror at what he saw

coming for America, pity for all those, including himself, who had been and would be confronted by the police-industrial complex.

He survives for the moment. The "ex" double agent walks into the middle distance and never looks back with the Dixieland music from his namesake, Louis Armstrong, and the Zulu parade at Mardi Gras riding out in his head.

"I am not politically Right or Left. It's not a thing where I feel I am politically obligated Right or Left. It is a time when political Right and Left should demand that the police . . . stop being provocateurs."

by GWEN TACKWOOD, collected and edited by BARBOURA MORRIS FREED

A SELF PORTRAIT

Editors' Note: The most personal document to emerge from the world of the Glass House tapes is the autobiographical reflections of Louis Tackwood's young wife, Gwen. It is placed at the end of the book as both counterpoint and companion to THE GLASS HOUSE TAPES.

I'm Gwen Tackwood. I was born here in Los Angeles in the General Hospital. I'm nineteen. I've lived in L.A. all my life . . . all my life.

I was never sick. I was always healthy. Only thing I had a problem with—my tonsils and my glasses. And my mother got my glasses for me. And when I seen my grandmother, my grandmother got my teeth fixed. And other than that I was O.K. I never had no problems at all.

My mother and grandmother was born in Oklahoma. My brother* was born in Oklahoma too. Practically the whole family came to Los Angeles. I think I have two Aunties still in Oklahoma City and a few cousins but I don't know them.

My mother . . . well she was just . . . well she was . . . divorced . . . yeah, she was divorced. To me, she, she acted like she was . . . she had problems or something, you know. She drinked a lot and she still does now. She drinks a lot . . . yeah. She's doing good now. She's by herself and she's doing O.K.

I really didn't, you know, really, see . . . I didn't really know any brothers and sisters because my brother, he was never around and never at home. I didn't have any sisters . . . just two of us. He was ten years older than I am and so . . . I never did see him too much.

*James Carr, former high-ranking Black Panther and aide to slain revolutionary George Jackson. Carr was killed in 1972.

I remember when we was staying out in Compton. Me and my brother and my mother was together then and my brother was getting in so much trouble 'til you know, he was really never home. He was always in a reform school or either in jail or somewhere like that. So . . . it just left me and my mother together all the time.

When I stayed with my grandmother, I liked that the most of my childhood . . . when I stayed with my grandmother . . . and . . . a . . . well . . . I had got taken away from my mother and so I went to stay with my grandmother and my two cousins. I really had a lot of fun staying with them.

I stayed with my grandmother for a year. I was twelve. My grandmother, she was always very good to me. I think I like her better than I do anybody in the family . . . my grandmother . . . because she's always given me something nice you know. To me, she's just, she just warm. I mean, I think I was closer to her than I was my mother really. She's still liven'. She'll be eighty soon. And a . . . I haven't seen her in a long time. That's my favorite . . . grandma.

I went to Seventy-fifth Street School. Well . . . when I was going to Seventy-eighth Street, that's another school, I went . . . and a . . . I really liked it there because . . . a . . . I was there with my cousins and we were all going. We'd leave together early in the morning, going to school and a . . . I mean . . . I just had a lot of fun in school. I think that's the most time I really liked school.

And then too . . . I had a nice teacher too . . . cause he was very understanding you know . . . I mean . . . and like a . . . He had my grandmother to come up there and he talked to her you know . . . because . . . see . . . when I was staying with my mother, I had been in and out of school. You know . . . here and here and here and there and I had really fell way behind in my grades you know. So he talked with my grandmother.

After I was with my grandmother, I stayed in one school. Before that, half the time I wasn't even going to school. And a . . . and then my mother, when I was about, let's see, I was about seven, I know I was six or seven years old, my mother had had an accident. She got hit by a car. And a . . . so that's why I hadn't been going to school because I was trying to stay home and help her too you know because she couldn't do too much. And so then,

after I had got taken away, I stayed in one permanent school with my grandmother. I go stay with my grandmother.

But . . . the most thing really . . . I was so disappointed about . . . then it come for the graduating you know. And a . . . my mother . . . she wasn't a . . . she didn't . . . she didn't come. And I think that's what really disappointed me a whole lot because I say I wanted her to be there because I wanted her to see you know, you know, a, her daughter you know, a, graduating out of grammar school to junior high school . . . and my cousins and their people were there. You know, her . . . a . . . mother and different friends and things were there. And I . . . and I really felt disappointed. I sort of felt left out. But then, you know, after, you know, I'd forgotten about it . . . it didn't bother me too much, afterwards, you know.

My grandmother was there. My grandmother was always, I mean to me, my grandmother, she was always in my corner, more than, you know, the rest of them. She was always worried about me. She was always buying me something real nice, you know, for her grandchild. I think I *was* her favorite grandchild . . . at one time . . . but not anymore.

I went to Charles Drew Jr. High School and I liked it. I mean, I had a lot of fun there too you know but a . . . I stayed with my grandmother and went to Charles Drew 'til I went to about the eighth grade. And then after the year was up, then, my mother, I went back to my mother and stayed with her. And a . . . so then . . . then she put me into a . . . I'm trying to think of this other Jr. High school. . . . I can't think of the name of it . . . but anyway. . . . So I went. . . . but I . . . but I don't know, it was just . . . I . . . I had . . . you know I wouldn't go. After I got back with my mother, I went sometime and it . . . sometime I wouldn't go.

I don't know. To me she, she just never really had any time, you know, to be bothered with me. I know . . . it's not so . . . I mean she'd buy me, you know, practically anything I wanted if she had the money to buy it with. But I don't know, she just never had time to sit down and talk and teach me different things that she should a did you know. And a . . . so a . . . half the time I would . . . a . . . play hooky. I wouldn't go. You know. I just didn't

want to go. I don't know why I didn't want to go but I just didn't want to go.

I'd go up to my girlfriend's. They were much older than me. So we'd step over to their house and party until about three o'clock. And that's it. "It's time for me to go home." you know. And so ... one day, my mother, I had come home from school you know and my mother asked me "How was school?" and I said "Oh mom, school was fine today." and she said "Gwen, stop lying cause I know you haven't been cause there's people been here and they told me you haven't been to school for four weeks." And I didn't know what to say. My mouth just hung open.

She didn't lecture me like my grandmother would have lectured me. My grandmother, she would have probably whipped me. And a ... so ... she said "Well, that's all right. You don't want to go, it's up to you. You'll be sorry someday that you didn't go." So ... she didn't bother me about it. And a ... so ... a ... I just got bored with it.

Only thing I like in school was art and my homemaking class, drawing and painting and pottery and stuff like that ... and math ... math and that's all. I didn't care too ... and gym and that's all I didn't care too much for the other stuff. I just didn't want to be bothered with it. I don't know why. I just didn't like it.

My brother, he was very smart. He used to mess up a lot in school too. That's why you know, everybody was so surprised that he come to be so smart you know, and he say he just "study and study". I liked math. I think it was just that ... a ... I really didn't have nobody to ... to ... to ... just to sit down and show me a lot, to sit down and talk and tell me different things you know, teach me different things ... that I didn't know. And I guess that's why I didn't like school too much. And I just got to the place where I didn't want to go at all. I just never was good in my grades and things you know because I ain't have nothing ... my mother just didn't have time.

If I had stayed at my grandmother's I would have finished high school. I would have finished. I would have finished if I didn't want to do it or not. I would have finished because she would have made me. You know, that's, I guess that's what I like about ... my mother, she, my mother, she, she wanted me to finish high school too ... but ... but we don't have nobody to help you with your

homework or stuff like that. And then too, she was ... had problems of her own.

I tried you know, I tried but a ... I tried you know, to help but she wouldn't talk about them. So there was nothing I really could do you know. She would do the best she could you know, for us, taking care of me. She'd buy me clothes and all and see that I had food and stuff to eat you know. She just wasn't the type to say "well, come on, Gwen. I gonna sit down and show you how to do this and do that." because there were a lot of things that I really ... I didn't know, you know, how to do.

For as my Auntie, Elvoice and Emily, my auntie and my grandmother, now like when I was staying with them, every evening after we come in from school, if we had homework we had to do it. And if we didn't know how to do it, she would sit down with us and show us. Like she told me "Go in there and get a book and words that you don't know, you underline and ... a ... and have one of your cousins to help you with it." That's how they were.

I thought menstruation was the worst thing that could happen to a person, to a young lady you know. I thought that was horrible. I really did. And see ... my mother said ... Well when I had started, they had showed us a picture, they had a film in school, in elementary school but I was fixen' to go to junior high school and when I had started I thought "That's the worst thing that could happen to me" and my mother said "Gwen ... how come you're not outside playing with the rest of the kids?" I said "Cause I don't want to. I just don't want to play." and I stayed in the house, I think, about a week. But she'd realized it before and she said "I know what's wrong with you. You probably done start on your period, huh?" I said "Yeah. How did you know?" she said "Cause of the way you're acting. You don't want nobody in the bathroom with you or anything like that." you know? And so she sit down and explain it and talk to me ... but you know ... I was ... I felt sort of embarrassed you know. And so ... I finally got over that. I finally just didn't worry about it no more after she sit down and explain it and talk to me and what could happen and all that you know. It just didn't bother me but I was really really embarrassed when ... when I had started you know. I got over that.

My Auntie and them too, she had explained it to us too.

But it's just the idea . . . well at the time she explained we really hadn't started, so it didn't matter to us then. My cousin had started and we used to tease her to death. We used to tease her and we'd have her around there crying and carrying on. And so my Auntie said "That's all right. You just wait. You guys are gonna start too." but after we started, we didn't say no more about it, you know. It was just something. It's just . . . it's a shock you know.

I had boyfriends. I had a boyfriend before Louis but I met him at church so . . . but my grandmother, she didn't like him, not one bit. Oh, she thought it was terrible— "You're too young, just too young and you all around here talking about boyfriends." But by that time we was in junior high school then.

I had a boyfriend. His name was Melvin. I met him at church. See, we used to go across the street. My grandmother and them would be in church and me and my cousins would go across the street and eat hamburgers and play the jukebox. By the time we thought church would be over, we'd slip back in and make like we'd been there all the time. My grandmother would say "I didn't see you guys in church," and we'd say, "Oh, grandma, we was there." That's what we'd tell her.

My mother worked . . . 'till she wasn't able to work anymore. She worked . . . she was a power machine operator. She would make clothes. She could hold a job. Her drinking didn't interfere with her work. She'd keep her job or even if she just decided she didn't like the job no more, she'd quit and go find . . . she'd always find her a job. She made pretty good money too, when she was working. She'd make three dollars an hour because you had to be experienced for making those clothes and things you know.

I can remember when I was little, she'd have to go to work in the morning and leave me with the baby sitter and that's before I'd even started school but then they didn't have no day-care no pre-school like they have now. And she just stood . . . I don't know . . . I guess it never really ran across her mind that before I had started to school, I should have been able to learn. I should, when I started to school, I should have known my A.B.C.'s and stuff like that . . . you know . . . which I didn't. . . . And so

that's why it made it sort of hard for me in school. I guess that's why I didn't care so much for school.

Well I just quit and stayed out of school after the eighth grade . . . anyway . . . I guess . . . I just drifted. . . . Going up and going down the street with my friends.

Well, I met Louis when I was around thirteen.

And a . . . I met him at a party.

And a . . . it was funny how I met him too.

I had a girlfriend with me and her boyfriend and we went to this party. And so, Louis walks in, you know, him and his brother. And Louis says, "I want to talk to you." So, I says, "O.K." And so, I keep on going. I walk into the kitchen. I never really paid him any attention, you know. I guess. . . . "This is just somebody who would want to talk."

As they were leaving, my girlfriend's . . . a . . . her boyfriend went out to Louis's brother's car and said "Are you guys leaving?" And they said "Yeah." And . . . a . . . so my girlfriend's boyfriend said "We want to go," because they said they was going to an after hours party. And I said "I want to go too." So we left this party and went and stayed there and danced and partied. Then . . . let's see . . . it was about three o'clock but then, after I got a good look at Louis, I said "OOOoohh he's pretty nice lookin'," you know, after we sit there and talk and I looked at him.

So, he offered to take me home. And then . . . so then . . . he took my girlfriend and her boyfriend home and he said "Aren't you ready to go home?" but by that time I didn't want to go home. I don't know why. I don't know why I didn't want to go home. So . . . by that time, we went over to his house and . . . a . . . I met . . . a . . . his brother and his sister that was there. So we stayed there. And then I went home the next morning. And then I didn't see Louis no more. I didn't, cause I thought . . . cause I said . . . "Well you can't come by my house cause my mother's mean." And so then . . . he come by and he say, "I met your mother. I been by here three times." I say, "Oh?" He say "Your mother's not mean." I say "I just said that because . . . I don't know why I said that," but I just said it. So then . . . we started seeing each other quite a bit and visiting one another and we just got together. So then . . . Louis is staying in my house. And sometime I

stay at his brother's house with him because he wasn't staying at his grandmother's then.

After we decided we really, really liked one another and loved one another, Louis's parole officer come by one day. And a . . . he caught us in the bed with one another, you know. We both were in the bedroom. My mother didn't know who it was so she just opened the door you know. And a . . . so he caught us in the bed. And I hid under the covers . . . you know. So . . . ahh hehh hehh . . . so . . so his parole officer said "Get up, Louis." And they took Louis. And they took Louis down. And so . . . his parole officer told him, he say "Well, you gonna have to marry her," you know. And so Louis, me and Louis had been talking about it anyway but I jes . . . I don't think I was really ready then . . . but then . . . tsck . . . after we got married, it was O.K. Things worked out for awhile . . . until . . .

Louis . . . a . . . let's see . . . Louis had got into some more trouble . . . I think. And a . . . he had went away . . . I think . . . that's . . . yeah. Him and my mother couldn't get along then. They used to have arguments and everything. So, he went away and he did six months. And a . . . so then . . . a . . . after six months, he came back. And a . . . a . . . so . . . we decided we would move with his grandmother . . . tsck . . . but then . . . but then . . . oh yeah . . . we moved with his grandmother. And by that time . . . sniffle . . . his friends was . . . sniffle . . . two white friends would come by you know. And . . . a . . . which I didn't know. It was the police. I mean, he said they was friends of his you know. And so . . . friends of Louis's, well, I guess it was O.K., tsck . . . you know . . . tsck. And so then, after, I really found out, I didn't like it really but it . . . you know . . . I . . . I . . . I wanted Louis . . . I wanted to be with Louis. So you know, I just went along with the program. And so then . . . I . . . you know . . . I said "Well, I guess it doesn't matter," you know. I mean, to me it didn't matter because I was really . . . I was . . . I was in love with Louis. So it just didn't matter.

I was about fourteen. And a . . . so . . . a . . . so one day . . . so one day . . . let's see, what happened? So one day, Louis takes me downtown. I said "Well, where are we going?" He say "We're going downtown. I got to go pick up some money." So we go downtown in this big ole

building you know and I see all these police in there laughing and joking and talking. And I'm, you know. And Louis is laughing and joking and talking but I'm just looking because I don't know, you know.

Right around then, I didn't know what was going on; that Louis was working for them, at the time. So, after I found out that he was working for them and everything and I asked him, I says "Do you really like what you're doing?" but he never did really give me any kind of an answer really. And I really don't think that he really liked it but he would just do it because. . . I guess that's the only way he could . . . a . . . get money and stuff. But then . . . at one time Louis was working . . . a . . . for this company where they made answer-phones and he was doing real good then you know. But then . . . we was still staying with my mother and we still had problems then because they didn't get along . . . "Unhh Uhhh."

We finally got away from there. Louis's grandmother bought a house in our name you know. She said she was buying it for us but it was really for her . . . Ahh Heh Heh Hehh . . . but she said she'd leave it for us when she die you know. That's what she *said* . . . but I really didn't really care about no house or anything. And so . . . we didn't get along there too well because she was so touchy and . . . a . . . always fussin', you know. So we stayed there. And me and Louis had arguments and falling in and out with one another . . . so I just left. I just really finally got tired and I left and moved back home to my mother.

When I found out one day Louis was gone, you know, he wasn't even in Los Angeles, I went by a friend of Louis's and she say, "Well, Louis is in New Orleans. Didn't you know? Didn't his grandmother tell you?" I say, "No because I hadn't . . . I'm not staying there anymore," and a . . . a . . . I say, "Well, what did he go to New Orleans for?" And she say, "Well, he got in some kind of trouble with some guy and a . . . he a . . . that's what they say."

And so, when I did hear from Louis, Louis called my mother's friend's house and I talked to him. He said "Wouldn't you like to come to New Orleans?" Well, I say, I wasn't really too particular about going because that was so far away from home and I'd never been, you know, so far, so far away from home and no relatives or nothing. And so this colored guy comes by my cousins' house and

Louis told ... tells me, "Well, have a bag ... have your clothes in ... have a bag packed and he's gonna come by and pick you up." And he was the police too, you know. So ... I just let it happen because I didn't know ... I was just ... really didn't want to ... I just ... I didn't care you know. All these old problems and things happening.

Then Louis flies in from New Orleans. And this guy takes me downtown into the ... into the ... I guess it was the Glasshouse. So, Louis, after he flies in and he says, "Hello, how are ya doing?" and he walks in, you know ... but then there's still a ... I figure there was ... something was wrong. And a ... so ... couple of days later, me and Louis stayed in a hotel and a ... we still in Los and then they gave Louis some money and some tickets to go back to New Orleans. So we went ... but I didn't know Louis was ... working for the guy that was in ... a with the Mafia you know and all this stuff.

I just thought we went back there to go visit his ... a ... a ... relatives you know. I stayed with his mother, Louis's mother. We stayed there three months. It was nice ... but then ... tsck ... we sorta had problems down there too because I got ... I got homesick. I wanted to come home. And so ... and then too ... Louis wasn't treating me right after he got me way down there. And then I wanted to come home. And so ... after three months was up, we come home. Something had happened while Louis was down there. So Louis told me "Get your clothes packed and let's go. We have to hurry up and get back to Los Angeles," but I didn't know ... something ... what had happened in New Orleans ... cause he never did tell me you know.

I worked down there for a while ... but then I just got tired. I wanted to come home cause things just wasn't goin right. I was a dancer ... yeah. It was nice. I didn't have to work long. Then after I would get off my job, I would go round to Louis's job. And a ... Louis would wait 'til he get off from work sometime and others ... it was right around the corner ... it was at the Club Seventy-Seven. It was a real nice club ... and he had a real nice boss ... but I don't know what happened between them two ... something had happened.

After we left New Orleans and came back home a ... I don't know ... Louis asked me was I "gonna stay" but I

was sooo mad with him and really disappointed in him cause the way things had went, you know. So we got back and a friend of his come and picked us up and dropped me off by my Aunties' and Louis asked me was I gonna "be there?" And I told him, "Yeah." But I wasn't when he ... when he was looking for me. So he finally found where I was; that I was over to my mother's house. So he come and got me and said "Come on, let's go over to my grandmother's house." So, I stayed there for awhile but I really still wasn't too happy. I just didn't really want to be bothered with him, you know. So he took me out and bought me a bunch of clothes and stuff and everything. And so ... I stayed there awhile but I just really didn't want to stay.

The police were regular people, when they wasn't in their uniform. They'd laugh and they'd joke. They're big jokers ... ahh hehh hehh.... They'd talk, you know ... and some of them were nice sometime. They were nice sometime you know ... but I ... I just didn't ... it was a reason why I didn't like ... I just didn't ... I just ... I mean I just never liked to come in contact with them. I ... I never liked to be involved in any kind of a ... a mess ... a or being involved in anything. I mean, I just rather not be around them *period*. That's why I just ... I just felt that way about it. I never wanted to be around them or be involved in anything.

Why I say this, because one time, Louis had got into some trouble with the hijacking. I didn't know Louis was working with the police at the time. I had some friends that was with Louis when Louis did this hijacking and Louis, he ... a ... called the police and told them, that they was gonna hijack these trucks. And, so, they gave Louis a year in jail and gave them two or three years in jail. After I found out Louis had really did this ... Ohhhh ... my friends ... OOOOhh ... they was ... they ... they told me if they ever see me on the streets, they ... they would try to "hurt me." And Ooooh I hated Louis for that, a long time. And I said "How could you do something like that?" And I just couldn't believe it. I just couldn't believe it, that Louis was like that. I said "OOOuuuhhh" ... but then I still don't know why I stayed with him longer. I think because I really loved him.... I really did. I just really loved him. You know.

I had quite a few jobs . . . yeah. After we were staying with Louis's grandmother I was working at a plastics factory. That was real nice. That was the first job I had. I was sixteen then but I raised my age to say I was eighteen. They paid pretty good because I only had to be there at eight and I got off at four. So it was no problem about that job. I liked that. They made plastic containers that you keep food in. They made hospital stuff like the bed pans and stuff like that, plastic bags and stuff. So I stayed there awhile and then I quit because Louis's grandmother wanted me to go. . . . "Well, Gwen, I think you should go ahead and finish school." . . . but I couldn't finish it because I was . . . I had too many other things on my mind that I was worried about, you know. And some things she just couldn't understand. And she didn't know about that I knew about what Louis was going through . . . so . . . you know.

And so my brother came into town. And I went by to visit him, over by my Aunts' house. He had just got out of jail. I hadn't seen him in . . . he'd just . . . he'd been in jail for five years and it was the first time I'd seen him in a long, long time, ever since I was little. And I was glad to see him. And he was very glad to see me too. But . . . so . . . he asked me to go up north with him and stay with him. And a . . . I told him I would. So, after I went up north, well, I was working. I was going to school in the day and working at night in . . . a . . . Santa Cruz and it was very nice. I really liked it. I had a lot of fun too and met a lot of friends. It was just nice . . . it was . . . real nice. I was gonna finish high school so I could go ahead and go to . . . go to college. And . . . so . . . it was very nice. And I said "Well, I'm gonna go ahead and try to finish." And a . . . the people that I was staying with, they were nice too, very nice. And a . . . so then . . . that was three months.

And a . . . so then . . . Louis finally found out where I was. And a . . . so that sorta ruined things. To me in a way, it did cause I just . . . I just didn't want to be bothered anymore you know. The reason why I left is because . . . a . . . well . . . really I just didn't want Louis and James to meet with one another cause I knew it would be some kind of conflict. I really didn't want to go back with Louis . . . but I just didn't want a . . . get my a . . . brother

involved with Louis you know. I figured well, my brother wouldn't like him anyway after . . . I knew how Louis was and the things that Louis was doing you know. And a . . . so I said "Well, I better go ahead and go on back home . . . instead of causing more confusion than there already is." And so I went. I left and I went back home.

Louis was still working for the police. And so . . . Louis told them about James. And . . . you know . . . tsck . . . things that . . . you know . . . where I had been and everything and what I had did . . . you know . . . because when I was with James, we went a lot of places and we did a lot of things you know. And we even went to the, I even went to the Black Panther . . . a . . . some of the meetings they had and a . . . to the . . . to this one particular house in Oakland, where they had typewriters and all this stuff. I even met Huey. And a . . . so Louis told 'em all that. Tsck . . . and so . . . tsck . . . after that . . . a . . . they wanted to meet me . . . but really . . I, I really didn't really want to get, to get, to get involved in that because I just didn't want to be bothered. But . . . in a way I was sort of pushed into it. That's the way I felt. That I was pushed into it. And a . . . so then they had me a. . . .

After I had left and come back home, Louis was working for Farwell, somebody Farwell you know. And I thought Louis was—Louis said, "Well, I got a job." and I said "Well, that's good. 'Louis got a job and he's doin good'." I didn't know he was still working for the police. I thought maybe he just went out and got him a job. He was staying at this hotel, right off of Broadway. And then I met . . . and after I found out who he was staying with, well then, by that time I had left.

I didn't think my brother would probably want to see me no more because he had really wanted me to go ahead and finish school and go to college because in a way, my family had, well, I'm like the black sheep of the family. You know, they've always thought they were just more than me or better than me. That's the way I felt you know. And a . . . and that's just the way they are. That's just the way they felt you know, like they were more than me and better than me. So my brother always, you know, after we got together, he told me, he say, "I want you to go ahead and finish school and make something out of yourself." He really did, you know. That was just all his

plans. Until Louis ruined it. James didn't, I didn't think James, anyway I didn't think he liked me being married anyway. He knew that I was married but he said, "Well, you can still come with me anyway. Just forget about your husband and come and go with me." So I said "O.K." So I went. That's really the reason I think I left because I just didn't want them to meet one another. You know, cause I figured he wouldn't like him anyway and Louis probably wouldn't like him.

Then James, after I had left and James was still up north, asked me, "Well, why did you leave?" I thought you liked it here?" I said "Well, I just"—made up any old excuse—"I just didn't want to stay." So I had to make up some kind of excuse to tell my people. They asked me, "Well, Gwen, how come you didn't stay? I thought you liked it up there?" and they say "Louis probably had something to do with it anyway. That's why you didn't stay." You know . . . tsck . . . Then Louis told his friends at the C.C.S. what had went on because I was telling him all the nice things that happened to me. And how, how I was taking care of myself, really, you know, so well that I really just didn't, I didn't really need anybody.

Then too, I wasn't too particular about no more boyfriends. I just had enough of boyfriends and all that. I just didn't want to be bothered. I mean, I met different young guys that was up there but I just never socialized that much. I always stayed to myself. My brother asked me, he says, "What's wrong?" I said "Nothing, I just don't want to be bothered." I just didn't. I don't know. I just don't want to be bothered with no more boyfriends, any of them, all I think . . . more trouble.

Louis has good points. The good points about Louis: well, he was very free hearted, I mean he's not selfish. I mean, you know, when it comes to sharing, money or clothes because sometime he would a give me money when he wouldn't have no money himself. You know, he'd give me his last money. You know, sometime, when he, when he didn't have any, you know he a, well, he'd give me his last money. And . . . And . . . And then . . . or either he would just, sometime we wouldn't even have food in the house to eat, when I was staying with my mother but he'd go and get food and stuff to keep us going, you know. He bought me clothes and stuff, you know, that I

really needed, when my mother wasn't even, wasn't able to buy clothes and things for me. And so I mean, he did a lot of good things. And then too, he's did a lot of bad things, you know . . . ahh hehh hehh . . .

The bad side of him was, the only bad side of him I felt, I thought, was just that he was just working with those police. That's the . . . that's really what really bugged me. I didn't like it because I was always afraid you know, you know, someone would see us with them you know and they'd ask a lot of questions and things, you know. How would you explain to your friends . . . hehh hehh ahehh . . . yeah.

I worry a lot you know . . . "Ohh, what kind of trouble is he getting himself in." I just really worry sooo much it . . . one time, that I really had just lost a lot of weight you know, from worrying, worrying, worrying, worrying about this and worrying about that and "Ooooh, Louis what we gonna do about this?" until I think it was last year, well, I just, I just give up. I gave up. I couldn't, just couldn't go through with it no more.

I had dreams. Ohhh, *I had a thousand and one dreams*, for me and Louis . . . aheh heh heh . . . but they never turned out like that, you know.

Well, after we got married and everything, we'd buy us a house and and settle down and have a few kids and just live . . . and take trips . . . and go to some places and. . . .To me I . . . a that's what . . . that's what I think was my downfall because I had it all planned when I shouldn't have. I had my marriage all planned, how I wanted it to be. And if we didn't get a house, we'd have a nice apartment and have a nice car and just, I mean, go different places you know, like out of town. I just, I just built myself up. And then too, I guess that's why I stayed with Louis so long . . . because I kept having my dreams. How it was . . . even though we'd have disappointments . . . but I say "Well, it's gonna work out and we're gonna be able to do this and we're gonna be able to do that," you know. I just really had it all planned when I shouldn't have.

I don't dream too much at night . . . no . . . unhh umhh. I just sit back and look at it. I don't know why I really had all them dreams . . . but I guess everybody dreams . . . no . . . not anymore. Sometime, I mean if I do dream, I

don't dream UP. I don't make no, those big ideas, you know. Well, if I do, the way I feel about it if I do dream ... well, I just ... I jes probably end up doing it by myself. I just suddenly, I just don't make no big, big dreams anymore like I used to. It seemed like something was always gonna happen or either ... it's just not gonna turn out like that you know.

I been with Louis six years ... Practically mostly all of it really ... about five. I like kids. I like 'em but I'm not too particular.... Ohhh, I just ... I don't know ... I don't know ... in a way I don't think it would really work out. I don't know because, I don't know, it seems like somethings always gonna happen and I just don't want to have any kids, you know and and and not sure that you're gonna be able to take care of them. I don't want 'em to, I don't want 'em to suffer like I did. You know to me, whereas, whereas I didn't have enough attention when I should have and a I wouldn't want that. So I'm not too particular about having any kids.

Well, I look at it like this, when people make a lot of money you know, they, they, they change. They really do. Money, sometimes, money changes people ... ah hehh hehh hehh. Well, the way I look at it, well, it would just probably change him and a ... he a ... I don't know. To me I guess he just wouldn't be Louis anymore. He'd be somebody else with a whole lot of money and ... and probably be running all the time, going all the time. Wouldn't have time for anything. So, that's the way I look at it you know. So I don't want to really make any plans. I take, well, I look at it like this: I take each day as it *comes*. I take it as it comes. That's the way I look at it. I take it as it comes.

My mother wasn't never, she never did get married. Not that I know of. I mean, she was married before, when I was little but after that she never did get married again. She just stayed by herself. And after I left home, she was still by herself. She never did get married but I'm closer to her than my brother was.

My mother had my brother I think, when she was eighteen and she had me when she was thirty-one. So that's what made it really so bad because we weren't close. I mean, she should of had us a little closer, instead of ten years apart. I think if we'd a been sort of close, I don't

think James would have been in so much trouble as he, as he had been in. I don't think so because if we would have been more close together and had each other to tell our problems to, you know, I don't think he'd of been in so much trouble. That's the way I feel about it. I don't think I would have went through all the changes I went through when I was young either because we would of had, we could have leaned on one another's shoulders, to help one another. But I really do feel badly you know ... he's dead.

What made me so mad too cause my Auntie and them said "Well, your brother's going to college and he's a teacher." but they just didn't know the things James was doing. I mean, they can't stop and look at that either. They can't stop and look at that either. Now, if they would stop and look at that either, whatever James was doing, I mean they knew him because he stayed in trouble anyway. And one Aunt said "We're gonna make him change." I just don't see it like that. He's been in trouble all his life. What's gonna make him change all of a sudden? I didn't know everything that he was doing ... but I figured it was something that he was doing that he wasn't supposed to do, you know. I would never ask him about it because I really never really did care. He was good to me. He really was.

Sometime he wouldn't be there. He'd be in San Jose with a ... I can't think of her name. Well ... or ... I can't think of her name but that's where he would be. He took me to meet them and it was nice but I really liked Santa Cruz. Then he wanted me to come and stay there. I just didn't want to go to that school. He married and they had a little baby.

The girl had been trying to get mama to come see the baby. My mama won't go see it. I don't blame her either because when she was in the hospital, before he got killed, and I was gone all that whole year, when the police were looking for ... at least James could of came and visited her. She was really sick, last year, before he got killed. She had a tumor.

They come by our house one day, my auntie, one of my other Aunties, she's called Sylvia and all dressed up. Me and Louis just sit there and looked and my auntie said "We come by to pick you up" (trying to be prompt) "so

that you could go see the baby." And my mother says "I ain't goin to see shit. I don't even want to be bothered. James couldn't come see me when I was in the hospital. He didn't have no time for me, why should I be bothered with his gran . . . his baby."

One day, one day, he asked her for a dollar and he didn't want to give her that dollar. [sic] In five years, he didn't want to give her that dollar. I believe them two they just really hated one another. I don't know why or what happened between 'em but he just hated my mother. I don't know why. And I never really did ask him about it. I believe that's why she drink like she did because she really worried about him too because she hadn't seen him in five years . . . five years and she worried a lot about him too and sometime she would talk about him.

Something else that I was fixin to say . . . yeah, like my mother was talking, she say "Well, you're the only one that really stick by me. And just to think, that I did more for James and I had more money. I bought practically anything that he would ask me to buy for him . . . and he wouldn't even stick by me. Now I don't really have too much of anything to really offer you, but you're still there." I'm still there now. Like if she want something or even if I don't have the money, I ask Louis for it and he'd give it to me to get her . . . to get something for her.

NOTES on the C.R.I.C. Media Team

MAE BRUSSELL is considered one of the leading researchers and experts in the field of political assassination. Her research and analysis on the assassination of John F. Kennedy is soon to be published.

An alumnus of the '60's radical student movement, ROBERT EUGENE DUGGAN began his political education in Pershing Square with a sage old Italian anarchist. His first political baptism came in 1962 when the U.S. Army tried to draft him into military service. Convinced he would never fight a war "to make the filthy rich richer," he refused compulsory military service and headed for Latin America to join other revolutionaries. That was the year of the Cuban missile crisis. A month later Duggan was deported from Costa Rica and returned to the States only to be convicted of violation of the Universal Military Service Act. He served most of the time on probation, and used it to join the Communist Party, then became youth director of the Communist Party in Los Angeles and a member of the National Committee. He was a member of the Party for six years. He left in 1969, and became an independent radical in the hopes of seeing the formation of an American Revolutionary Party. He still hopes.

At U.C.L.A., where BARBOURA MORRIS FREED majored in Theater Arts and minored in Anthropology. She was twice winner of the Best Actress Award. Later she was co-producer of the first Southern California production of Samuel Beckett's *Waiting For Godot*. Over a period of years she acted with the critically acclaimed Los Angeles Art Theater, receiving there the "Milton Lester Award." She has acted in television and films and it was from location with a film in Athens, Greece that she toured Europe

studying theater. A documentary film, *Teacher*, in which she portrayed Anne Sullivan won a Silver Medal recently at the Venice Film Festival. She has also worked as dialogue director and script consultant for Columbia Pictures, American International and Twentieth Fox. She assisted her husband Donald Freed on research for his recently published book *Agony in New Haven* (the trial of Bobby Seale and Ericka Huggins). She is presently compiling a book of poems.

DONALD FREED is a teacher and writer. His play *Inquest/The United States V. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg* was seen on Broadway. His book *Agony in New Haven*, on the trials of the Black Panthers, will be out in 1972, as will *The Existentialism of Alberto Moravia*. Mr. Freed has taught in the Philosophy Department at U.C.L.A., Anthropology at San Fernando Valley State College and was Assistant to the Provost of the California Institute of the Arts. He has won three prizes for his writing and direction in the theater, and was a finalist in the International Gandhi Centennial. He is editing a dialogue between Huey P. Newton and Erik Erikson that he helped arrange at Yale University. Freed is a co-author of *Executive Action* the new film on the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

PEGGY HOLTER is now an investigative reporter for *The Los Angeles News Advocate*. She was formerly News and Public Affairs Coordinator for Pacifica affiliate WPFK-FM in Los Angeles and for three years, 1967-1970, an instructor in journalism at Ohio State University and Denison University. She has served as a research and editorial assistant for publications of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin and was assistant editor of *Arts in Society*, a national quarterly magazine. She holds a Masters Degree in Journalism from Ohio State and one in English Literature from the University of Wisconsin.

MARILYN KATZ was born and reared in Chicago. After studying Sociology and Political Science at Northwestern University and the Sophie Newcomb College of Tulane University, she returned to Chicago to organize among poor white Appalachian migrants. It was in this work that she first developed a concern with the relation of the police to various segments of the population and the differential treatment they received. After working in Uptown she

became involved with high school and college student organizing around a variety of issues while working with the Students for a Democratic Society. Since the mid-sixties she has been actively involved in New Left movements concerned with the Indo-China War, the police, women's liberation and racism in America.

Marilyn left Chicago in 1970 and now lives in Los Angeles where she continues to be involved in a variety of political activities. In the last two years her main research and writings have been devoted to the development analysis and effects of the growth of law enforcement agencies' power in American society.

MICHAEL McCARTHY is a twenty-nine-year-old West Coast activist and investigative journalist. Born of lower, working-class white parents from Georgia, he was raised in rural Florida and Chicago. His formal education ended at high school. However, by the age of nineteen he had spent time in one of America's worst reform schools, worked his way across America twice, and done an abortive hitch in the U.S. Army. His most intensive education came during the seven years he spent in California prisons where he became a Communist organizer, writer and poet, and one of George Jackson's closest friends.

His essays and poetry have appeared (under the name Micha Maguire) in both national and international journals, and in Robert Minton's *Inside: Prison American Style* (Random House).

ROBERT NIEMANN, thirty-one, has been active in movement politics in Los Angeles for the last ten years. While a student at U.C.L.A. in the early and middle '60's, he participated in a wide variety of civil rights, student rights, and anti-war activities. He was one of the original organizers of the Peace and Freedom Party in California. After receiving his Ph.D. in Engineering, he joined the faculty at Cal State, L.A. where he continued his radical political activities for three years until he was finally fired. Since his firing in 1970, he has been unable to find a job and continues to be among the large number of unemployed Engineers in the Los Angeles area.

RON RIDENOUR, a graduate of California State College at Los Angeles, is the former head of the Committee United for Political Prisoners (C.U.P.P.). A writer by vocation, Ridenour has published several articles, short sto-

ries and pamphlets. Recently, he has published "A Man Who Lived Underground, A Critique," a literary criticism on Richard Wright's work by the same title (Phylon, Review of Race and Culture, Spring 1970) and "Affluency's Answer," a short story which has been selected by Houghton Mifflin Co. as a "Distinctive Short Story" in *Best Short Stories, 1970*. He is a co-author of "The Fire This Time," an analysis of the Watts revolt of 1965. Mr. Ridenour has been a reporter and editor for the weekly *People's World, Hanford Sentinel, Riverside Press-Enterprise* (both California dailies), *Citizen News*, and currently is an investigative reporter for *The Los Angeles News Advocate* and *Free Press*. He had been active in radical politics for more than ten years.

RICK SINCLAIR is a graduate student in psychology on leave from California State University, Northridge. He attended Cal Tech and graduated from U.C.L.A., where he subsequently earned a secondary teaching credential. He wrote for the newspapers of both colleges and now writes a column for a local newspaper, covering Psychology and contemporary events. He is currently doing research in various areas of psychology and sociology.

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